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THE
MICROCOSM:
OR,
LITTLE WORLD OF HOME.

" Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of virtue; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again." COWPER.

VOL. I.

NEW HAVEN:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY P. B. WHITMORE.
1835.

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THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1834.

NO. 1.

INTRODUCTORY APPEAL.

MAY it not be said of every department of human labor, in the field of usefulness, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few?" When "the Mother's Magazine" was first established at Utica more than a year ago, we were deeply interested in its object and design—commended it warmly to our friends, and with sincere desires for its success and support, extended to it the hand of cordial good-will, and bade it "God speed." We have since been induced by various reasons to commence a periodical in some respects similar to the one just mentioned. Is it unreasonable to look for the like approbation and patronage from a liberal and philanthropic community, in this age of benevolent enterprise? May not such as are disposed, labor together in this little, evanescent world, which is nevertheless so full of want, and suffering, and error, with unanimity and concert: the field is wide, and the waste places many.

We know that "of making many books there is no end"—that almost every week brings to our door some new periodical, with its best bow:—but we know also that the reading community grows faster than the sustenance for its support. The tide of popular instruction, instead of ebbing, is, we trust, to swell and roll onward. Each of these new comers, by their own merits must stand or fall. We ask no other ground of favor, and present no other claim to indulgence.

Our plan differs from the Mother's Magazine, inasmuch as it is devoted to the interests of the wife as well as the mother, and designs to exhibit the influence of female character and

conduct, in making or marring the happiness of the domestic circle. To embrace all the duties, cares, trials and joys springing out of, and belonging to "that sweet circle of wreathed hearts called 'HOME.'" At a time when the invention is taxed to discover every avenue of communicating good, it is singular that so interesting and important a one has not sooner been sought out and occupied. It is true that we have long possessed many popular and valuable works upon Education : but while their worth is acknowledged, and they are admitted to the dignity of standard works, they are left in the dust of years upon the shelf, unconsulted, even as books of reference.

The Magazine calls upon us in a more unceremonious way—is more winning, and social, and intimate in its address—and will often gain a hearing (perhaps in part by obtrusiveness) where the graver oracles are disregarded on account of their stateliness and formality. But while these treatises on Education are in many respects valuable, they do not precisely meet the nature of our wants. We have *theory* in abundance, and are yet lamentably deficient in *practice*. Many of these theories are altogether too fine spun for every-day use—and while their beauty and excellence are acknowledged, we are at a loss when, and in what manner to apply them. They are inapplicable except in cases where every facility of wealth and leisure may be commanded. The day of business has come—and the theory which throws no light on practical operations—which affords no aid in the common occurrences of life is of no efficient utility whatever.

No part of the present work will be addressed directly to children. We have ever considered it a glaring defect in works of Education that so many address themselves indiscriminately to both parents and children. Thus holding up the faults of the parent, as a justification for the misconduct of the child. To children it should only be said, honor and obey your parents in the Lord. They are already sufficiently wise in sitting in judgment upon their guardians and instructors, without having the errors and short-comings of the parent carefully pointed out to them.

We do not expect to escape the reflection of inexperience,

as compared with those who number more years and more children. With all deference to the value of experience where it has grown in the school of wisdom, we confidently affirm that experience, alone, is not the one thing needful in the proper management of children. Judicious government, is founded in a knowledge of human nature, and a certain tact in the discernment of character. It is eminently "the gift of God." We see those who never have it and never attain to it: the history of whose *experience*, is but the history of their *mismanagement*. We see others again who *begin* aright—who though young and untried lay their plans in wisdom and prudence, and carry them on to success and final triumph.

We do not claim to possess the experience that shall counsel the wise, and guide the prudent. We humbly ask their assistance. It is the young, the thoughtless, the ignorant who need instruction and advice. We repeat that we have the experience of *mismanagement* all around us—and the mariner who would guide his bark in safety, does not despise the wrecks of former adventurers. He shapes his course by the shoals, the quicksands, the rocks and the whirlpools, as well as by the compass and the beacon. If the heart is steadfast to the haven of peace and joy—both skill and caution will be employed in reaching it.

The time is come when no very gentle hand is applied to the shoulder of every sluggard, and the words uttered sternly in their ear, "awake thou that sleepest!" The world is rolling on with the velocity of a declining body near the close of its career—and those who would do any thing in aid of the great moral and spiritual renovation that is abroad, must be wide awake. Who have more to do with it than mothers? Who have more to gain by it than women? To the progress of this reform they already owe their privileges, their dignity, their elevation. Look at the slavery and degradation in which they are held, where the light of the glorious Gospel does not shine, and say if we have not sufficient motive to labor for the promotion of Christianity, with all its attendant blessings. It is in the nursery that the christian, the Missionary, the servant of the Lord is first trained, as well as the statesman and

the warrior. The elements of all that is great and good are committed to the moulding hand of maternal skill, and fearful responsibilities are involved in the trust. But the promise of a certain blessing is given to fidelity. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." With such encouragement why should we faint—under such honor, why should we murmur? What greater honor can a human being claim than to bring up sons and daughters to God—and how thoroughly should they furnish themselves to the work! More than human acquisitions are needful here. She who would govern her household aright, must be the friend of God: and the wisdom that cometh down from above is pledged liberally to all who will ask for it. Can a woman be a mother, and not a christian!—can she have children, and not pray for them unceasingly?—can she pray for them with a heart estranged from the love of God, without feeling her own insufficiency and impotence, and casting herself a humble suppliant at her Saviour's feet, to implore continual blessings upon them? If the fact was not forced upon our senses by every day's observation, we could never be brought to believe it. There is an incongruity in the character that should be harmonized. We would contribute our feeble endeavors, in connection with the wisdom of others, to furnish motives, and propose aids for sustaining mothers in their arduous duties, and will use all diligence to present an acceptable offering. The young wife too, shall find that we know what she would ask.

We send out this number as a "messenger bird," to see what it will bring back. If it returns with the green leaf of promise, we will go forth and build. If not, this effort will end with its commencement in the consciousness of good intentions. Should the encouragement furnished, warrant its continuance, the present number will be considered one of the series, and furnished accordingly to subscribers.

IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

BY REV. G. T. BEDELL.

I address this serious, and I hope to make it profitable question, to those who sustain the interesting relation of wives and mothers. There are reasons of the most peculiar character, why this question should be pressed with earnestness and perseverance. No one can be ignorant of the amazing influence exerted by the female sex over all the relations of society; and no one can rationally doubt that this influence should be exerted for the purpose for which God in his providence seems to have designed it.

You are a wife and a mother, and I have no doubt that you have often heard the remark—a remark not to be questioned as to the fact on which it is built, that your sex are more inclined to religion than the other; and, if you take the evidence of observation as satisfactory testimony on the subject, it may appear that the remark is true. For it scarcely requires the trouble even of observation to know, that of those who, at least, make any profession of religion, the vast majority is with the sex to which you have the high privilege to belong.

I am perfectly aware that, for this fact, a variety of reasons have been given; some highly honorable—some as highly discreditable to your sex. My own sentiments (otherwise I should not think it either a duty or a privilege to address you) coincide with those who trace the distinction to the profoundest wisdom and most expanded benevolence of God. I have no doubt you have often heard, and as often been pained at the expression, that this remarkable fact has been accounted for upon an original difference between the two sexes on the score of mental force. This is one of those sneers which is characteristic of infidelity: which, not satisfied with rejecting the evidence of Christianity itself, brands with imbecility of mind those who make it the richest ornament of their character, and their hope for eternity. Ask the wretched sceptic, who prides himself upon that intellectual elevation which causes him, as he makes his boast, to rise above the restraints of religion, and to despise and reject its authority—ask him why there is so marked a difference between your sex and his on the subject of religion? and he will tell you with a sneer that it arises from an original inferiority of intellect; or, if personal respect to the inquirer should induce him to conceal his real sentiments, and to offer you a reason more plausible, and less grating to your feelings, he would account for the fact upon the principle that, the female sex, by the very constitution of society, is denied the opportunity of pursuing those bolder paths of scientific investigation which might lead them to the greater independence of opinion. And, to corroborate his views, he may tell you that there have been females, who having burst through the restraints of society, have taken as bold a stand as himself against the religion of the gospel. He would not, perhaps, be willing to mention his examples, for they would do his cause but little credit, how much soever they might strengthen his theory; for Mary Woolston-

craft and Frances Wright, are no very lovely examples to support any cause. Infidelity must of necessity be most unfriendly to your sex ; for unless it is willing to reproach itself, it must account for the fact of which I have spoken, on some principles necessarily derogatory to your character. It is therefore, as unjust to you, as it is unjust to the religion which constitutes your hope.

Permit me to state some reasons for this interesting fact, which are intended to elevate, instead of degrading the female character ; and though some of the reasons cannot be true, and others only true in a qualified sense, I will present them to your consideration before I pass on to *one*, which has a character of inexpressible sublimity, because it carries on its face the impress of heaven.

By some, this fact has been accounted for on the principle, that in the female heart there is less of a native inborn opposition to the principles of the gospel of Christ. This, of course, must be untrue ; because it flies in the face of all the scripture statements on the native depravity of the heart, which makes no distinction between a male or female, on the score of the alienation of the affections from God. In fact, every descendant of Adam, tastes the bitter consequences of the original apostacy—by nature “there is none that doeth good, no, not one,”—all are the “children of wrath,” because transgressors against the perfect law of a perfect God. No one therefore, of your sex, who has ever learned any thing of the truth as it is in Jesus, will feel in the least degree complimented, at the expense of the word of God. The fact, that a larger proportion of your sex, then, exhibit the influence of Christianity, cannot be accounted for on the principle of a lesser hostility of heart ; all are alike corrupt—all are alike under the curse of the law ; else all could not alike be indebted to the righteousness of Christ ; for God hath “concluded all under sin, that the promise, through faith in Jesus Christ, might be given to those who believe.”

Others have attempted to account for the fact, on the principle of your acknowledged superiority to men on the score of natural sensibility—a predisposition to impressions of a tender character, which predisposition removes many of the obstacles which, in the other sex, hinder the access of religion to the heart.

By others, the fact is accounted for on the principle, that as you are less engaged in the absorbing business of life, which distracts the mind, the sacrifices required by religion becomes the more easy, and the mind itself is not subject to those disquietudes, which from morning until night, wait upon the man of constant occupation.

By others, the fact is accounted for on the principle, that the quietness and retirement in which you are generally permitted to pass your lives, compared with the bustling activity of the other sex, gives you more abundant opportunities for reflection.

These reasons are generally striking and interesting ; but, to my mind, they have this *radical* defect—they attribute entirely too much to bodily organization, or to circumstances of a mere adventitious character. They may have much to do, as among the subordinate agencies, connected with the interesting fact of which I am speaking, but the primary cause of this grand difference between yours and the

other sex, as it regards the influence of religion, lies, I am fully persuaded, far beyond them all ; I now present you with that reason.

One writer has thus very beautifully, as well as modestly suggested the reason ; to which, however, he does not give the prominence which I think its importance demands. "Perhaps," says he, "it is a merciful appointment of heaven, to keep alive the spirit of family religion." This, though but a part of the subject, will lead at once to the great principle on which the fact is founded. To no other *cause* or *source*, than the all-wise and all-merciful appointment of God, for purposes of amazing importance, would I trace this infinitely interesting fact ; and thus while on the one hand, I would pass by with merited contempt, the sneer of the infidel, who attributes it to a comparative mental imbecility, I would equally pass by, as inadequate, the amiable attempt to account for it on the score of superior organization, or to circumstances of superior advantage. To adapt a scripture phrase, applied to a higher subject, "it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes ;" and still more marvelous, when we consider the purposes of inestimable value, for which it appears to have been so ordered. I trust you will suffer me to carry out this reason a little in detail.

It is the special province of your sex to be the attractive center of the domestic circle. It is there that you are accustomed to move in a peculiar sphere of usefulness and interest. When you were in the more lively days of youth, it was your province to engage the attention, by those graces, and virtues, and accomplishments, which give so much gratification to taste and sentiment. As you enter upon the more responsible duties of the married life, you become the attraction of those domestic scenes, which constitute the few spots of living green, in what would otherwise be the almost cheerless desolation of the desert of this world. When still more advanced, it becomes your high and responsible province, to instil into the minds of children, the earliest of their sentiments, and to be the pattern, on whose example their eye of observation rests—earliest in the morning—constantly through the day, and latest at the night. And here is the mercy which marks the interesting fact I have been striving to illustrate. It appears to have pleased the all-wise and all-beneficent Author of our being, to have provided that you, who are formed for a responsibility so high, and on whom it may, without hyperbole, be said, the destiny of so many immortal souls is dependent, should more largely receive the impressions of religion, and having received them, should cultivate them with a warmer affection, and a more intense and absorbing interest. It is the distinguishing grace of God, for purposes connected with the welfare of the world.

This, then, is the leading reason, which to my mind, accounts with perfect satisfaction for the fact, that larger numbers of your sex embrace religion, than of the other ; and it is a reason which should draw your sex into a closer bond of gratitude to God. For purposes of His own glory he has bestowed on you a mark of distinction, which unites your duties with your purest pleasures, and connects them both with the glory of God, and the interests of eternity.

These considerations, cordially and conscientiously entertained,

gives me not only a boldness, but an inexpressible pleasure in addressing you, on a subject of the most vital interest ; and it will account for the earnestness, with which I purpose to follow out the question, "IS IT WELL WITH THEE?"

[To be Continued.]

THE POET'S ANSWER

TO A LADY'S QUESTION RESPECTING THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS MOST
DESIRABLE IN AN INSTRUCTRESS OF CHILDREN.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces ;
Love, Hope and Patience, these must be *thy* graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it : so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education—Patience, Love and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching, as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.

O part them never ! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and will proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive.
And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the Mother Dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies :
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtask'd at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting, does the work of both.

THE JUDGMENT OF CHILDREN.

PARENTS not unfrequently justify themselves for conscious inconsistencies in the family circle, on the plea that children are incapable of forming correct opinions, respecting either their motives or conduct. Admitting the incapacity of children to judge correctly on all points, still the *effects* of parental inconsistency always remain with them, and influence their characters. But on most subjects they do form correct

opinions. In many respects they constitute the severest tribunal before which parents can appear. Children are unshackled by the motives of policy, expediency, and self-interest, that sway the rest of the world; and parents might often tremble at the unsparing honesty of their judgment. We are glad to find this ground supported, in the following article, taken from a little work, professedly written by "a father and a husband."

"It is a solemn reflection that our children are close observers of our conduct, set over us by the Almighty, to remind us of our responsibility, as well as to receive instruction from us. They are gifted with observation and discriminating judgment. In their presence our actions, words and looks are judged for what they are worth, so far as they come within their scope of intelligence. We are not tried by the rules of society, for they do not acknowledge their binding force as we too often do. They quote not the opinions of other days, they are not influenced by those which may be entertained in one or another country. They are ignorant of them all, and are disposed to form their own opinions with independence, as cases are presented to their observation. The parent must often feel, that apologies, excuses or arguments, which pass as good in the busy world, appear of no value or soundness, in the little tranquil circle at home. He would often be ashamed to urge there reasons which might be readily admitted among men.

On entering our doors, therefore, we daily feel, that we are again coming before judges and a jury to which, as it were, we have been brought for an impartial judgment. And how interesting is the reflection, that this same Court has ever existed. Children are endowed with the same perceptions and powers of discrimination in all ages and countries. It is a Court where precedent is set at nought, but which proceeds on the same grounds, and maintains the same principles, at all times and in all places. The opinions of the world, though powerful with all of us, and irresistible by many, are of no regard with our children. Past ages may have pronounced any sentence; they hesitate not on that account to reverse it.

We are daily accustomed to look upon inconsistencies and contradictions; and we have thus, on many moral subjects, lost much of the clear discrimination of children. Our own inclinations, also, frequently incline us to disguise the truth. The honest and firm decisions of our children, therefore, ought not to be lost on us. We ought to be reminded by them of our misjudgment, mistakes, and wilful misconclusions. We should train ourselves to their plain and true standards of right and wrong.

And how important is it, that we should pursue a right course in this, and indeed in every thing else. We cannot but perceive, that those around us are ready to have their opinions affected by our own, and at the same time have the faculty of reading our feelings through actions, words and looks. Our actions, looks and words therefore, ought all to express exactly what is right; but alas, they can never be made to do it by any artificial process. We have not the power to disguise our

hearts from our children : on many subjects of great importance they will extract our real sentiments, in spite of all our exertions to conceal them. And these real sentiments are those which will produce on their minds the strongest impressions.

It is therefore so evident, that we can neither be happy ourselves, nor effectually train up others to happiness, without being truly and consistently good, that the shortest way to accomplish these most important objects, is to begin with one's own self.

What blessings can we shower on that delightful retreat—our home—by self-improvement ! If it is the dearest spot to us now ; if it embraces interests which lie near our hearts, and offers us attractions and solace greater than all the rest of the world, what may it not become, what may it not contain, if we, after being transformed into better parents shall apply ourselves to the improvement of those within it ?

When we enter our homes, then, what interesting reflections must crowd upon us ! We are coming into the place where we are able to diffuse general joy, and communicate instruction by every word, act and look. We are coming into the presence of our little judges. How shall we bear their examination ? If they could see every thing which lies in our hearts, all which others have witnessed in our conduct this day, what would be their sentence ?”

TO YOUNG WIVES.

In looking round upon the interesting class of young beings who have just entered the married life, we might shrink from the self-imposed task of calling them occasionally to a half-hour's twilight communion, on topics that touch the deepest chord of interest that vibrates within their hearts, did we not remember that no one having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is worthy of the reward attendant upon courage and perseverance. The first thing then that strikes the mind on looking over this group, is the amazing insensibility of *the many* to the station of interest they have assumed, and the circumstances of interest by which they are surrounded. The path of conjugal and domestic happiness is so beautifully and delicately guarded by the intermingling green of moss and ivy, that, like the path to Heaven, "*few there be that find it.*" We have long wanted to see a pilot stationed at that entrance to say to all, "this is the way—walk ye in it."

There is no concealing the fact that a shade of disappointment is discernible in almost every subject who has enlisted under the banner of wedded life. This disappointment either terminates in a sort of reckless indifference, or settles into a hopeless contentment with a lower standard of action and happiness than was once thought indispensable. Why is this ?—chiefly we believe from entertaining erroneous views, and lacking the patience and wisdom to correct them. Young ladies, previous to their marriage, are brought up for the most part, in a manner, and with habits calculated to make them any thing but good

wives. Their habits are not formed with reference to this end ; this object is never held up to view ; (except perhaps occasionally, by a trifling, jocose allusion) while at the same time every parent looks forward to the marriage of their daughters as an event that will, in the course of things, almost inevitably occur. When we consider their total unpreparedness for what is before them, we marvel that so many make as good wives as they do. Many mothers would resent this charge, who think they have done all a mother's duty when they have instructed their daughters in the arts of housewifery, and learned them to order a feast with propriety. All this is fitting and necessary in its place—and there is no comfort or enjoyment without it—but far higher duties remain untold. "These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone." They are but the titling of mint, cummin, and anise as compared with the weightier matters of the *law [matrimonial.]* If mothers ever speak with their daughters on the subject of a married life, it is usually as a doom that awaits them, rather than a sphere which they are destined to fill with honor to themselves, if rightly prepared to enter it. The happy, ardent creature, who has never yet seen care or trouble, does not credit these representations—and hence is left to draw her conclusions from her own romantic and enthusiastic conceptions. Here she errs as far on the other extreme :—and from indulging habits of reverie, fed by all the glow of young affection, she goes to prove how different are the sober realities of life, to the fancies of an excited imagination. Here is the secret of this disappointment and its consequent depression. The young wife has been looking at the prospect before her through a Claude-Lorraine glass, instead of a plain, common spy-glass, which should have been given her, to bring its roughness as well as its beauties near :—and she now stands looking at it still, as the broken fragments of a beautiful dream.

Where shall we find the remedy ? She must be brought to see and acknowledge the error of her ideal fabric—she must stand just where she is and take another view :—with the past on one hand to warn her—the present on the other, to guide her ; and the future before, to cheer her. She must look at life now as it is. Checkered with care and trouble, joys and sorrows. With materials enough for happiness,—and more than we deserve—but the happiness *must be made by ourselves*, in the right use and estimate of these materials.

Too often the gift is thrown away here—and the beggarly vanities of fashion and parade substituted in its place. Or the disappointment is met with a petulant, uncompromising asperity—thus planting at once a root of bitterness, which will poison every branch and bud of felicity as long as it is nourished.

Selfishness, is another great bar to the enjoyment of happiness. An expectation that every thing will be tributary to our comfort and convenience, and desires. While this is the case, we need the chastenings of disappointment. The only unalloyed, legitimate source of happiness is to be found in promoting the happiness of others. Forgetting yourself as a selfish being, as an *individual* being, for you are no longer such,—seek your happiness in consulting the happiness of

another. Let the same gratifying attention and regard that before marriage was offered freely from choice and inclination, be continued still from motives of principle and duty as well as choice. You can borrow strength, confidence, hope, in just a *twofold* proportion to what you could before,—and may go on your way, if you will, in the consciousness of being doubly blessed.

When reason and reflection have gained the mastery over wayward fancy, you will find that all things are better as they are, than as you would have made them. To indulge a rebellious murmuring, dissatisfied spirit, is to impugn the wisdom of your Maker. He has blessed the work of His hands and pronounced it “very good.” “Shall a mortal be more just than God?” Remember your trials only to train up your own children to avoid them. Ever hold up to their view the active duties of life as the objects of most desirable attainment—and thus save them the hard schooling of *experience* by which you have learned wisdom.

GREATNESS AT HOME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO ROMAN MATRONS.

Licia. I am the happiest wife in Rome, my Livia!

Livia. I doubt it not:

But there's Flaminius's wife, the other day,
Scarce from the Forum to her house could pass
For gratulations that her husband won
The Consulate.

Licia. That day my Caius sat
At home with me, and read to me, my Livia;—
Little cared I who won the Consulate!

Livia. And there's Lectorius has obtained a government;
His wife will be a queen!

Licia. Well, let her be so!
My Queendom is to be a simple wife;
This is my government, my husband's house,
Where, when he sits with me, he is enthroned
Enough. You'll smile, but
I'd rather see him, with his boy upon
His knee, than seated in the Consul's chair,
With all the Senate round him.

Livia. Yet his greatness
Must needs be thine.

Licia. I do not care for greatness,
It is a thing lives too much out of doors;
'Tis any where but at home; you will not find it
Once in a week, in its own house at supper
With the family! Knock any hour you choose,
And ask for it; nine times in ten they'll send you
To the Senate or the Forum, or to such
Or such an one in quest of it! 'Tis a month
Since Caius took a meal from home, and that
Was with my brother. If he walks,
I walk along with him, if I choose; or if I stay
Behind, it is a race 'twixt him and the time,
And when he's back and the door shut on him
Consummate happy is my world within;
I never think of any world without.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words be taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hours of him who led them.

It would be easy to enumerate the books in which woman is *prominent*.
by brought forward in any of the great relative characters of life ;—as
the daughter, the wife, the mother, the sister, the matron, or the friend ;
and yet wherever she is so introduced by a master hand, the absorbing
interest of the book centers in her.

But who does not sympathise more strongly in those true tales which
history has preserved for us of woman's love manifested in the relative
duties and relative characters of life, than in any or all the creations of
the sublimest genius, the purest fancy ? She, who "had no ornament
but her children"—she who, even in the presence of Cyrus, "saw *him*
only who said he would give a thousand lives for her ransom"—she who
died to give her husband courage, and pronounced that death "not
painful"—these and a thousand other instances which shine, and will
shine, on the page of history "as the stars for ever and ever," come
home to the human heart with a far deeper and diviner influence than
all the love of mere lovers. The reasons are plain. Pure and fervent
as their love may be, it is still selfish ; possessing no higher motive than
personal will and pleasure. It has not yet become sacred as a duty,
and settled as a habit ; nor has it yet passed through long years of
need, sickness, sorrow, and adversity, and come out impressed with the
broad seal of constancy. Lovers' love may exhibit the "freshness
and the glory of a dream ;" but it is from the nature of things unproved
and therefore from books, as in real life, we have far deeper satisfac-
tion in contemplating that love which has passed its trial hour, undim-
med and undiminished.

There is another reason : If we cannot all invent, we can all observe ;
and he must be singularly unfortunate in his society who does not know
living instances of women whose love bears an analogy, at least, to that
of which we have been speaking. His sphere is indeed confined, to
say no worse of it, if he knows no woman who could, were it her duty,
die *with* a husband and *for* a child—no wife who has found the devoted
specious lover change into the unworthy, brutal husband, and has yet
endured her lot with unrepining patience, and met the world with
smiles of seeming cheerfulness, and

Learned the art
To bleed in secret, yet conceal the smart—

and, higher and harder task, denied herself the privilege of friendship
and never told her grief :—no intellectual and accomplished mother,

who has surrendered early affluence, and accustomed comforts, the pleasures of society, the indulgence of refined taste, and become a menial as well as mother to her children, and entered into all the harassing details of minute daily economy, not with mere dogged submission, but with active, cheerful interest! Does he not know some daughter, who has secluded herself from youthful companions, and youthful pleasures, that she may employ her health and spirits, her days and nights, in soothing a parent to whom "the grasshopper is become a burden," and existence a pain, but who can, nevertheless, depart quietly to his long home, because his last steps thither are supported by a beloved and affectionate child? Does he not know some sister, whose mild influence has controlled the follies, and whose tenderness, though at the risk of personal blame, has shielded the faults of a brother? Or has he never seen an instance of female friendship? His lip may curl at the idea, but there is such a thing as female friendship;—not often, I grant, between young ladies, but between the young and the old—the matron who has safely trodden the ways of life, and the young blooming girl, who has just entered upon them. It is a beautiful, aye, and it is a frequent sight to behold the calm gravity of age, tempering the enthusiasm of youth; and the bright influence of youth shedding, as it were, a sunset radiance over the somber sky of age. But to come rather closer to the feelings of our sceptic—to touch upon his personal experience. If he ever lay upon a bed of sickness, what eyes became dim with weeping—what cheeks pale with watching, over him?—What hand administered the medicine and smoothed the pillow?—Whose form glided round his bed with the quiet care of a mortal, and yet ministering spirit?—Whose tear soothed his dejection?—Whose smile calmed his temper?—Whose patience bore with his many infirmities?—Unless he live in a desert island, he will reply—Woman's! Woman's!

But to know, to the full extent of such knowledge, how noble, how sacred a thing is woman's love, it must be contemplated when strengthened by the bonds of duty, when called forth by the ties of nature. Some may think it needless to lay such strong and repeated stress upon this condition; but for my own part I do not believe that in the hearts of *true* women, and such alone are worthy of mention, love, the passion of love, has before marriage by any means the power generally supposed. I verily think that many a most exemplary wife has been as the mistress—

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.

No *true* woman will either do or suffer for the fondest and most faithful lover, a thousandth part of what she will do and suffer for a husband who is only moderately kind. No—love must with woman become a duty, a habit, a part of existence, a condition of life, before we can know how completely it unites and exemplifies the natures of the lion and the dove, the courage which no danger can dismay, with the constancy no suffering can diminish.

Let man take his claimed supremacy, and take it as his hereditary, his inalienable right. Let him have for his dower, sovereignty in philosophy, in learning, in arts, and in arms; let him wear, unenvied,

the ermine, the lawn, and the helmet, and wield, unrivalled, the sword, the pen and the pencil. Let him be supreme in the cabinet, the camp, and the study ; and to woman will still remain a "goodly heritage," of which neither force nor rivalry can deprive her. The heart is *her* domain ; and there she is a queen. To acquire over the unruly wills and tempers of men, an influence, which no man, however great, however gifted, can acquire ;—to manifest a faith which never fails, a patience that never wears out, a devotedness which can sacrifice, and a courage which can suffer ;—to perform the same unvarying round of duties, without weariness—and endure the same unvarying round of vexations, without murmuring ;—to requite neglect with kindness, and injustice with fidelity ;—to be true when all are false—and firm, when all is hopeless ;—to watch over the few dear objects of regard, with an eye that never sleeps, and a care that cannot change ; to think, to act, to suffer, to sacrifice, to live, to die, for them, their happiness and safety—these are woman's true triumphs ; this, this is WOMAN'S LOVE.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Young mother, may thy spirit long
Retain its joyous light,
Thy step as firm and springy be,
Thy brow as smooth and bright
As now, e'er cares of womanhood
Have left one dreary trace,
Depriv'd thee of one youthful charm,
Or mar'd one maiden grace !

And that fair rosy boy ! 'tis bliss
Heart-thrilling and divine,
To clasp him in thine arms, and press
His ruddy lips to thine ;—
To hear his artless thoughts lisped forth
In music's gentlest tone ;
To mark the gaze of his blue eye
Uplifted to thine own.

Along the smooth and fragrant turf
To act the courser's part,
And fondly hail the rapturous gush
Of laughter from his heart ;
Yes, these are earth's divinest joys,
Surpassed alone in heaven,—
And shall they die like summer flowers,
And fade like hues of even ?

Alas ! alas ! the brightest morn
May change to darkest day,
And where the early sunshine glow'd,
Wild tempests hold their way ;
Glad voices may grow sorrowful,
And merry eyes be dim,
And grief may lurk in wait for thee,
And wasting pain for him !

'Twere vain—'twere impotent to wish
That time should stay his wing,

Autumn and winter ~~must~~ succeed
 To summer and to spring;
 Or fain I'd hope years, withering years,
 Might thy pure pleasures spare,
 Leave him as artless and as young,
 And thee as glad and fair!

N. H.

Who would not be a mother, and preside in her circle! Others may enjoy a scepter, but here are subjects controlled by an eye, whose hearts like sweet toned instruments vibrate responses to the master tones of the great harp. Instead of the sound of arms, here is the voice of peace. And here is laid the foundation of a pure and happy country!—in these peaceful shades, where the mother presides, and where she rules supreme. To me there is scarcely a more holy place on earth than the apartment where the young have said their prayers and closed their eyes, and the mother is pondering on the wonders of that Being who has given them to her for mysterious objects, who has sent with them duties which she does not fear to contemplate, but would fear to neglect or overlook. Look in yonder cradle, look at those eyelids and little smiling mouth; think of the intellect which lies dormant there: consider its capacities, and cease to wonder that there is anxiety and solemnity in the countenance of the mother, when silence and closing day lead her to reflection.

She thinks, no doubt, of the influence mothers have had on their children; of opportunities she has omitted; of dangers and difficulties to which she is exposed. How encouraging to her, among the books that others have consulted, and the multiplied advisers who have erred and misled, that there is one friend who can infuse true wisdom into her heart. Here is none of the noise and bustle which we find in the world—here is retirement, here prayers arise for those who are in silence, and for those in worldly confusion.

“Beauty!—’tis the worst part of woman!
 A weak poor thing, assaulted every hour
 By creeping minutes of defacing time;
 A superficies which each breath of care
 Blasts off; and every humorous stream of grief
 Which flows from forth these fountains of our eyes,
 Wasteth away, as rain doth winter’s snow. Goff.

Let every thing be done to train up children to union and cordiality: let them be guarded, and taught themselves to guard, against whatever might violate it. There will be different turns of mind; there will be occasions tending to excite jealousy, envy, and grudging; but let the demon of discord be watched against, as the deadliest foe to a family. Respectability, happiness, usefulness, all depend on its exclusion. A threefold cord is not easily broken; but a divided house cometh to desolation.—*Rev. Thomas Scott.*

THE MICROCOSM.

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No. 2.

WE resume our labors in the preparation of the second number of the Microcosm, with pleasure in view of the diversified and rich field opening before us ; and with gratitude for the confidence implied in the liberal patronage which has enabled us to enter upon its cultivation. " Truly the harvest is plenteous." Many form their whole opinion of what a work is to be, from ever so small a specimen of its character : without knowing the difficulty of arranging even leading and prominent points in a limited compass, or reflecting that the *commencement* of an enterprise must be chiefly devoted to the laying down of distinguishing characteristics and general principles. It is only by turning back and investigating particulars, one by one—subdividing again and scrutinizing anew—that we become minutely and intimately conversant with the variety and wealth of our possessions. So far from being circumscribed, we know not where to stop. The world is made up of families—and every interest and topic in the world has a bearing, direct or indirect, upon the happiness and improvement of families :—from the glowing speech of the statesman, in his efforts to secure the civil liberties of the country, to the latest improvements in locomotion ; as a means of facilitating social intercourse and scientific investigation.

It is eminently the cry of the present day, who will show us any thing *new* !—it has almost superseded the inquiry, " who will show us any good." The greatest and noblest enterprise may be prostrated by the dissatisfied discovery that " it hath been already of old time." It has been a question from the days of Solomon, " Is there any thing whereof it may be said, see, this is new ?" But a greater than Solomon has said, " A *householder* bringeth forth out of his treasure, things *new and old*." If we will go and look at the old routine of duties and responsibilities, which we have turned over or set aside day by day, in the light of new resolutions and new engagedness, we shall be overwhelmed with the multitude of new interests that constantly grow out of them. If there is any thing which comes before all others, (except the word of God,) for "*unsearchable riches*," it is the fountain of domestic joys and duties, which is ever springing up like a well of water.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

It is far easier to make out a negative system of Education, by saying what should be avoided, than to afford any positive assistance, by pointing out the course to be adopted. The difficulty arises from the infinite variety of cases, characters and circumstances with which we have to deal; making an invariable set of rules both an impossibility and an unsafe reliance. The variety of character is as great as that of countenance—and successful education consists in the adaptation of suitable influences to every character. We often observe in a family of children, elements as unlike as those that are jarring and contending in the great world: and if the same course of management is pursued indiscriminately with each, it may operate favorably upon such temperaments as oppose it not, while it urges others in a contrary course, leaving them at last to be only represented by the fearful comparison, as “vessels of wrath, fitted for destruction.”

But while the difficulties of education are acknowledged to be great, and its wants innumerable, there are many rules and principles which are safe and infallible as guides to all—rich and poor, high and low, bond and free. Where a wise and judicious system is already adopted, many minor advantages and improvements may be derived from the experience and success of others.

As the first great rule, nothing can succeed without system—without adherence to principles that shall be uncompromising—that will not bend, and cannot be contravened. Moral education should hold the first place in this system; physical and intellectual the next. Physical education should come before intellectual—because the latter is entirely dependent upon the healthful state of the body: but moral and spiritual training should ever take precedence of both—that whenever this frail tenement sinks, it may be ready to be raised and received into that “house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Whenever and wherever the interests of the higher principle ~~can~~ be subserved, it should be done though at the expense of the less. When the heart and head are alike calling for instruction, let the heart have the first lesson, and it will be the better fitted to guide the head. They will thus become mutual aids to each other. When the occasion offers of a fellow creature in distress, let the child leave his studies to administer to his wants—if he has it in his power, by personal kindness and attention, or pecuniary relief—and thus teach him, *practically*, that mercy and benevolence are of more importance than the acquisition of science. He will return to his books with a keener relish for the self-approbation of having done well.

The principles of benevolence, integrity and humility—that humility which sees it has much to learn; and which is not incompatible with self-respect and independence—should be ever kept in view; and every effort used to bring the character up to the standard of these principles. The frailty of human nature and its proneness to evil will make the task laborious and unceasing:—but “in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not.” The task is made infinitely greater by the ef-

fects of early carelessness. Children are frequently taught much that must be untaught, before their education can be commenced on a right foundation. They are taught selfishness and self-will, when managed by opposition—and deception by being deceived. We have seen numberless instances where children in early life were governed altogether on these principles:—threatened with being deprived of their food or playthings, in order to induce them to keep them—with being thrown into the street, or given to the “chimney-sweep” to enforce a reasonable command, or induce the most trifling obedience. These threats are of course never executed, and were never intended to be executed—but meanwhile, the child is getting its first and deepest impressions of principle and truth. Ideas of right and wrong are often established in such a school, before parents will believe their children capable of discerning between right and wrong. Education is yet in its infancy—we can scarcely form an idea of its power, until these counteracting influences shall be done away, and parents learn to consider the education of their children as commencing with their birth. Children should invariably be treated with the same sincerity and uprightness, as the most conscientious man would use in his intercourse with his fellow men.

The art of stripping motives and conduct of their false colors and fictitious names, and discovering the principle involved, though difficult, is useful and necessary. Many parents who believe all their efforts directed to the honorable advancement of their children in the world, would be startled to find the education of those children proceeding altogether on the basis of arrogance, self-love, and vanity. Yet this is only calling things by their right names. Facts and illustrations, with which all are familiar, bring the case more practically and forcibly before the mind. We have seen the children of wealthy and aristocratic parents called away from playing with a little barefooted neighbor, and severely reprov'd for such intercourse, when there was reason to believe him more upright and pure minded than many of the children of fortune whose companionship was at the same time courted. Parents cannot be too cautious in the choice of associates for their children,—but they can keep them from debasing society without inflating their self-love—and at the same time cultivate their benevolent feelings and enlist their sympathies for the poor. This can be effected by telling them that their less favored neighbor has not possessed the advantages they enjoy—has not had kind and tender and virtuous parents to watch over him and teach him the right from the wrong—and therefore is not a suitable or profitable companion. We would cultivate the gentility of the heart—let this be right, and the conduct cannot be far wrong. But there is a gentility, (so called,) in the world that is only skin deep—or rather an affectation of pre-eminence, christened by the name of gentility, and trained under select tutors until it really fancies itself made of the “porcelain pottery” of the earth, while the rest of mankind are formed of the common clay. It is the mere bodying forth of the spirit which saith to his brother, “stand by, for I am better than thou.” We would

rather a child should be brought up a clown than be made genteel to a model on such principles. We are not decrying true gentility—every grace of spirit or manner when proceeding from right motives is of great account—nor do we doubt the wisdom and necessity of distinctions in society—"order is heaven's first law"—but while we pay due attention to these claims, it would be well to remember the time when all arbitrary distinctions will be forgotten, and we shall sleep side by side, "where the servant is free from his master," to wake in a society where *honor will be paid to whom honor is due.*

[For the Microcosm.]

DUTY TO APPRENTICES.

IN the little world at home there are few interests more intimately connected with the public welfare, and but few more neglected than those involved in the relation of master and apprentice. Although I have little practical knowledge on this subject, I have some acquaintance with that interesting class of youth called apprentices. I was brought up in a family where many were trained. And though kindly treated, I can now remember that their religious interests were neglected. Young lads, at the age they leave the paternal roof, are in a peculiar state. The world bursts upon them at once. Many have been kept at school—have lived in retirement, in some remote place—have had little intercourse with others—of consequence are unpracticed in the ways of the world. They are confiding, and kind. Their future character and destiny will in a great measure depend upon the first impressions made—the first influences exerted upon them. Some of the most distinguished men now upon the stage, both in church and state, were once apprentices; and the type of their characters was taken from causes which were silent and unobserved. No human arithmetic can calculate the responsibility resting upon the female head of a family. The lads entrusted to her care, up to the time of their entrance into her household, had been trained almost entirely by maternal influence. Some of them had doubtless been deprived by death, of a father's counsels and example; others had suffered by the ill conduct of a dissipated father. Every trade has some usages peculiar to itself. A lad entering a shop to learn the mysteries of his trade, finds himself surrounded by those who are all acquainted with each other and the ways of the place; he has every thing to learn. If we think of the direct influence brought to bear, by actual contact of other minds—secret causes—early associations—the time spent—the character of the conversation—the places of resort after regular hours of labor—and then look at the brief space allotted to the mistress of a family to do good, we shall see that most lads are trained and formed by their companions and circumstances, and not by those to

whom parents commit their sons. How easy for a kind, judicious woman to secure an influence over a young mind. There is the solitary hour after first leaving the house of parents or friends—a few little attentions, and pertinent inquiries will raise the spirits and win the heart—acts of kindness, when sickness assails—nameless offices will revive all the interest of a mother, and supply her place.

If I may be allowed to suggest a thought or two to the mistresses of families where the numerous class of interesting youth are distributed, I would say to them, if you will only take a little leisure to reflect how short will be the time before these young men will occupy important posts in society, and will be acting over the scenes you daily witness in your own habitations, (for they will have a number of apprentices residing with them,) you will come to feel that you are in a situation to do more than almost any other female for the good of society, for the promotion of the public welfare, and even for the church of God. Make these lads and youth the subject of prayer—take opportunities to converse with them on useful topics, especially on the state of their souls; put them upon their guard against temptation. First gain their confidence, and they will hear you. A word from you in season, may be a nail fastened in a sure place. Their souls are equally precious with those of your own children, and they often form connections with your families which will identify their interests with yours. If I can only succeed in calling attention to this important, but long neglected class of youth, I shall rejoice, and hope that some good may be done.

M. M.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

There is none

In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is man's love! What marvel?—you ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! You ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim weary eye; not yours the face
Which early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and duly as Heaven's light,

Was there to greet his wakening! You ne'er smoothed
 His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
 Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
 Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to his
 When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,
 With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
 No! these are woman's tasks! In these her youth,
 And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
 Steal from her all unmarked!

IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

BY THE REV. G. T. BEDELL.

We admire the tenderness and delicacy with which Dr. Bedell, in his address to wives and mothers, urges home upon them the claims of his subject. Particularly at this time of interest, when his sun has set on earth—though leaving a long line of light still to bless and cheer us—would we apply to him as singularly appropriate, the beautiful tribute of the English writer, who when asked the occasion of his tears at the grave of a friend, where he was often found a mourner, replied, “I weep his piety in an age when a single tomb will bury more ashes than piety can spare;—*I weep his respect for women.*”

[Continued from p. 8.]

“IS IT WELL WITH THEE?” Are you qualified to sustain the relation in which you are placed? This investigation will be of the deepest possible interest to you; because, apart from the question of influence, your own personal, eternal well-being, is involved in the decision. For God has mercifully so arranged this matter, that the interest of your own soul is at stake; and thus your concern for others, is indissolubly connected with the undying interests of your own immortal existence. Of every mother, then, whose eye may rest upon these unpretending pages, I would ask, “Is it well with thee?” Have you given up your heart to your God and Savior? Have you experienced in your own heart the power of religion? Permit me to remark, that, necessary as religion is to every individual of the human family, who would desire the salvation of his soul, to you it comes with a peculiar mercy, even as it connects itself with the enjoyments of this present world. Amidst the trials, and difficulties which, as a wife, and a mother, you must expect to encounter, you need something more to sustain you, than the mere sympathy of those with whom you are connected. Your earthly happiness can only be well secured when you have the arm of an Almighty friend, on which you may lean,—when you have the compassionate and sympathizing bosom of a Savior, on which you may recline, when the misfortunes which may be incident to your condition, press their weight upon you. In this world of sin, you have many drawbacks on your happiness, which

are peculiar to your sex, and your gentle nature feels more keenly the evils and the disappointments of life. The misfortunes which sometimes assail those with whom you are most nearly and dearly connected, divest you oftentimes of those comforts which you have hitherto enjoyed ; and where you are called to bear the office of a comforter, your own heart often bleeds, and is in need of comfort. What a treasure do you enjoy, of which nothing can deprive you, if you have the Savior's love to rest on, and the Holy Spirit as your comforter !—how is your path of life cheered amidst all its discouragements, by the presence of Him, who has said to his faithful people “ I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee ; ” “ when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee—when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee, ”—“ fear not, I have redeemed thee—thou art mine. ” And if, on the other hand, you are permitted to pass your life comparatively free from trouble,—if no rude blast of worldly anxiety and distress, interrupts the general current of your enjoyments, how is your satisfaction enhanced, if religion, pure and undefiled, add its charms to your nature, and rules your heart by its power.

But this is a view of the subject comparatively unimportant, contrasted with that which has been my chief stimulus in addressing you. It is the welfare of your own, and the souls of those connected with you, which makes me feel the deep importance of the subject. You are never safe, till you have attended to the “ one thing which is needful ; ” your heart is never “ right in the sight of God, ” until it has been changed, and purified by divine grace. Your soul as well as your body, is competent to suffering, and unless my question, “ *Is it well with thee ?* ” can be answered, as God in his holy word requires it to be answered, your sex can never shield you from the exhibition of His righteous indignation. For, as in the *privileges* of the gospel, there is no distinction of male or female known, so in the retribution of the gospel, all who know not God, and obey not the gospel of his Son, are under the curse, and have nothing in expectation, but that “ fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries. ” I entreat you, therefore, turn not this inquiry away, lay not this book down in disgust, when you find it press hard on your personal condition. In the love of the gospel—in the purest friendship, I ask the question ; and as to the infinitely important matter of religion, demand of every mother whose eye may fall on my page, “ *Is it well with thee ?* ”

I have thus far pursued the matter in a way of general observation. You have a right to demand that I explain myself more fully, and to ask what I distinctly mean by the question. And I feel that I am under an obligation to answer you fully and decidedly. Let us pause for a few moments ; I, while I gather up my thoughts about me, that I may meet your demand, and you, that you may meditate on what I have already said. What I most anxiously desire is, that every mother, every wife, should give my subject a large place in private medi-

tation. I am apprehensive that not one among my readers, sustaining either, or both of these relations, has any adequate idea of the tremendous responsibility connected with your station. If there was an adequate idea, I should confidently look for results, the most unspeakably important. For never do I hesitate one instant in believing, that God has mysteriously, yet certainly connected the salvation both of husband and of children, with the piety and supreme devotedness of the wife and mother's heart ; and the zeal, yet prudence of her efforts.

I distinctly mean by the question, "Is it well with thee?" have you experienced in your heart, those truths, which, on the word of God, are indispensably connected with your eternal welfare? In other words, Have you truly repented of your past sins—are you a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Have you experienced a change of heart—are you devoting yourself to God? These are all modifications of the great leading question which stands between you and me ; and until they are all answered in the affirmative, you cannot answer in the affirmative to the query, "Is it well with thee?" It is never well with you, unless these all are, or have been, part and parcel of your individual experience. Let me endeavor to guide your meditations. Have you repented of your sins? Do not be startled by this form of the question. I frankly confess that it presupposes you are, or have been in a condition, not only of transgression, but as a sinner exposed to eternal ruin. I hold up before you this language of our Savior,—“Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” I cannot bring myself to suppose, that there can any doubt rest upon your mind, as to the *fact* of your being a sinner ; as such, you are unquestionably in danger of eternal ruin. I am aware that this language may seem harsh to your ear, accustomed as you are, in social life, if not always to adulation, at least to terms of softer address. I am also aware, that from the native tenderness of the female heart, and the ten thousand nameless attractions which we are wont to consider as surrounding your character, we are apt to think you formed of different materials from ourselves, and constituted not only of kindlier sensibilities, but of dispositions more pure and holy. Cost what it may, it becomes a sacred duty to rectify this error. I cannot speak “peace—peace, while there is no peace.” There is not one who may read these pages but on whom the eye of God rests as a sinner—a transgressor of his law by thought, word, or deed. And this you know. It is not the prerogative of a mortal to pierce into the intricacies and windings of the human heart, but God's eye is there. I would take the loveliest, the most accomplished, the most talented, the most amiable, the purest of those who venture an eye upon these lines, and putting into my question, if it were possible, such a solemnity, as might suit the subjects of death, of judgment, and eternity, ask if there is one of you who could with unshrinking confidence expose your heart to the inspection of an eye which nothing there could escape? Is there in it no purpose of opposition to the will of God? Is there in it no cherished affection supreme to that of God? Has love to God been the animating principle of its every thought?—the impulse of its every movement? Is

there nothing there which you could regret?—nothing originating there, which you could wish undone? Have you given to your Redeemer and Savior, that heart which he died to rescue from the absolute condemnation of eternal death? Was your youth devoted to him, whom you were so often pathetically exhorted to remember? or was it spent in carelessness, frivolity, and sin? Are you at present devoted to the service of God, and joined to him, “in the bonds of an everlasting covenant, never to be forgotten?” Are you adorning “the doctrine of God your Savior,” by a holy conformity to His will? All these things are involved in the answer to the question “is it well?” and I address you, not as you may appear in my eyes, not as you may appear in the eyes of fond and admiring friends, but as you actually do appear in the eyes of that God who reads the heart, knows every unuttered thought, and marks the progress of every purpose! If *one* unholy thought has ever originated in your bosoms,—if one unholy word has ever escaped the door of your lips—if one unholy action has ever been performed—that thought, that word, or that action, stamps on your soul the character of sinner. For let it be remembered, that sin is not only the transgression of the law of God, but it is the want of conformity to the will of God; and let it be remembered, that while we measure sins in the scale of our imperfect judgment, and call them *little*, or *great*, as they present themselves to our limited perceptions, there is no *little sin* in the estimation of God. Every sin is great enough to have in it, all the elements of opposition to the fundamental principles of God’s holy government; every sin is great enough to exhibit our indisposition to obedience. Where the character of a sinner, therefore, is impressed, no matter whether the character is, or is not, legible to us, it is legible to God; and where it is legible to God,—there, there, is the stern, uncompromising necessity of *repentance*. The question, then, comes back upon you—“Is it well with thee?” Have you repented of your sins—sorrowed over them after a godly sort,—hated and forsaken them? Settle this point, I pray you, for salvation is connected with it—your own salvation, and, as I shall show you, the salvation of others, in whom your affections are intensely bound up, “Is it well with thee?”

TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE, ESQ.

Young mother! what can feeble friendship say,
To soothe the anguish of this mournful day?
They; they alone, whose hearts like thine have bled,
Know how the living sorrow for the dead;
Each tutor’d voice that seeks such griefs to cheer,
Strikes cold upon the weeping parent’s ear;
I’ve felt it all—alas! too well I know,

Conjugal Happiness.

How vain all earthly power to hush thy woe ;
God cheer thee, childless mother ! 'tis not given,
To man, to ward the blow that falls from heaven.

I've felt it all—as thou are feeling now ;
Like thee, with stricken heart and aching brow,
I've sat and watched by dying Beauty's bed,
And burning tears of hopeless anguish shed ;
I've gazed upon the sweet but pallid face,
And vainly tried some comfort there to trace ;
I've listened to the short and struggling breath ;
I've seen the cherub eye grow dim in death
Like thee, I've veiled my head in speechless gloom,
And laid my first born in the silent tomb.

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

“ There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie ;
With brow never changing, and heart never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.”

How to secure and preserve this happiness, is surely an inquiry of great moment. We see occasionally a bright example to tell us that it is attainable, and show us how desirable the attainment. We are glad to acknowledge here that a former assertion of the disappointment attendant upon married life, has been met by a verbal disclaimer from several bright young adventurers—from whom we have received the voluntary assurance that they were happier than their anticipations. We rejoice in this testimony, in spite of the forebodings of those who with an ominous shake of the head, reply that they have not tried it long enough. But while they do much for our cause in maintaining one side of the argument, we are convinced that these cases are comparatively rare, and we turn to those who still wear a cloud on their brows, in the hope of aiding to dispel it.

The most prolific source of disunion and unhappiness in the married life is found in the dissimilarity of taste, habits and education in the parties. This is scarcely discoverable before marriage, owing to the partial nature of the acquaintance, and the thousand factitious circumstances tending to veil and supply deficiencies. But we must find out sooner or later, that no one is perfect. With the discovery of faults, usually begins the reign of disappointment. If we would only, as some one has said, “take human nature as it is, and leaving what is good, discipline all that is rebellious,” we should have another sort of world than the one we now live in. We have said that exaggerated views of life was the chief cause of disappointed hopes. It is not the only cause. Were we writing for gentlemen, we could tell them of many things else, which go to make up the sum of a young wife's disappointment. There is much positive evil to contend with in life—

and it is often observed that the most serious difficulties grow out of trifles. Trifles often producing the greatest trials and discomforts of life, and attention to trifles, securing its greatest happiness. We are far from thinking failure and disappointment confined to one side : but we have only the liberty of endeavoring to reform one side—and in doing this, express unequivocally an interest for both. If we are condemned as wandering beyond our province, we can only say that when it is written “ye are no more two, but one,” it is impossible to address the one without involving two.

Every woman expects the lover to improve in the husband : and when in a few weeks she finds all those attentions that have made up so much of her happiness before, entirely intermitted, or partially and carelessly rendered, is it strange that a pang should touch her heart, or a shade cross her brow ? Such cases do exist :—and are found oftener, in those impetuous beings who before marriage would compass sea and land to render some trifling service. But a woman can do much to overcome even the most disheartening circumstances. She greatly errs when she takes these disappointments to herself, and feeds on them in secret, until the vitality of hope and happiness is destroyed. She should kindly and faithfully make known to the sharer of her joys and sorrows, every trial that affects her happiness. She should let him know that she desires these attentions from his hand ; and from his only can enjoy them. As soon as the demon of reserve and distrust is admitted, farewell to social and domestic happiness !

Neither must she yield to despondency, or every thing is lost. Patience, Hope and Perseverance, can work miracles—with CONFIDENCE for a Prime-minister. Difference in taste and education may be overcome by frequent comparison of views and principles. Hopes may be brightened, and disappointments lessened by an unreserved discussion of the one and the other—and happiness invariably attained when the parties will be heartily *agreed* as to the means of securing it.

The most self-confident may be led by a silken band, if its strength is concealed by its softness. Since the day when “a woman lost Mark Anthony the world”—or earlier still, when a woman lost the world the joys of paradise, has she been mighty in influence. We would wake them up to a sense of this influence, and have them use it lawfully. Not to lose the world, or any part of it, to a single individual—not to work mischief in it—but by “*a unity of the spirit in the bond of peace*” to lighten, by sharing, the ills of life ; and enhance its joys by cheerful participation.

[For the Microcosm.]

TRUE ECONOMY.

THIS is a talent that cannot be bought nor estimated—except by the money it saves—and if that be the measure, it may be put down at a fortune at once. Those who have allowed matters and things to get

shook down and *stratified* according to their specific gravity, and learned to look inwards for all the seasoning to sweeten life withal, are prepared before all others to get along cheerfully, comfortably, and happily with a little. Intellectual and cordial luxuries cost less than any others—and 'tis a notable fact, therefore, that those who are educated to look there for their pleasures, are brought up to true economy. And then, what an amazing advantage have they over the mass whose ambition centers in fashion, pride, and anxious parade—both in the quality, the abundance, and the uncloying nature of their comforts. Verily, how short a distance hath the heart to go to take its fill, with those who carry their fortunes in their heads! Z.

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

BY JAMES HALL.

'Twas far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted vows of love,
The ocean wave was at our feet, the autumn sky above,
The pebbly shore was covered o'er with many a varied shell,
And on the billow's curling spray, the sunbeams glittering fell.
The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that sun has set,
But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lustre yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might speak,
Where none could hear that love revealed, or see the crimson cheek,
The shore was all deserted, and we wandered there alone,
And not a human step impressed the sand beach but our own :
The footsteps all have vanished from the billow beaten strand—
The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not traced on sand.

Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endeared by childhood's dream,
To seek the humble cot that smiled by fair Ohio's stream ;
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain torrent roared,
For love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er each barrier soar'd ;
And many a wide domain we passed, and many an ample dome,
But none so blessed, so dear to us, as *wedded love's first home*.

Beyond those mountains, now are all that e'er we loved or knew,
The long remembered many, and the dearly cherished few ;
The home of her we value, and the grave of him we mourn
Are there ; and there is all the past to which the heart can turn—
But dearer scenes surround us here, and levelier joys we trace,
For here is WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME—its hallowed resting place.

REMARKS PARTICULARLY APPLICABLE TO MOTHERS.

The following scraps are commended to the attention of *mothers*. They are deserving of the deepest consideration and regard of mothers in every rank and class of society ; yet I think they, in a very

marked degree, apply to *cottage* mothers, if I may so express myself. For some years I was the pastor of a country flock ; my parishioners were, with few exceptions, cottagers ; and it was one of the attempts and trials of my situation, to correct the angry passions and violent infictions which I, with great pain observed mothers to indulge in, and execute upon their infant charge. The accidental breaking of a cup, the accidental spilling of milk, or beer, for which a child of tender years had been sent, have I often seen punished by an angry mother, with violent blows ; and I grieve to add, not unfrequently accompanied with threats and oaths, which have made me tremble in view of the effect which the manifestation of such tempers, and the unjust, the unfeeling violence of such punishments must have had upon the dispositions and affections of such children. I am quite aware that in a cottage, scantily supplied, the loss of a cup, or the spilling of milk, &c. is an affair of much more moment than those in better circumstances can easily imagine : still, angry words and violent beatings are not the way to correct even wilful negligence ; and how unjust, as well as unchristian, are they, when the little child has met with some of those casualties which happen to us all. Who has not seen a child in an agony of apprehension on such occasions, arising from the dread of meeting the anger of a mother, who ought to have heard its artless explanation, sorrowed over its misfortune, and cheered its disconsolate spirit ?

The following scraps are most earnestly commended to the consideration of mothers, and if they should be the instrument, with God's blessing, of convincing but one, that the duty, the interest, and happiness of parents of every class, is bound up in *mild treatment*, in christian precept and christian example, greatly rejoiced and happy shall I be.

SCRAPS.

Of George Herbert, it is recorded, that he spent much of his childhood in a sweet content, under the eye and care of his prudent mother, who managed her power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child, but with such sweetness as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother.

Bishop Hall, recording the virtues of his mother, says, how often have I blessed the memory of those passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth. Never any lips have read to me such feeling lectures of piety, neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them than her own.

The biographer of Richard Hooker remarks : " His mother laid a foundation for his future happiness, by instilling into his soul the seeds of piety, those conscientious principles of loving and fearing God ; of an early belief that He knows the very secret of our souls, that we should flee from hypocrisy, and appear to man what we are to God."

Of the mother of Matthew Henry, it is observed, that she looked well to the ways of her household ; prayed with them daily, catechised her children, and taught them the ways of God betimes.

John Newton says, " My mother was a pious, experienced Christian. She stored my memory with many valuable pieces, chapters

and portions of Scripture, catechisms, and hymns. And beside the pains she took with me, often commended me with many prayers and tears to God ; and I doubt not, but I reap the fruits of her prayers to this hour."

Now, some cottage mother, who reads the foregoing testimonies of the efficacy of parental teaching, guidance, and supplication, may feel disposed to say, or may say to herself, "These mothers were people of station and education, whereas I am poor and ignorant;" and she may so say truly : but what mother is there, even, "the lowest," who has it not in her power to be *kind* and *gentle* to her children, yes, and to pray that her children may become the children of God ? Will she say that she knows not how to address God in their behalf ? She may not in a well-ordered form of words : but God sees the heart, and to him the desire of the heart is acceptable prayer. Let her say, let her feel a desire to say, "Make these children, O God, thine !" She will not lose her reward. But let her be especially careful, if she would have her prayer, her desire, heard, that she prove to her family, by her own meek, kind, and contented disposition and conduct, that she wishes for *them* what she values and practices *herself*.

It is almost an invariable rule that *a good mother has good children*. Understand, however, what is meant by a good mother. It is one who rules her own temper, and who regulates her own conduct by the word of God, and the example of Him "who was meek and lowly of heart."—*London Cottager's Visiter*.

[Selected for the Microcosm.]

DILIGENCE.

Great results will accrue in a very short life, or a small portion of a life from DILIGENCE. This one word—*diligence*, is of more moment in the economy of life than any other word in the whole vocabulary ; and there ought to be more lectures made over it, and more lessons inculcated in sight of it, by mothers, teachers and tutors, than any other. *Genius* and *great parts*, and *opportunities*, those mystic and dazzling names, lose all their lustre, and become insipid and charmless sounds by the side of this simple word—DILIGENCE. Look to the history of man for proof of it—look any where around you.

Begin then the inculcation of the precept and the habit *early* with youth. Take good care first that the bent and the aim be right, but let the watchword at all times be *diligence*. It is not constantly enough in our ears and on our tongues. It surprises us to see in the biography of uncommon minds, how short a life of *hard* study has made great scholars, and how short a life of *hard* thinking has brought about prodigies of mind. But there is nothing to amaze in this—there is much to stimulate and encourage. *Geniuses* abound among our children, with parts enough, and advantages enough ; and it needs nothing

but the early inculcation, and the industrious inculcation of *diligence*, to produce us ten Chattertons, Kirk White's, and Urquhart's, where we now have one.

It is a matter worthy of reflection with anxious and ambitious mothers, that most of the instances of extraordinary diligence and consequent extraordinary early endowments, have been cases where the mind was also imbued with piety. Two or three things may be inferred from this—that early piety is almost the only prompter to diligence in our duties, to be relied on in youth; and that pious mothers are almost the only sure prompters to early piety.

DO NOT DECEIVE CHILDREN.

A physician once called to extract a tooth from a child. The little boy seeing the formidable instruments, and anticipating the pain, was exceedingly frightened, and refused to open his mouth. After much fruitless solicitation, the physician said, "Perhaps there is no need of drawing it. Let me rub it a little with my handkerchief, and it may be all that is necessary; it will not hurt you in the least." The boy trusting his word, opened his mouth. The physician, concealing his instruments in his handkerchief, seized hold of the tooth and wrenched it out. The parents highly applauded his artifice. But the man cheated the child. He abused his confidence. And he inflicted an injury upon his moral feelings, not soon to be effaced. Will that physician get his handkerchief into the mouth of the child again? Will he believe what the physician may hereafter say? And while conscious that his parents approved of the deception, will he not feel it to be right for him to deceive, that he may accomplish his desires? It destroys his tenderness of conscience. And it teaches arts of deception.

Let compulsion be resorted to when necessary, but deception never. If a child cannot place implicit confidence in his parent, most assuredly no confidence can be reposed in the child. Is it possible for a mother to practice arts of deception and falsehood, and at the same time her daughter be forming a character of frankness and of truth?

A mother once tried to persuade her little son to take some medicine. The medicine was very unpalatable, and she, to induce him to take it, declared it did not taste bad. He did not believe her. He knew, by sad experience, that her word was not to be trusted. A gentleman and friend, who was present, took the spoon, and said, "James, this is medicine, and it tastes very badly. I should not like to take it, but I would if necessary. You have courage enough to swallow something which does not taste good, have you not?"

"Yes," said James, looking a little less sulky. "But that is very bad indeed."

"I know it," said the gentleman, "I presume you never tasted

any thing much worse." The gentleman then tasted of the medicine himself, and said, "It is really very unpleasant ; but now let us see if you have not resolution enough to take it, bad as it is."

The boy hesitatingly took the spoon.

"It is, really, rather bad," said the gentleman, "but the best way is to summon all your resolution, and down with it at once, like a man."

James made a great effort, and swallowed the dose. And who will this child most respect, his deceitful mother, or the honest dealing stranger? And who will he hereafter most readily believe? It ought however, to be remarked, that had the child been properly governed, he would at once, and without a murmur, have taken what his mother presented.

[Selected for the Microcosm.]

TRUE OBJECT OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

As the designs of nature are never thwarted with impunity, so, those women, who, disdaining the feminine sphere, usurp the business and ape the manners of men, are punished for this usurpation by the loss of their attractions. The spectacle of a Hercules plying at the distaff, or that of a venerable judge taking his seat in a female dishabille, would scarcely be more absurd and ridiculous, than that of a woman affecting the air, the manners, and the peculiar pursuits of the other sex.

Now, as the business of education is not to thwart, but to assist the designs of nature, it is clear that the general scheme of female instruction should be appropriate to the female character and sphere of action.

Are not they the *happiest* among women, who are contented within the circle of such enjoyments, pursuits, and amusements, as are principally of the domestic kind?—Does woman ever appear so graceful and lovely, as in the domestic characters and relations of a dutiful daughter and affectionate sister—of a loving and faithful wife—of an excellent mother, rearing up her offspring and guiding them in wisdom's ways—of a discreet mistress of a family, combining prudent economy with hospitality? "The profession of women, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers and mistresses of families. They should therefore be trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of their respective situations." "Though the arts which merely embellish life must claim admiration; yet when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, sooth his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children."

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NATURE AND EFFECTS OF PUNISHMENT.

WHAT is, or should be, the design and end of punishment? Manifestly the improvement and reformation of its subject. Punishment administered for any other purpose, or in any other spirit than that arising from a sense of duty founded on regard to the subject of it, is a departure from the legitimate object of punishment, and partakes of other ingredients than those properly belonging to it. We do not mean by punishment retributive justice—but refer to it as existing in this probationary world, as a means of discipline; and particularly in the administration of it on the part of parents to children.

Who that has been through the world with his eyes open, will venture to tell us how little of the punishment administered in families, is of the right sort and proceeds from the right motives? We need not go to the lower classes of society—to the degraded and the vicious—to find ill-advised, and ill-administered punishment. But if we look into these hovels we shall cease to wonder that vice and wretchedness entail their heritage upon the miserable children who inhabit them. Chastisement, if it can be dignified by the name, is here exhibited for the most part in savage, brutal violence: and not unfrequently is the cause of early disease, infirmity, and even premature death. Leaving the sound of blows and profane threatenings to which the child of tender age is exposed in the abodes of vice and intemperance, we will go through the higher orders of society, and see what we find there.

Taking the confessions of parents themselves, and the lamentations of the more conscientious over their shortcomings and infirmities, we can only present a sorry picture: but the failings are still greater among those who make no confessions at all,—and admit no imperfections in their discipline. Almost every parent who thinks at all, is ready to admit in theory the necessity of certain principles upon which the government of children should proceed; and none more readily than that punishment should never be inflicted in anger, or under the influence of excited temper: yet the cases where punishment is not administered under the excitement of anger, and measured by that anger, are merely exceptions to the general rule. Thank heaven, there are some exceptions!—but the amount of unnecessary suffering, and misconduct in children, arising from injudicious punishment, is incalculable.

The individual who cannot govern himself is unfit to govern others. The first and only sure step therefore, towards regulating a family of children, is self-discipline and self-government. How often has the ill-temper and irascibility of parents vented itself in severity towards the children, on whom were laid burdens which they themselves were not able to bear. There is an innate love of power in the human breast, which is often exercised capriciously and despotically in the authority delegated to parents. Many families are under the reign of absolute tyranny: the children fearing to speak in the father's presence—trembling at his approach, and hailing his departure with joy. We trust these cases are rare—but the modified forms of tyranny are numerous. We heard a gentleman once say, in advocating his system of government, that he would knock a child down for the first offense: that he would kill him but he would make him obey implicitly. How unlike the guidance that should train these tender immortal beings to the obedience of right, *in the love of it*.

We surely cannot err in taking the government of God as a model, and so far as we are able, drawing a parallel to it in miniature. True, signal offenses are sometimes visited with signal judgments: but how much oftener is long-suffering and forbearance exhibited. Instead of striking us dead for the first act of disobedience or transgression, He continues to bestow upon us greater mercies, accompanied by the gentle but heart touching reproof, “know ye not that the *goodness* of God leadeth thee to repentance?”

The repentance and reformation that is founded on a conviction of ingratitude, is the deepest and most abiding of all repentance. Parents who aim at the real benefit of their children, should be willing to watch the effects of chastisement upon their hearts and tempers: and when it has a directly injurious tendency, conclude there is something wrong in it. We never knew conscientious and judicious punishment have this effect, nor the punishment of passion without this effect. The child detects at once the difference between passion and principle.

Some parents who are very conscientious in their dealings with their children, seem to make the end of punishment consist in *keeping their word*. When the deepest contrition, and most broken-hearted penitence was exhibited by the child, punishment must still be inflicted because it had been threatened. The true object of punishment is to induce repentance—and where this is effected, by a representation of the fault, or an appeal to the feelings, or the exhibition of a parent's displeasure, our great model teaches that the child may be forgiven.

We would dispense with corporeal punishment so far as it can possibly be done, as depressing in its influence on the character. We have known children much more affected by the deprivation of some expected pleasure, or the consciousness of having grieved a kind parent, than by numberless inflictions of corporeal punishment. We believe the “rod” of the scriptures is the instrument of correction, be that instrument what it may—and not necessarily a *hickory stick*—much less a cane or broom-stick.

If parents would watch themselves more, they would learn better how to guide their children. The assistance and support of those three attendant graces, "Patience, Love and Hope," are indispensable at every step of our progress. What is youth and childhood?—if it was what we wished to make it, it would need no guidance or solicitude; but might be left in its own unaided strength to run the race set before it. Well may those who have the responsibility upon them of training young immortals for eternal happiness or misery, exclaim with fear and trembling, "Who is sufficient for these things?" How much do we need the "wisdom that is from above—which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

[For the Microcosm.]

MATERNAL LOVE.

WE have often heard the exclamation from parents, but most frequently from mothers—"I love my children too well:"—and as often, perhaps, we have heard it said of this or that friend or neighbor, "she loves her children too much for *their* good." It is our object to examine, on what this assertion is founded. Whether too much, or too little love, may be most truly predicated of the cases in question.

Love, in the highest sense of the term, is a benevolent regard to being. This affection,—which allies man most closely, which alone, indeed, allies him, to the infinite God—is concerned with man, as a rational and immortal being. Under its influence, every thing which is seen to militate against him, as such a being, is avoided or opposed. The highest exercise of this love, prompts to diligent efforts to ascertain what will advance, and what retard, the welfare of its object, as an inhabitant of eternity. The true Christian only, is capable of this exalted love.

Another class of emotions, which may be denominated "love of the beautiful"—are induced by the perception or contemplation of beauty, in the moral, intellectual or physical world. The feelings belonging to this class, like the former, are confined to the intelligent creation. They are, doubtless, strongest, other things equal, in the most cultivated. But they are, unlike the former, common to the learned and ignorant, the moral and immoral, the holy and sinful alike. The emotions consequent on perceptions of beauty, are as diverse, in different individuals, as the varying tendencies of their subjects. The man who is governed by the desire to possess—in other words, a miserly man—sees no inherent beauty, in any thing he cannot lay claim to as his own. Whereas, the benevolent and social man, feels stronger emotions when he sees evidence of sympathetic feeling in others.

We mention one other kind of love,—termed "Natural affection," love of offspring—which leads all the animal creation, to care and

provide for their progeny. This instinct—beneficently bestowed on man in common with the lower animals, gives pleasure in its exercise, while it secures to helpless infancy in most cases, the care necessary for continued existence. We have reason to fear that, were there no more powerful principle to be appealed to, in many individuals, than reason and conscience, in favor of the dependent; many a little immortal, for whose dear sake, days of toil, and nights of sorrow, are patiently endured, would languish and die. It would find no maternal bosom on which to repose in confidence, no tones of tender love to soothe its little heart aches.

We have said, the highest love of which man is capable is a benevolent regard to the eternal well-being of its object. This, from its very nature, can never become excessive. Let us inquire, if it may not be rather owing to a deficiency of *this* love, than to excess of any, that the evils, which have occasioned the exclamations at the head of this article, have arisen. And if so, we would urge the mother to exercise the one more, not to diminish the other. All our selfish propensities, it is true, need some curb to their speed, else they inevitably urge us on to excess. What so calculated to check this natural instinct, as the use of reason and conscience. The little being, to whose animal gratification it is so delightful to contribute, is to live for ages, in a world where the animal can find no means of gratifying its lusts. And no kind mother would willingly create wants, which can never be satisfied. Let her then remember the object for which this love was given—that it has to do with the lower the inferior, propensities of man, and is ever abused when not made subservient to his higher nature. Let the child from the first dawn of intellectual being, see that the mother appears to be more pleased with right moral affections, than with any inferior good. Let him know by deeds, not words alone, that she believes her child has an immortal part that must be cared for, and nourished with proper food:—that on the appropriate use of all the powers of his being, her child depends for a happy immortality.

Thus mothers “train up your children in the way they should go,” and you may love them as much as you please, and fear no excess in your affection. You may then see those now discordant elements, beautifully harmonized, so that, praise to the great Creator shall be rendered, in tones delightful even to angel choirs. For their harps are attuned to the same key; and their rapturous hosannas never flow sweeter or louder than when they receive an impulse from the sympathetic notes of mortal harmonies.

A. A.

“There is an irresistible charm in the natural, easy, cheerful manner of a well-educated young lady; a fascination that every body feels: but the labor and solicitude that is discoverable in affectation, that would *force* you into admiration, dissolves the charm, and breaking the talisman, sets the captive free.”

"THE SPELLS OF HOME."

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits, when most brief!
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
Oh! do not widely roam!
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, dear home."—*Bernard Barton.*

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd;
By the waving tree, through which thine eye
First look'd in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath;
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn at the casement eaves;
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;—
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told,
By the quiet hours when hearts unite
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good night,"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that spell! it hath gentle might,
A guardian power, and a guiding light!
It hath led the freeman forth, to stand
In the mountain battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the loves of its guileless youth away,—
When the sully'ing breath of the world would come,
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home,—
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy parent's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

VISIT TO A NEW-MARRIED COUPLE.

NARRATED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

WE now arrived at the large castle in the country, with a party who engaged at the wedding to meet there at the end of the month; and many of the neighboring gentry were assembled to celebrate their arrival. The new-married couple had just arrived before us; and before the usual greetings were well over, "My dear C——," said the lady, "did you ever see such intolerable roads? quite abominable! I protest I am bruised to death! and so dusty, I am quite choaked; I wonder they don't water the roads; it is quite a shame to poison one in this manner! then that dreadful solemn avenue of trees at the close of such a journey, and those hideous rooks cawing such melancholy forebodings! I had a great mind to tell the coachman to turn about his horses, and leave the avenue and the rooks to enjoy each other, without destroying me with their shade and their uproar,—what my poor nerves will do, I cannot say; but we'll have those hideous trees down,—shan't we, love?" turning gaily to her husband. "I like to see an over-grown, mis-shapen oak, that has held up his proud head to many generations, levelled to the ground; there's a sort of gratifying triumph in seeing his length prostrate before me. Oh, pray look at these great elbow chairs! Lord bless me, my dear, how big all your ancestors must have been to fill them! Crimson damask curtains too! bless their heavy hearts, what a taste they had! You have ordered all new, I hope? How many legs have those giant tables?—one, two, three, four; I believe they have forty, if I had patience to tell them"—then with a loud and sarcastic laugh, "Lord bless me, do look at these window-frames! the house-maids must have been a large race too—how could the creatures find strength to throw up a sash? Do, my dear send for the workmen to-night—perhaps they would put new windows in, in a fortnight, and then we might see those ghastly old provoking trees cut down with triumph—why, you don't speak?" "No indeed, my dear," he replied, "I do not know what to say." "Why say it shall all be done as soon as possible. I'll send to mamma's upholsterers in Piccadilly, men of remarkable integrity and taste; and tell me only what sum you will allow for the furniture of each room, and they will take care of all the rest—but perhaps," she continued, "some of the rooms are less antique; show us the rest dear—but you must support me, for I am tired to desperation." "I am afraid our friends are a little tired too," he said, but lent her his arm—they led to the library, through the saloon; some of the company followed, while others, disgusted at her cruel insensibility to her husband's feelings, remained in the drawing-room. Fresh tables with horrid legs, now increased to a hundred, were the subjects of her amusement and scorn. I felt it my duty to watch for an opportunity to tell her the precipice upon which she stood—but where was such a moment to be found? As she hung upon his arm, she went on: "We'll change all these old rodomontading carpets for pea-green velvet, my

dear; sha'nt we? Your hardy race of ancestors never trod upon velvet, love, I dare say?"—"I dare say not," he said; "but I have a respectful veneration for every thing they did."—"Quite right, my dear; but you must lament they had not better taste in their furniture."—"No, my dear," he replied; "I like to see the style exactly as they enjoyed it; a carpet they trod upon is dear to my recollection; and the tables, where their hospitality was so frequently displayed, warm my heart whenever I look upon them; and when I bless the Author of all the good things I enjoy, in the very chair in which my ancestors sat and rejoiced in their abundance, I never forget my gratitude to them for transmitting them to me so undiminished, from a source so pure; for they were all men of high honor and respectability; and I trust, my dear," he added with great kindness, "we shall both long enjoy together the fruits of their good conduct." I seized this moment to slip my arm in the disengaged one of her's—"Excellent young man! I whispered; "Endeavor, my dear Madam, to deserve him." "O yes, my dear C——," she replied, "I know you very well, you are always on the strongest side.—Lord bless me!" she continued, turning her eye to the picture of an old gentleman, in a great wig and embroidered coat, "who is that very fine old beau? is that one of my grand-papas?"—"It is one of mine, Madam," he replied; "and I must recommend him to your attention and respect; he sat in nine successive parliaments, and was said to have resigned his seat, when too old to do its duties, with the best judgment and purest conscience of any member who had ever sat there. On the back of the picture is this eulogy, written by the greatest man of his time." "I dare say it is very true, my dear; and don't you think it would be a very good plan to hang the picture with that side outwards, that every body may read such a testimony of his merit." He drew his arm hastily from her's, and stepped to the window; but immediately recollecting himself, before I could recover the surprise her conduct had given me, he reclaimed her arm. "I think you will like the breakfast room," he said; "it has a cheerful aspect, and the varied prospect of the river and its sloping banks are grateful to the eye, and I hope will please you." "I am easily pleased," she said, and went on. The instant she reached the room, she flew to a harpsichord, and finding it locked, asked for the key; when, perceiving a paper pasted at the top, she read aloud the following words;—"Touch softly, stranger, these sad chords; the last lovely hand that woke their sweetest harmony, is gone for ever. How beautiful and good! how loved and how lamented!" Every eye filled with a ready tear, except her's who was come to supply the place of such a dear and interesting object; to strike those very chords, and perhaps for as limited a space. The portrait that hung over the instrument was very young and very beautiful. It was no time to make inquiries; every countenance felt, and every tongue was silent. I thought, even a bride, in the exultation of her heart, would have forgotten all her attire and all her ornaments at the moment of such an address; but a selfish woman is enveloped in her own importance, nothing from without can soften her. "Have you found

the key, love?" she unfeelingly asked, though a tear was forcibly falling from his eye. "I believe, my dear," he answered, "the key is lost forever." "Oh, I'll have the carpenter open it to-morrow; but take off that dismal paper, I protest it makes me melancholy, I shall never like the room so well again; I wish you had torn it off before I came in." "I could never tear it off," he said gravely; "it has a sacred charm about it, so expressive of the adoration in which the lovely object was held, and the severity and deep affliction her loss occasioned, that it would be almost sacrilege to remove it; but the instrument itself shall give place to-morrow to one more suited to your taste and feelings." "That is very considerate and kind," she said; but in the mean time she would try her own little bunch of keys; for she longed to know if the instrument had kept in tune, and actually ran over to force them into the experiment, with a glee that was most distressing. I started up and led her out of the room; the bridegroom followed, and all the party strayed about the lawn till dinner was announced. The fresh air I intended should recover all my uneasy feelings; I felt its delightful influence; here I was safe from absurdity; there was space enough for it to range in without annoying me, and the fine venerable, *old and ugly trees*, where the young and lovely musician had so often wandered under their shade, increased in value as I contemplated the many generations to whom they had belonged, and the shelter they must have afforded to the sad and melancholy mourners who had lost so lovely and interesting a child. I would not, for all the wealth of India, said I, have one of those trees cut down; and turning quickly round to hear some taste according with my own, I met the bow of the ancient butler, who told me the company were assembled at dinner. The bride had taken her first seat at the many-legged table; her husband led her to it, and trusted that she would ever find there whatever she would most like to gratify her taste; she smiled, and really looked very handsome. I hoped that such repeated proofs of affection from such a man had at least awakened her gratitude. A band of music from the lawn played all the time of dinner, and all was gay and cheerful but the wayward mistress of the house—the plate was too heavy, the glass unfashionable, she detested every thing massy;—the wine too was old, she never liked any thing ancient—"and pray, my dear," speaking aloud to her husband at the bottom of the table, "who is that ancient dowager at the end of the room, that holds her child's hat so tastefully while he is whipping his top?" "I will explain to you another time," he replied; "give me leave now to drink your health, and wish you many years, enjoyment of my family castle, where I have many excellent neighbors, whose society you will find estimable, and the country round us is most picturesque and beautiful." "Castle! country! and neighbors!" she repeated with a supercilious air and scornful emphasis; "but who is the old lady? for I am dying to know who she *was*." "You will live till to-morrow, I hope, my dear," he said with a smile, "and I will be sure to tell you then; but I must first give you her history, to secure your partiality, before you get a prejudice from her appearance upon canvass." "Oh I shall never like

ber," she said, "let her history be what it will; it is too difficult to come at, and so I will add her to the castle, the country, and the neighbors—four as dismal subjects for contemplation as ever I met with." "I am sorry you are not prepossessed in favor of my former friends," he said gaily; "but we will not neglect those who are present—here is health and pleasure to them all, and a hearty welcome to the castle, where I hope we shall often meet in high health and good humor." "By all means," she said; "and let us take in old goody too, and her boy and his hat." "It is my mother, Madam," he replied quickly; "she filled the seat you do me the favor to sit in, with great affability. No person was ever more gracefully attentive to her guests, or more exemplary in virtue and elegant refinement." A general silence prevailed for a moment; the whole party seemed determined to give the lady time for reflection; but with admirable presence of mind, her husband regained his composure, and said: "I consider it as one of my heavy misfortunes that I have been deprived of the power of introducing to your partiality a woman of such rare and excellent endowments." "Pray do not be uneasy upon that head," she replied, "I dare say we shall go on very well as we are."

An old gentleman who sat by me, said archly "What do you think of *that*, Ma'am?" I believed there was but one opinion in the room upon that subject. The conversation became general, and seemed to be kept up with the more spirit, to prevent the bride from opportunities of distressing her husband and his friends. Her mother was very uneasy; she had never set her such bad examples, but she was very self-willed at home, and would never be governed in any thing."

[From the New York Atlas.]

A COTTAGE SCENE.

I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother with her cheerful wheel
Carol'd so sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which timid near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused with a lifted foot, and turn'd his head
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups
That o'er the lattice cluster'd. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles,—and the winds,
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches play'd
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness. Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world,
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath, and heard the trump
Of those gay insects at their honied toil,
Sparkling like winged jewelry, and drank

The healthful odor of the flowering trees,
 And bright eyed violets,—but most of all,
 When I beheld mild slumbering innocence,
 And on that young maternal brow, the glow
 Of those affections which do purify
 And renovate the soul,—I turn'd me back
 In gladness, and with added strength, to run
 My thorn-clad race,—lifting a thankful prayer
 To him who show'd me what there was of heaven
 Here on the earth, that I might safer walk,
 And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
 From earth to heaven.

CONJUGAL OBEDIENCE.

“Let the wife see that she reverence her husband.”

WE expect to hear the cry of “heresy” raised by those good ladies who have at length, by dint of main industry, established (satisfactorily to themselves at least,) their own supremacy—when, taking our ‘rule of faith and practice’ on the subject of a wife’s duty from the Bible, we avow ourselves to be so old-fashioned, or rather so out of fashion, as to insist that she owes reverence and obedience to her husband. It will not be the first time the charge of heresy has been brought up to suppress peculiar orthodoxy.

But to return to our text-book, if any thing is laid down there with indisputable certainty and clearness, it is the obligation of a wife to the observance of these duties. This law contains no principle of offense. A respect without servility, and a deference without awe has nothing in it of fear or vassalage. When does a child appear so beautiful and so exalted as in rendering cheerful obedience to every wish of a kind parent—when does a Christian attain his proper dignity and privileges, but in yielding implicit obedience to the revealed and discovered will of God?—and we add fearlessly, when does a wife appear so well as in looking to her husband as her head, her guardian and guide, and making his wishes the rule of her conduct? We have seen more wincing under the word *obedience*, than any other in the whole book. If both parties rightly understood the nature of the marriage-tie, the bond would never be a fetter. When woman was made a companion and help-meet, she was not made a slave: even when it was said “he shall rule over thee,” it was not written “with a rod of iron.” If men will be tyrants, we know they have the power to be so—both physically and constitutionally—but even in this case, rebellion will not render the chain less galling. And in these days of general and gallant concession, there is hardly occasion to dwell upon a feature so repulsive: danger may rather be apprehended from the opposite extreme.

We have observed that men select and dwell with peculiar emphasis upon the importance and obligation of reverence and obedience—while

women take up the other line, and ring all the changes they can upon the injunction, "husbands love your wives and be not bitter against them." If each side would take what was addressed to each, and discover all that was contained or implied in it, both would be gainers thereby. These requirements were intended to deepen and secure the sanctity of the relation, and should not be distorted into causes of restiveness and aversion.

We have known some go so far as to premise that obedience should form no part of their marriage contract ; and to boast afterwards that they were not married to obedience. To what then were ye married ? we would ask—to anarchy, to rebellion, to confusion ? You had better take shelter under the safe and sure refuge of dependence and submission, than abide the pitiless storm of such elements.

To some, affection dictates and supplies all the rule of duty. For such there is no law. Many yield to the spirit, the authority they denied to the letter : this is better than if it operated the other way. While others will not be regulated by duty or statute—but are ever restless themselves, and the cause of inquietude to all around them.

Some women overlook their happiness, their privileges and dignity, in vain repinings after that which they have not : and if they attempt to enlarge their sphere of action, influence or knowledge, by attempting it out of their province, expose themselves to merited contempt and ridicule. Greatness is not confined to foreign premises. A woman may be as great in her sphere as the occupant of any other station in his. She can only be great here—and those individuals have been the greatest enemies to their sex, who by overstepping this boundary, have, with every effort of mind, connected the idea of neglect to their proper and becoming duties. It requires additional care to do away the effects of such an example as Mary Woolstonecraft, who handed a gentleman wine in a broken tea-cup, alledging, as an excuse, that she was too much engaged in literary pursuits to attend to the furnishing of her room. She would have done herself, and posterity, and the cause of morality more good, if she had let alone the "*Rights of Women*," and set herself to find out what were the *duties* of women.

We have no patience with those who are forever wrangling about male and female endowments or male and female equality ; and drawing comparisons to no profit. "There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon"—as well might the beautiful moon repine and grow paler with discontent, because she is not holding the sun's office and ruling over the day. From whence does the moon receive her light ? Let her forget her constancy, and strike out an eccentric orbit for herself in disdain of the station assigned her, and she at once becomes a wanderer

"In the Eternal space,
Rayless and pathless."

"Religion is the natural guardian which heaven has given to sensibility ;—governed by this, if it sow in tears it will reap in joy."

[For the Microcosm.]

HINTS ON PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

"**REALLY!** would you have me convert our parlor into an exhibition-room, and set myself up for a show? Shall I devote myself to pride and vanity? Have I not more important concerns to busy myself in than such trifles? May I not disregard myself in my attention to the household?"

The agitated and hurried manner in which Mrs. Snowden addressed these interrogatories to her husband, betrayed the impatience she felt at the subject of his conversation. Mr. Snowden, ever bland and gentle in his manners and kindly regardful of the feelings of his friends, had ventured on this occasion to broach, in as delicate a way as he knew how, the unpleasant truth, that his dear Eliza was becoming less attentive than formerly to cleanliness, the adjustment of her hair and dress, her carriage and address in the presence of others, and the various items which go to constitute personal grace and neatness. He had suggested, also,—in the way of queries for her consideration,—whether, the habit of negligence into which she was falling, would not detract from the pleasure which her husband and children and the visitors of their family took in her society, and even from her own pleasure in herself and in her duties. He had proceeded thus far, when Mrs. S. threw out the above queries in self-justification.

Now fair and gentle readers allow me to interrupt the story while I ask your judgment on the plea made by the parties in this case. The question at issue was whether the wife should habitually attend so far to her person as always to appear, in her household and before others, adorned with the charm of neatness and grace. The husband pleads that she should. And why? There is no claim on her time which necessarily prevents. All personal and domestic duties and relative duties in society can be still discharged. She is no more attentive to those duties now, than she was in the days when her husband found no fault with her appearance. Hence he pleads that the defect has its true source, not in the pressure of other concerns, but in negligence, in the indulgence of sloth and ease, and in the relaxation of that diligence itself on which success in other duties depends.

Such an attention to her person, while it interferes with no other claims upon her time, he pleads also, is itself demanded by considerations which to her should be those of benevolence and duty.

The pleasure that others take in her society is such a consideration. Not that she is to seek the applause and admiration of others, and thus minister to her own pride and vanity, as her query suggests. Not that she is to follow those narrow-hearted and selfish beings, who consider themselves the center of applause and admiration, around which the whole creation are to flutter in servility. He desires not this. It would be ruinous to his peace, and his best wishes for her welfare. But he knew it was in her power, without detracting from her regard

to other necessary concerns, to administer to the pleasure of others rather than their disgust, by slight yet habitual attention to her appearance. Should she not choose that her presence should enkindle a glow of pleasure in the hearts of her household, and the circle of her visitors and friends? Were it only a rose she had in charge, and it was daily to meet the eyes of the circle she loved, and still oftener to rise to their memories as they last viewed it, would she suffer it to lose all its flowers and fragrance, to bush out in dishevelled deformity, and rust in its leaves and branches, under the hand of neglect?

Not only the joy she administered to others but the pleasure she took in herself and in the discharge of her duties, he pleaded, would be enhanced by a return to her former habits. If she were not called to grace with dignity the head of a household, if she were not to pass before the gaze of others, yet she was to be present with herself and conscious of the fact whether she had honored or disgraced that person which the God of nature had polished with his skill, and formed to appear as an ornament in her various spheres of occupation. How, too, could she move with satisfaction in the paths of duty appointed her, if she entered them with those marks of indolence and want of order and disregard of the beautiful and pleasing, hung out as insignia on her person, which would proclaim to herself and to all around her that her most constant example belies her precepts. Not that he would have her disregard her household in her attentions at the toilette, as her question of disregarding herself for their sakes implies. Not at all. But those attentions to herself which diligence might easily accomplish and which are necessary to fit her to move with dignity before her household, are necessary, also, to prosecute the discipline and instruction of her household with the best effect.

This was his plea, in favor of the course he recommended; and what was hers, in justification of her neglect? The argument she used, was evidently dictated by feeling rather than judgment: because it allowed no medium to exist between the neglect of a principle, and its excess and abuse. As if to avoid disgusting others by her self-neglect, she must needs fly to the other extreme of setting up herself for admiration and show: and not rather attend to the decent civilities and proprieties of life; as if to avoid neglecting herself she must needs fly to the other extreme of bestowing all attention on herself and none on her household: and not rather fit herself to move with matronly dignity and grace in all her attentions to her household.

But, you will say, the parties were left in an unpleasant mood: how was the dispute settled? Why, I suppose, the judicious Mrs. Snowden, after the first excitement of being told unpleasant truths was over, yielded to the reasonable suggestions of her husband; and expressing a resolution to dismiss all negligence in future, sealed it with a kiss of reconciliation and love. Now, fair reader, if you have any such controversy with your husband or with your own conscience, I trust you will settle it *just so too*.

A HUSBAND.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

She stands, amidst the glittering crowd,
 The same in form and face
 As when at first her sweet cheek glowed,
 Even in this very place.
 The same bright tresses bind her brow,
 The same rich pearls her hair,
 Her lip is just as roseate now,
 Her hand as soft and fair.

She looks the same young radiant bride
 As when we saw her first,
 When in her flash of happiest pride
 Upon our eyes she burst.
 And even now she leans, as then,
 Upon her husband's arm :
 Yes—'tis the very same again,
 With every faultless charm.

Yet there's a change—her eyes are still
 Most beautiful and bright ;
 But they seem, beneath their lids, to fill
 With softer, tenderer light.
 Her voice is sweet, and rich, and low,
 And just as musical :
 But 'tis grown more like a river's flow,
 Than a fountain's laughing fall .

Still, still she smiles as radiantly
 When friends are speaking near ;
 But in her smile there's less of glee,
 And more of bliss sincere.
 'Tis not the brilliant scene around
 That her quiet heart beguiles ;
 In her pure spirit may be found
 The fountain of her smiles.

Now, ever and anon, her eye
 Is fixed on vacancy,
 And she seems to listen earnestly ;
 For, 'midst the revelry,
 In fancy comes an infant's wail,
 Or its murmuring in its sleep ;
 And the splendid hall seems cold and pale,
 When such visions o'er her creep.

And though the scene is very fair,
 She wearies for her home,
 And thinks the hour to take her there
 Will never, never come !
 She, who once watched the time in pain,
 That would too quickly flow,—
 Oh, sure she might be gayer then,
 But she is *happier* now !

[Selected for the Microcosm.]

THE POWER OF HABIT.

It can hardly be imagined, how much we are under the power of custom : it blinds and fixes our inclination in almost every direction. That which we are accustomed to, acquires our attachment, and we are uneasy without it. If our customary food has been plain, simple, or coarse, it is sweet to our taste : on the other hand, if we have been accustomed altogether to dainties, we shall feel a kind of loathing for ordinary provisions. The *Black Broth* of the Spartans, was, to them, delicious, though loathsome to every body else.

I once dined at an inn, in company with a lady who had "fared sumptuously every day." It was a plain dinner, and substantially good, but not such as she had been accustomed to ; and the very sight of it threw her into tragical distress. She was not hectical, nor in any manner sickly. Her form was the index of nothing less than of habitudes of abstemiousness. But, alas ! her stomach turned against every thing. She barely tasted of this, of that, and of the other morsel, and laying down her knife and fork, her visage could scarcely have been more rueful had she been under the hands of the executioner.

Man is said to be "a bundle of habits." And what is habit ? Habit is the bias we acquire for what we are accustomed to ; whether it relates to the body, or the mind, or both. As by frequency of repetition we become more ready and expert in whatever we have to do ; so, also, by frequency of repetition, the appetite, the taste, the inclination, acquire a settled direction that way. Nay, if the thing we are accustomed to gives us little or no pleasure, its absence gives us pain.

"I remember," says the far-famed Burke, "to have frequented a certain place every day, for a long time together ; and I may truly say, that so far from finding pleasure in it, I was affected with a sort of weariness and disgust ; I came, I went, I returned, without pleasure ; yet if by any means I passed by my usual time of going thither, I was remarkably uneasy, and was not quiet till I got into my old track." And he proceeds to say, "They who use snuff take it almost without being sensible that they take it, and the acute sense of smell is deadened so as to feel hardly any thing from so sharp a stimulus ; yet, deprive the snuff-taker of his box, and he is the most uneasy mortal in the world."

It might indeed be shown, in a great variety of instances, some of an indifferent, and others of a moral nature, that being accustomed to a thing, induces, for the most part, such a settled habit as is aptly denominated a second nature. But my object is to apply the general principle to the all important concern of education.

Training up a child in the way he should go, consists not altogether in pointing out the way, but also, and chiefly, in accustoming him to walk therein. As the tree grows up straight, or crooked, according to the direction given it when a plant, so, in a great measure, it is with

animal nature. Of this truth we are deeply sensible, in its application to the inferior animals, and our practice accords with our way of thinking. In training up young animals for use, a colt, for instance, or one of the canine breed, much care is taken to break them of their faults, and to render them docile, and such as we wish them to be at mature age. Because experience teaches us, that if their faults are permitted to grow up with them, they will become inveterately fixed, and exceeding hard to cure. We know that if the one be suffered to kick, and the other to snarl and bite, at every body that comes near, or if any other mischievous trick be permitted to "grow with their growth;" it would be unreasonable to expect to fashion them aright when age shall have matured and confirmed their ill habits, and redoubled their obstinacy. Rightly judging on this point, we are *practical*, because, forsooth, it would be a pity the young animal should be spoiled for want of attention to his breeding.

How much less care in this respect, is ordinarily paid to the human offspring! Not that we are sparing of pains and expense for the purpose of imbuing the young mind with the rudiments of learning. But having done this, we unscrupulously leave undone a still more important part, namely, the care to settle those habits, without which the possession of learning can turn to no good account.

It is absurd to expect that children accustomed to do evil, will, in after-life, learn to do well; no less than to look for the growth of a fragrant flower in the spot where you had dropped only the seed of a thistle. For the generality of human beings are such, or nearly such, as early custom had fashioned them; no animal being more wilful, more obstinate in the wrong, or harder to be cured of the ill habits which early custom had riveted.

Consider it, ye, who are parents of young children. If it be your choice that they should be idle, rear them up in idleness. If you would render them helpless all their days, never compel nor permit them to help themselves. If you wish them to be fastidious and squeamish about their food, feed them daily with dainties.

If you would entail upon their mature age the ill-humors of sullenness, obstinacy and peishness, indulge and foster these wayward propensities during their childhood. If you admire a quarrelsome, a violent, a revengeful spirit, permit their little hands to strike, and their little tongues to lisp out rage; it can do no harm, and is fine sport to see it! Again, if you would breed them up for cheats and liars, laugh at their cunning tricks, their artful falsehoods and equivocations; or, if you rebuke them, let them see withal that you are more pleased with their wit, than displeased at the inceptive marks of their depravity.

But if your desires and wishes be quite the reverse of all this; why then, take care against learning your children, what it will be necessary for them to unlearn at a riper age. Take care to make such impressions on their tender infancies as you would wish should be permanent and lasting. Never let it be out of your memories, that "habits woven into the very principles of their nature are unspeakably better than mere rules and lessons, which they so easily forget."

THE MICROCOSM.

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No. 4.

MANAGEMENT OF SERVANTS.

THERE is nothing more indispensable to the enjoyment of domestic peace and happiness, than the possession of faithful and well principled domestics. Those who are not independent enough to dispense with their services altogether, are entirely dependent on them for every comfort and necessity. It is therefore a very important branch of domestic economy, to learn how to make good servants, and how to retain them when they are good. The training of domestics in proper habits and principles, must be made equal to other relative duties, before the complaints and wants on every side shall cease to be heard among us:—or before we can train up our children in the way they should go. Our domestics form a component part of our families—are unavoidably brought into contact with our children, and influence them to a greater or less degree.

We are conscious that this subject demands great wisdom and experience. We venture on this occasion to express the result only of general observation, respecting the causes of failure and difficulty—with a few hints for lessening and overcoming these evils, drawn from the experience of those who have been eminently successful in this department of influence.

There is no way of accounting for the success of a few against the many, but on the ground of a different course of management. Great error certainly exists somewhere; and a great reform is demanded, in the parlor as well as the kitchen. A lady on being asked if she would join a society for the improvement of servants, replied “No, but I will join one for the improvement of mistresses.” We have often considered this answer, as aiming directly at the root of the evil.

The duty we owe to servants should be made the subject of serious consideration; and the best means of promoting their religious, moral and temporal interests carefully sought out. They should be made to see and feel that we are actuated by disinterested and not mercenary motives, in all our dealings with them. That we have their happiness and interest in view, as well as our own profit. The influence of kindness and sympathy is irresistible—and the results will be felt in the attachment and fidelity of those who receive it.

While we require of our domestics that they serve us well and faithfully, we should be willing to reward them well and faithfully.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire:" and should be made satisfied with his wages. A few cents often, in addition—at most, a few shillings, would secure a complacency and satisfaction, worth more than all the wages: while from being withheld a discontent is induced that leads to negligence and disregard of duty, by which the employer is an absolute loser. We have known a case where the lady always left the amount of wages to be decided by the servant. Her requirements were stated—her domestics given to understand that their duty must be performed thoroughly and faithfully—and that she was then willing to pay them just what they considered their labor worth. The result was, that her servants were always satisfied, and that she obtained the performance of more labor for less wages than the majority of those who stand to parley for a shilling. In all other departments of labor, the workman finds his profit in the employment, as decidedly as his employer. This should be the case with regard to servants. They should be made to feel it as much for their interests to stay at a good place, as of their employers to retain them.

Attention should be paid to the comfort and accommodation of domestics:—certain privileges allowed them; their rooms furnished with reference to convenience, comfort and cheerfulness; never forgetting that they are appropriated to the use of fellow beings. We are convinced that attention in this particular, to a degree that would give their rooms an air of cheer and comfort, would be felt in the most important results to the mistress of the family. Neat, but plain and unexpensive furniture would secure this end—often with much less expense than is actually incurred, in connection with a gloomy, comfortless arrangement.

Were the work of a family so ordered and systemized as that all should know what belonged to them, it would add greatly to the usefulness and contentment of domestics. In knowing their duty, and knowing when it is done, they find a great stimulant to diligence, in the effort to secure some time for themselves. But we have known mistresses of families, who could never bear to see their domestics enjoying one moment of leisure—but by whatever exertion of industry they had gained an hour for themselves, would fill it up with some extra service, on the plea that being paid for their time, it was not their own.

There is constant occasion between the mistress and servant for the application of the rule to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. It is profitable in imagination to exchange places and conditions with them, to discover what *we* should desire in the like circumstances. It makes the greatest possible difference in many cases, whether a decision is for ourselves or another. We can hardly see impartially in a case where *self* is a party concerned. This is such a *one-sided* world, that where two interests are contending, "Judgment is turned away backward, and Justice standeth afar off."

The practice of hasty and intemperate reproof, known by the comprehensive epithet "*scolding*," can never be reprobated too severely. Besides degrading the individual who stoops to its use, and destroying all her dignity and title as a lady, it never does any good; but on the

contrary much mischief. Disrespect, obstinacy, and revolt follow in its train. The servant is a severe censurer of such conduct; and though deference may keep her silent, and charity temper her judgment, she will at least feel that her mistress acts under the influence of passion, and says that for which she will be sorry and ashamed in a cooler moment.

Forbearance is another virtue which may be exercised here to great profit. Every species of tattling and mischief-making between servants should be discountenanced. Hasty expressions may sometimes be uttered that were never intended to reach the ear of the mistress, and if they come to the ear, it is oftentimes the part of wisdom to let them fall to the ground. "Take no heed unto all words that are spoken; lest thou hear thy servant curse thee."

We have known a system of flattery resorted to as a means of managing servants. Commendation, just appreciation of merit, and reward of duty, are lawful means of influence—but absolute flattery is dangerous. It is ever encroaching, ever demanding in its claims; and like the intoxicating cup, the dose must be increased every day to produce an equal effect. By the incautious use of this agent, we become emphatically *a servant of servants*.

By bearing in mind the claims of our domestics to our sympathies and charities, as members of the same human family, cast by the providence of God upon our justice and benevolence, we shall use the privileges of our station as not abusing them. Use them in promoting the best good of those dependent on us:—in improving their minds, strengthening their principles, directing their conduct. We should feel for their trials, watch over their health and morals, and strive to gratify their reasonable and innocent desires. In short, seek to influence them to duty and happiness, by the same means we would employ to influence any other fellow-being.

We are sensible that these remarks fall far short of what the importance of the subject demands. We offer them in the hope of leading the heads of families to reflect on the subject themselves, and supply in their own practice the deficiency of these hints. We should be thankful for any further suggestions on this subject, from those who have made it a matter of reflection, or successful experiment; as we deem it one of vital importance to the interests of the domestic circle.

ON EDUCATION AS CONNECTED WITH THE AFFECTIONS.—No. I.

We—meaning the occupants of this *Little World*—are no theorists. In our *Microcosm* we do not profess to copy, be it ever so minutely, all the things of the Great World, much less its world of speculations. It is enough for our purpose, if we present to our readers, miniature representations of nature and truth, without troubling our heads about other possibilities or impossibilities. We have, therefore, no sympathy for

those, who are anxious for a solution of the query, whether the minds of the sexes are not originally equal and alike in their capacities and tastes—and all the difference observed be not attributable solely to the different modes of education of the two classes. For ourselves, we hope this question may ever remain as unsettled as now. The destinations of the two sexes are originally different.

“ For contemplation he and valor formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.”

We are aware that this quotation is a hackneyed one : but we hope to be excused for again making use of it, because, in our apprehension, its import is not sufficiently attended to either by young ladies themselves, or by those who have charge of them, qualifying them to fill the stations which their mothers now occupy. We allude to the too great prominence given, in female education, to the physical and exact sciences. This seems to us too close an imitation of, not to say an encroachment on the rights and privileges of the other sex. To encroachment and imitation we are equally opposed ; for an attempt at either is an evidence of dissatisfaction with our destiny. Not more preposterous would be the attempt to imitate gentlemen in outward adornment than in inward culture. Suppose then, for the sake of consistency, a lady should be shorn of her rich tresses,—nature’s peculiar ornament—and should likewise exchange the dress in which she floats with so much loveliness, for the habiliment of a well-dressed gentleman, in order to try the experiment, whether she would not, by this process of assimilation, appear more respectable and more enviable in the eyes of community. For ourselves, however, we wish to be spared such a spectacle of ambition. The characteristic of the affections is truly that the most becoming to ladies. Thus thinks Mrs. Jameson, or she would not have so excelled in its portraiture. Such high authority who will gainsay ? Now it is very much doubted whether the cold abstractions of the exact sciences tend to cultivate this characteristic, or in any way to make ladies as they should be, the more agreeable companions. A gentleman, with whom the editor of this work is acquainted, relates that not many moons since he passed an evening with a young lady who had just completed her education at one of our most respectable female seminaries, and who stood very deservedly high for her attainments in science. On the table in her sitting room lay one volume only,—an algebra,—two or three of the abstrusest problems of which, she said, were occupying her thoughts when his entrance was announced. The evening was one of those illumined by a moon of such peculiar brilliance as we sometimes witness at the close of summer or the commencement of autumn, and the house was situated where it had command of one of the most romantic prospects to be found in New-England ;—such as ought never to be viewed save when moon-light or storms are resting upon them. During a pause in the conversation, the gentleman was drinking deep of the spirit of the scene that lay before him so that his senses began to reel and become confused with admiration when he was perfectly sobered on hearing the lady say, that she could not endure moon-light evenings because the stars were eclipsed, and she took pleasure in contemplating the heavens only when

she could trace out the constellations ! He, in desire "not loud but deep," in his first emotions of petulance, wished her, her algebra, and the constellations including the whole host of Bears, Lions, Giants, Dragons and Scorpions, removed into Milton's "far off Limbo," though he would very fervently welcome the lady's return provided she were freed from such troublesome companions. To cultivate powers of conversation,—rich, varied and refined, should be a main object in female education. When gentlemen seek relief, in ladies' society, from severe toils we are assured they would not feel very much indebted to them for a chemical lecture on the properties of air, nor, indeed for all the minute information of the Laboratory. In this remark we except, of course, the amusing digressions of Yale's accomplished Chemical Professor, which afford to us confirmation strong that he also thinks it possible to have too much attention given to physical science. Deeming it probable, that the useful might furnish some compensation for the loss of the agreeable, we have tried the experiment frequently to ascertain whether puddings and pies taste any better, when made with an adequate knowledge of what is mechanical, and what chemical in the composition of their ingredients, than before. But such, to our experience has not been the fact. It is to be hoped that these remarks may not be construed as intending to advocate the entire exclusion of the exact sciences, from a system of female education. No: Let ladies cultivate Mathematics, Mechanics an Metaphysics as much as they will; only let them do it in entire subserviency to that species of literature, which tends immediately to cultivate the imagination, feelings and taste.

G.

We have admitted the above article without coinciding in sentiment with the writer. We cannot conceive how mental culture in any view can be construed into "imitation" or "encroachment." It is simply informing the mind by investigation of the subject before it. In principle and effect it is one. There may, and probably will be many cases of pedantry and affectation: but this is less likely to result from too much than too little knowledge. We find it almost invariably connected with superficial attainments and weak intellect. A Mary Woolstoncraft and a Frances Wright may occasionally appear on the stage; but we know every woman of sense and delicacy is as ready as the gentleman can possibly be to censure and condemn them. Women generally, are not disposed to encroach upon the privileges of gentlemen;—and if the above writer knew to how limited a degree the physical sciences were at present admitted into female education, he would not be alarmed for the consequences. Greater attention to the more solid branches of education, particularly the study of Mathematics, has been considered, by those who have thought wisely and deeply on this subject all important as a necessary ballast to the mind.

Again, if in cultivating the imagination and feelings, the writer would substitute light literature for sober science, we cannot agree with him. There is altogether too great a predominance of the former in female education. Imagination is already cultivated and indulged to the bane of the mind; and a remedy is loudly demanded. Even some of those "cold abstractions" may be invaluable if they operate to correct and temper an excess of imagination:—and we believe experiment has ever proved that those who are most logical and exact in their views of things, are also most deep and ready in their social sympathies and affections.

CONSTANCY.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Nay, tell me not, my dearest,
 That Time hath dimm'd thine eye;
 Still, still my path thou cheerest,
 As in days that are gone by.
 Say not thy cheek is faded,
 By sorrows, cares, and fears;
 That thy brow is somewhat shaded
 By the clouds of darker years.
 If Time much more had taken,
 I could forgive each theft;
 While thy heart remain'd unshaken,
 And its love for me was left.

I, too, am something older
 Than when I met with thee;
 But hearts become no colder,
 If they are what hearts should be.
 Thy own has never alter'd,
 As years have o'er me past,
 Thy love has never falter'd,
 When my brow has been o'ercast;—
 Then tell me not of changes,
 In cheek, or brow, or hair,—
 The love such loss estranges,
 Must be lighter far than air.

Though morning's early splendor
 May rapture's thrill impart,
 The vesper hour more tender,
 Sinks still deeper in the heart.
 Though spring be gay with roses,
 And summer skies are clear,
 Yet Autumn's hand uncloses
 The rich harvest of the year.
 E'en Age's wintry weather
 Inspires no thought of gloom,
 In hearts which share, together,
 Hopes of spring beyond the tomb.

VISIT TO A NEW MARRIED COUPLE.

[Concluded from page 41.]

"The evening at the Castle, was spent very pleasantly; the young girls of the village were prettily dressed in white with pink ribbons and straw hats, the young men in blue, and they formed a rustic dance on the lawn to pleasant music; refreshments were placed under the trees, that were hung with colored lamps; and the company, now become very numerous, walking about in gay groups, had a particularly pleasing effect. One party that were much sheltered from observation soon

became the subject of every body's respect and attention. All the decrepid and aged poor were seated together, with each a new coat or gown, and a table fully spread before them. My friend led his bride up to them, and said, 'Here, my old friends, I have brought you a benefactress, who I am sure will never forget how much you want her assistance.' I think, the many blessings they uttered was the most grateful incense I ever heard from poor creatures, whose lot in life had been so severe, whose days, so near their close, could promise so little enjoyment: both the attending spirit and recording angel must have glowed with pride, as they wrote down such a scene; even the bride appeared to feel sensibly the kindness of their benefactor. 'Poor creatures,' she said, 'they smiled as if they had been little used to it.' I seized the moment to say, 'What an inestimable man has united your happiness with his own! never let him repent his choice.'

"We found at our return to the house music and every preparation for a dance; the bride was led to the top of the room, and whilst all the little bustle of choosing partners and places was going on, she complained of sudden fatigue, and could not possibly dance one step. Every possible attention was paid to her by all the guests and by her husband. She was laid upon a sofa, covered with a shawl, and requested to say when the dancing or the music would be too much for her. The ball went on, and at the close of every dance her husband anxiously inquired for her.

"She had time for reflection, and I conceived the gaiety of the scene would have secured the company the remainder of the evening from any of her whims; but bad habits are not so easily corrected, and she seemed to have gained fresh powers of tormenting by the interval of quiet; the tunes were the very ugliest she had ever heard, and certainly the most noisy; she supposed such heavy old floors had no spring in them, she never heard such a grating of feet; perhaps it was owing to want of chalking: the effect was dreadful, let the cause be what it would; it had quite distracted her head, and tore her nerves in a thousand pieces.

"The dance of course was shortened; and an elegant supper succeeded, and every body recommended, as the best possible cure for both head and nerves, to be quite at rest in bed; but they were all mistaken, for eating a hearty supper was the best possible remedy for both, and what she always found much more beneficial than any thing else.

"She was no sooner seated at the head of her table, than, turning to a gentleman who sat by her, she said, 'Do *you* like these rural sports?' with an emphasis upon *you*, that gave her own opinion as freely as if she had expressed it. 'Indeed I do,' he replied; 'I am a great admirer of the country; I delight in the beauties of Nature, and am never tired of contemplating their unspeakable variety; it elevates the mind, and engages its highest and best affections.' 'I am passionately fond of London,' she said. 'So am I, madam; and so must every body be who knows the value of its innumerable advantages: but the preference of a country or city life can never be sufficiently estimated but by those who enjoy them both. The fine fresh breeze of an early sunshine morning,' he said with a smile, 'requires a great deal in the

London scale to weigh it down ; it awakens the heart to universal benevolence.'

" 'Oh, pray add a cow to your common, and a goose on your green.' 'Very pretty objects too,' he replied, 'if you feel that gaiety and gratitude which every appearance of Nature gives to those who do not disdain it.' 'I disdain every thing that does not amuse my fancy, or improve my understanding.' 'My dear madam,' he replied, 'they can contribute to both ; when you see a cow, you may picture to yourself "the milk-maid singing blithe ;" recollect the cream, the custard, and the cheese that supports the peasant, ornaments your table, and helps to support mine.' 'A very good advocate for a cow !' she said with some scorn ; 'perhaps you could plead too in favor of a goose ?' 'Most assuredly,' he said ; 'it was an excellent savoury bird at Michaelmas. Custom, in gratitude for the use of its quills, which were infinitely extensive, had given one day in the year (as a memorial of its worth) to all ranks in the community, under the severe penalty of wanting money every other day in it, if they omitted the proper respect to such a distinguished bird.' 'Supposing then, my dear,' addressing herself to her husband, 'I am drawn in the picture you proposed, upon a common ; a cow will be a pretty object in the back-ground, caressing a goose, as a bird of the highest possible pretension, will give a pleasing interest to the piece, and make a good group, stuck up with the family portraits, that I do not doubt represent great admirers of the country.'

" 'Oh,' exclaimed Fanny, 'how could she be so rude and so cruel ? did nobody put her in mind that her husband was too kind and too good to be so treated ?' 'There was a total silence, as if every body felt with horror her unguarded incivility. The attention of the company was now directed to a gentleman who sung remarkably well, and prevented the lady from obtruding her sarcastic remarks for the remainder of the evening.' Fanny said, she could not express how much she disliked her ; but she hoped, when she reviewed upon her pillow her conduct of the day, she would be very sorry, and be more upon her guard for the future. 'Aye, my dear Fanny,' replied her friend, 'if she had been bred up in such habits, we might rely upon her improvement ; but you shall determine for her what her reflections could be upon her pillow by her conduct the next morning. As most of the company remained at the Castle, they proposed, after breakfast, to see the fine collection of pictures for which it was celebrated.

" 'When they reached the room where the locked harpsichord had been the day before, it had given place to a most splendid modern instrument. The bride was led to it by her husband, who hoped it would be a perpetual source of amusement to her. 'It is not Kirkman's, I hope,' she said ; 'for his never keep in tune. But you are very good, love ; and if I was in a humor to play, I would try it.' 'Favor me with one air, that if you should not like its tones, I may change it : I bought it on those terms.' 'Oh, I could not play so soon after breakfast for millions ; besides, I see it is Kirkman's.' A young lady, who said she always played immediately after breakfast, obliged the company with some plaintive airs, that suited the idea of succeeding to the once admired

and beloved musician now no more. Every body admired the instrument. 'I hope, my dear, you like it,' said her attentive husband, with an anxious smile. 'O no, I don't indeed,' she replied; 'and I request as a favor that I may have the old melancholy ditty back again.' 'Never, my dear,' he replied, and walked away. 'Aye,' she provokingly said, 'I see already what it is to be a wife,' and sighed deep with vexation.

"I immediately took my leave, ashamed to witness such perverseness, and had the mortification to hear her say, as I left the room, 'I shall never play upon that instrument as long as I live?' 'Oh,' said Fanny, 'what will that poor gentleman do with such a wife?' 'It is many a gentleman's fate, my dear: and one of the certain consequences will be the entire loss of his affection, and of course of his society; he will soon find various occasions to be absent; he will dread to return to such caprice; and when she finds herself quite deserted, it will be no balsam to her wounded pride that she inflicted it upon herself.

"Affection is of an extremely delicate nature: like the butterfly, left to wing its way with playful freedom upon zephyrs of its choice, how airy and unrestrained it flies! but when you would trammel or restrain it, its spirit and its beauty are gone. From neglect of little civilities in the common occurrences of life, much of the contempt and ridicule bestowed upon matrimony derives its source. If ever you marry, Fanny, take care never to be deficient in those trifling attentions, which, appearing to be of little consequence, make up much of the domestic harmony of life.' 'Is it always the lady's fault?' asked the artless girl. 'By no means, my dear. If a woman is so unfortunate as to marry a churlish man, he fancies it disgraceful to himself to attend to his wife in company; and I have seen a young and beautiful woman, in the first month of her marriage, totally neglected by her husband.

"A man never appears to more advantage than when paying attention to his wife; at least she might have a small part of what he distributes to the rest of the company; it is a proper compliment to his own taste and judgement, gives her importance in herself, which she is sure to use to his advantage. Some gentlemen have no name by which to call their wives, have never been heard to mention any other than *you*, by which she is to understand herself; and you may judge what feelings are conveyed with the sound. And, strange to say! you may meet married people who never by any chance speak a word to each other.' 'It must be very hard,' said Fanny, 'to make a good wife.' 'I believe it is the best plan not to marry at all.'

"I do not advise that, my dear, because the idea is most unfairly attached to a single life, that you were not qualified for the duties of a married one. Every half-bred man laughs at the state; and many mistaken women, to avoid the ridicule, marry hastily, and find too late, that to escape a fancied ill, they have incurred a lasting misery.' 'What is to be done then?' said Fanny. 'Why, my dear girl, qualify yourself, not by superior accomplishments, playing, singing, and dancing better than your acquaintance, or other such frivolous pursuits; but correcting and regulating your temper, practising patience and

forbearance in all the little trials you meet with, occurring in the best regulated and most happy families. Improve your heart and your understanding, cultivate an obliging readiness to please in all your habits, feel a universal indulgence to other's failings, and a watchful eye over your own; acquire a constant habit of cheerfulness and good humor, and you will stand a fair chance of being long loved and admired; remembering never to marry under any circumstances, unless you respect the understanding and conduct of the man, even though he were a prince."

We do not know the author of the following beautiful lines,—but think we have seen them ascribed to Brainard.

I SAW TWO CLOUDS AT MORNING.

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one.
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course, with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting;
 Calm was their course through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat;
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy, to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

FALSE VIEWS OF THE ROMANCE OF MARRIED LIFE.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

WE do not mean to confine our efforts strictly to maternal and conjugal duties. Our field is the *little world of home*—and our interest extends to all that it encircles. One of the most interesting periods in this world, lies between childhood and the assumption of the above named duties as householders and heads of families. None have a stronger title to the privileges of home, than the class of youth, buoyant with the happiness that is, and still more so with the fancied anti-

icipation of all which is to come. There is something so contagious in happiness, that those whose years have received the yellow-leaf tinge, are cheated into a smile as these radiant children of hope and joyful expectation pass before them. "When the eye seeth them, then it bleaseth them." The sun of their happiness by reflection gilds with bright hues the shades of winter and sorrow. It is not therefore to dampen or destroy this happiness, that the young are so often cautioned to remember the days of darkness, that shall be many ;—but to prepare them in a measure for the disappointments of life, by tempering their extravagant expectations with caution and sobriety.

A great part of the education of young ladies, is illy calculated to give them correct views of life. It is too poetical—too visionary :—they are allowed too much solitude, where they can indulge reverie and live in an ideal world of their own, invested with artificial perfection. Were they more with their mothers as companions and confidants, learning more of the actual duties and trials of life, they would be better prepared to encounter them.

In nothing is this habit of visionary extravagance carried to greater excess than in the views entertained of the romance of married life. Many profess not to indulge these views—and by looking at some of the signal trials of life in the abstract, really believe themselves converted on this point :—but like a favorite sin, the mischief hides in the heart still. We do not mean to represent life as an ungarnished and homely thing. The romance we condemn is something altogether unreal ; a sort of fairy-land penciling :—such as by shutting our eyes on all around us we may picture forth in a gilded day-dream ; but which would need all the Genii of old Arabia to help us out with. Now we dare appeal to those of our young friends, at all tinctured with poetic enthusiasm, and ask, is it not so ? *They* never mean to live as any one else has lived. All the evils and trials of life shall in their case be avoided or magically disposed of. They are perpetually springing over the *bogs* of the present time, in chase of an ignis fatuus before them.

Now the harm does not consist in setting the standard too high ; but in forgetting the nature of human life. It is full of trouble ! Alloy *will* come—out of the bustle of life—out of the cares of time and sense. We shall ever carry with us imperfections, infirmities, weariness, satiety. "The sun-bright spots on life's dark stream" are few.

But we would not make the picture too dark—and in turning to the bright side, would first call attention to the happiness that is *overlooked*, in the search for something greater. We must measure the future by the present :

"No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to day."

We shall then be prepared to improve all the happiness of to-day, with a thankful heart ; and if greater comes to-morrow, instead of disappointment it will make rich, and add no sorrow therewith. One of the strongest arguments for the married relation is found in the trials to which we as human beings, are subject. This is too cold and stormy

a world to brave alone ; and we therefore need the sympathy, the support, the assistance of a fellow heart. In a social and sympathetic view, there is *much romance* in the married life. A more substantial and solid romance (if the two terms do not contradict each other) than any found in those airy castles we have been demolishing. If the heart is rightly attuned—and any deity but *self* sits enthroned there—the luxury of making others happy is in itself a crown of happiness. Add to this the security of confiding affection, with all the sources of joy it opens, and we have materials enough for all rational happiness. The *amount* of happiness depends upon ourselves—and is in a great measure within our own control—for it will be precisely in proportion to the purity and entireness of our affections.

The minor sources of pleasure, derived from attention to all that is graceful and beautiful in nature or acquirement, should not be disregarded or undervalued. The first should form the great outline of our lives ; these, the beautiful filling-up. The Author of our being has been lavish in providing every means to cultivate and satisfy the taste and feelings He has created.

“The world is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit ; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies.”

But these fine sympathies suffer from neglect as readily as our hearts, our tempers and our understandings.

We have addressed these remarks, wishing to make them practical, to our young readers ; in the hope of leading them to more rational calculations than heretofore. They possess a double claim to our interests, as forming the pride and joy of the home they now grace, and standing on the verge as it were of another, which we would have them make more substantial than a glittering bubble, to break when touched. Not until they give heed to these things and set out aright, will they *begin* to be truly happy. But if they pass the ordeal before listening, and any such exposition after meet their eyes, they will then feel that they have been fore-warned—and had they accepted the weapons, might might have been fore-armed.

[For the Microcosm.]

A LAY PREACHER'S FIRST SERMON.

“In her tongue is the law of kindness.”—Prov. xxxi. 26.

THE human mind has ever taken delight in the contemplation of excellence. And it has been a favorite employment of genius and taste to delineate the idea of perfection in the character of Man and of Woman. Of all the representations of the latter which have as yet been exhibited, it is admitted that the most faultless is the finished portrait

which the Royal Artist has given in the Book of Inspiration, of a woman whose "price is far above rubies." So perfect is the skill with which he has delineated each line and feature, and has blended the whole with such consummate art, that he must be captious indeed who would suggest any alteration. The simplicity of her attire and ornaments—the calmness, the dignity and sweetness of expression, which indicate that her words are words of wisdom, and on her tongue are the accents of kindness, is calculated to win all hearts. It is delightful to contemplate such even with the "mild eye," in contrast to the coldness, the heartlessness, and the ambition of beauties of quite another, and I fear the most numerous class. For the love of power and the pride of supremacy—that sin by which angels fell—have been inherent in nearly all mortal breasts since the first rebel angel tempted to their fall the inhabitants of Eden. Since that time, high and low, kings and peasants have shown their fondness for power; a power which is attractive only as it is made to be felt. The extent of the desolating effects of ambition on kingdoms and nations, it is not my purpose to depict here. It is because the peace and happiness of communities, of families, and of individuals are jeopardized by the operation of the same principle, that I am induced to allude to the principle at all. How often would these live in harmony and friendship did but the law of kindness supersede the law of force, or rather, the strife for supremacy! Happy would it be were the Genius of Society—which, if not in fact, must by the necessity of poetic custom, be a female—to preside over our hearts with blandness of manner and persuasion of speech. Then very soon, would bickerings, and quarrels, and strifes cease. Even Religion whose office it is to heal divisions and strifes, and whose characteristic is kindness, gentleness and forbearance exerts too feeble an influence here. Many, very many, there are who possessed of warm feelings and generous emotions, feel compelled to throw around them a cloak of selfishness and pride, to prevent the storms of society from visiting them too roughly; and every effort made by increased coldness and blustering to compel them to throw it off, only compels them to draw its folds closer around them; while a few warm rays of kindness would soon induce them to lay it aside. Kindness is the wand—Do gentle hearts ever forget it?—kindness is the wand with which to strike the cold, rocky heart, and cause its affections to gush forth, copious, sparkling and pure. The appropriate influence of woman on society is the dread of goodness, and not the terror of talents or the fear of force. Even Satan felt rebuked, and was almost diverted from his fell purpose of introducing discord into the first family on beholding,

"How awful goodness is, and
Virtue in her shape how lovely;"

and often will woman succeed in frightening away the same demon of discord from families by the exhibition of the same qualities. Is it not too often the case that coldness, distrust and alienation of feeling, is produced in the hearts of fathers, husbands and brothers because the indomitable will, the determination never to submit or yield, finds its habita-

tion in female breasts. While a little gentleness and condescension on their part, would have melted them into love and admiration ?

I think it is a woman who has remarked, that "Man shows his greatness in action ; Woman her's in suffering." Under the sanction of this authority I shall shield myself from any invidious remarks which may be made on the tone of this address. It is addressed to ladies because a kind, gentle, entreating manner befits them with a peculiar grace. Let them be the ministers of natural religion which is here sanctioned by the higher authority of revealed religion. If man delights, with implements of terror and force, to subject his fellow-man to his will, or even to reclaim him from error ;

" With other ministrations thou, O nature !
Healest thy wandering and distempered child !
Thou pourest on him thy *soft influences*,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters !
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy :
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized,
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

T.

[For the Microcosm.]

THE ELDER SISTER.

She sits amidst a lovely group,
Of smiling boys and girls ;
Her auburn ringlets as she bends,
Blend with their golden curls.

Their books and maps are rang'd around,
Their tiny works display'd ;
And each with gentle voice requires
The Elder Sister's aid.

But Seventeen sunny summers
Have lent a maiden grace,
A look of meek intelligence
To that young, beauteous face.

And something in that mild, dark eye
Tells of a mind that shares,
With filial love's devotedness,
In all a mother's cares.

Mother of that fair, happy group,
How blest a lot is thine !
With deep felt thankfulness adore
Parental Love Divine—

And Sister, when the matron's crown
Is plac'd upon thy brow ;
May such sweet flowers adorn thy bower
As grace thy mother's now.

[Selected for the Microcosm.]

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

Placed by the all-wise providence of heaven in such a peculiar situation, it will be well for parents to keep especially in view what may be denominated *the education of circumstances*. Let purchased tuition be carried up to the highest perfection, and let neither money nor wisdom be spared in reaching the height. Of such vital importance in the training of children is that department to which I now refer, that it can, and, if neglected, will undermine and undo the whole, as well as render many efforts in educating the disposition altogether abortive. Suffer me to explain my meaning.

In the laudable anxiety of their hearts, two parents, with a family of infants playing around their feet, are heard to say, "Oh, what will, what can best educate these children?" I reply, "Look to *yourselves*, and your *circumstances*." Maxims and documents are good in themselves, and especially good for the regulation of *your* conduct and your behavior towards them; but with regard to your children, you have often to remark that many maxims are good precisely till they are tried or applied, and no longer. In the hands of many parents they will teach the children to talk, and very often little more. I do not mean to assert that sentiments inculcated have no influence. Far from it. They have much, though not the most. But still, after all, it is the sentiments you let drop occasionally—it is the conversation they overhear when playing in the corner of the room, which has more effect than many things which are addressed to them directly in the tone of exhortation. Besides, as to maxims, ever remember, that between those which you bring forward for their use and those by which you direct *your own* conduct, children have almost an intuitive discernment; and it is by the latter they will be mainly governed, both during childhood and their future existence.

Addressing myself, therefore, to both parents, I would say, Contract to its just and proper dimensions the amount of all that purchased education can do for you, and expect no more from it than it is truly able to perform. It can give you instruction. There will always be an essential difference between a human being cultivated and uncultivated. In the department of purchased tuition you will portion out to the best advantage many of those precious hours of youth which never will return, and such employment will lend you powerful aid in forming those personal habits which lie within the province of parental education; but rest assured, and lay it down to yourselves as a cardinal principle, that the business of education, properly so called, is not transferable. You may engage a master or masters as numerous as you please, to instruct your children in many things useful and praiseworthy in their own place; but you must, by the order of nature, *educate* them yourselves. You not only ought to do it, but you will perceive, if I am correct in what I have stated, and may still advance, *you must do it whether you intend it or not*. "The parent," says Cecil, "is not to stand reasoning and calculating. God has said that his character *shall* have influence, and so this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment

of a wicked or careless man." An education, in the sense I have explained it, is a thing necessary for all—for the poor and for the rich, for the illiterate as well as the learned—Providence has not made it dependent on systems uncertain, operose, difficult of application. Every parent, therefore, save when separated altogether from his family, may be seen daily in the act of educating his children; for from father and mother, and the *circumstances* in which they move, the children are daily advancing in the knowledge of good or evil. The occupation of the poor man at his labor, and the man of business in his counting-house, cannot interrupt this education. In both instances, the mother is plying at her uninterrupted avocations, and her example is powerfully operating every hour; while at certain intervals daily, as well as every morning and evening, all things come under the potent sway of the father or the master, whether that influence be good or bad. Here, then, is one school from which there are no truants, and in which there are no holydays.

True, indeed, you send your children to another school, and this is the very best in the whole neighborhood, and the character of the master there is not only unexceptionable, but praiseworthy. When your children come home, too, you put a book into their hands, or even many such books, and they read them with pleasure and personal advantage. Still, after all this, never for one day forget that the first book they read, nay, that which they continue to read, and by far the most influential, is that of their parent's example and daily deportment. If this should be disregarded by you, or even forgotten, then be not at all surprised when you find, another day, to your sorrow and vexation, and the interruption of your business, if not the loss of your domestic peace and harmony, that your children only "know the right path, but still follow the wrong."

EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

Since there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration, to learn *how to grow old gracefully* is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to women. And, it must be confessed it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded hitherto they may have been, they will be wanted now. When admirers fall away and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home, it will be driven back again upon the world with increasing force. Yet forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to maturer life we ought to advert? Do we not educate them for a crowd, forgetting they are to live at home?—for a crowd, and not for themselves? for show and not for use? for time and not for eternity?

Mrs. More.

THE MICROCOSM.

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WANTS AND CLAIMS OF THE POOR.

“The destruction of the poor is their poverty.”—Prov. x. 15.

It is the inquiry of benevolence, what can best promote the improvement of all classes of community. The abject poor constitute a class above all others standing in need of relief and improvement; and how is it to be applied? Shall we address direct appeals and exhortations to them? They have not the means to procure—very many have not the ability to read—essays and treatises on the evils of their condition, or thus discover a remedy. At the same time they are a most suffering class, and have claims upon our charities, as human and fellow beings, that are binding and imperious. It is to the wealthy, the humane and the Christian, that we must look for their instruction, and the amelioration of their condition. No other agency can effect a reform: the iron hand of poverty holds them down, chilling and deadening every spring of action.

Admitting the greater part of the sufferings of the poor to be the result of their own failures in industry and thrift; it does not render their need of assistance less, but their need of instruction greater. Every leisure hour that the philanthropist can devote, will be greatly employed in teaching the poor the way of duty, comfort and happiness. To instruct them in the art of living is probably doing them a much greater service than to furnish them only with temporary supplies. They need instruction in the way of using, as well as the means of getting. No people are more wasteful, or need more the teachings of economy. Many can render them assistance of this kind, who are unable to furnish them pecuniary relief. In no way can we imitate closer the example of Him who went about doing good, than in administering to the wants of the ignorant, the needy and the wretched. Here is heaven ground in the very midst of us; and whoever will, may in this field become a Home Missionary. “The poor ye have always with you, and whenever ye will may do them good.”

This field is peculiarly, though by no means exclusively, the province of female benevolence and effort. When the mistress of a family sends to her needy neighbors the portions from her board that will cheer their hearts, and relieve the cravings of nature, she does well: but when she will go to their dwellings,—inquire into their wants, suggest

improvements in their management, and teach them by encouragement and direction the comforts of cleanliness, order and good-humor, she does better. Her donations may be regulated to operate as stimulant and reward to these improvements.

We are ashamed to say that some indulge a squeamish, sickly sensibility, (delicacy of nerves, as they call it,) which prevents them from entering the dwellings, or inquiring into the wants of their suffering fellow creatures. It is a common remark, on acquaintance with the miseries of abject poverty, that we had no idea such wretchedness and poverty existed in the world. We have the charity to believe that ignorance is the great cause of the indifference manifested on this subject. But is not ignorance criminal, where so much occasion for knowledge exists? In these inclement seasons, when all that art, wealth and ingenuity can devise, is put in requisition to preserve comfort in the abodes of luxury, can the feeling heart avoid recurring to the thin, shattered partition of the hovel, that in vain offers its impotent resistance to the bitter strife of elements? Can any think without a shudder of the unglazed sash, with its substitute of paper, old hat, and rags! This is no picture of fancy—such things do exist, all around us. If the rich would visit the poor more, and inquire oftener into their destitution, he that hath two coats, would oftener impart to him that hath none.

The benefit bestowed upon the poor in their relief and instruction, does by no means stop there. It is more than a private benefaction. The community at large is as decidedly benefited as the individuals concerned. From this source our prisons are filled—our penitentiaries and alms-houses crowded—and the scaffold furnished with victims. Every thing that is done to check the evil at the fountain-head, will be felt at every extremity and outlet. Until we care more for the poor, and do more for the poor, iniquity will abound in the earth. It was heralded as one of the unequivocal signs of “peace on earth and good will to man,”—that to the *poor* the Gospel was preached.

Much is said of the unworthiness and ill-desert of the poor. Those who are too scrupulous to do good without a charter of recommendation, may still find abundant exercise for their charities in the children of want and infirmity, of whom it cannot be said that vice and idleness brought them low.

“The rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries!—Is it idleness, I pray you,
That brings the fever, or the ague fit?
That makes the sick one's sickly appetite
Turn at the dry bread and potatoe meal?
Is it idleness that makes small wages fail
For growing wants?”

The deserving are rarely objects of charity. Energy, diligence, and temperance will usually lift their children above want. Still we believe there is much to do, in the hope of reformation, among those

whose poverty is the reward of their vices. The truth still remains—they are suffering fellow beings. In the instructions of the Savior we are not told, If thy brother hunger, *and is worthy*, feed him; if he thirst, *and is deserving*, give him drink. We find no rule of duty measured wholly by the worth of the object: but many, founded on our knowledge and abilities.

“And wherefore do the poor complain?
The rich man asked of me:
Come walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

“We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white;
I ask’d him what he did abroad
In that cold winter’s night.

“’Twas bitter cold, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And, therefore, he had come abroad,
To ask for charity.

“We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had an infant by her side,
Another at her breast.

“I ask’d her why she loitered there
When the wind blew so chill;
She turned her head, and bade the child,
Who cried aloud, be still.

“I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he,
You ask me why the poor complain,
And these have answered thee.”

[For the Microcosm.]

THE NEW HOUSE.

I once visited a friend, who was busily employed in erecting a new and elegant habitation, and who was accustomed to refer to it on all occasions, so strongly were her feelings engaged in its progress. If she or her children were incommoded for want of room, she would say —“Never mind, we shall have enough in our new house;” or if any thing went wrong, she would exclaim, “When we get into our own home, we will have every thing in order;” and so she cheerfully endured many inconveniences, in the hope of a speedy release from them—and a final exchange for the better. So far, this was well. But I often thought that this mother might have drawn an occasion

from these circumstances, to explain to her little ones the nature of the *Christian's hope*, and have led them to look up to Heaven, with the very same kind of joyful expectation, which they now cherished in view of their earthly prospects. In removing to a new house, might she not have told them of the "many mansions," prepared for those who love Jesus unto the end ; in bearing present inconveniences, —of the patient endurance of the trials of the world ; and in leaving the old habitation,—of the joy of the Christian as he quits his earthly tabernacle ? Children do not require new capacities, to enable them to exercise faith, hope and repentance ; but a new set of objects are to be brought before them, which will rouse these capacities into action, so as to form the ground-work of the Christian character. Now mothers have, more than all others, the best opportunity to do this ; because they can, more than all others, interest the feelings of their children ; and at that moment fix the impression—just as they would apply the seal, when the wax is melting. And they have the most encouragement—because the direction early given to the mind, is the most abiding in after life. Now if mothers really wished above all things, that their children should be heirs of heaven, would they not more frequently, more earnestly, point them to this glorious inheritance ?

"Thus it is with the Christian, whose home is on high,
Where a mansion of bliss is his own in the sky ;
His house here is earthly and crumbling away ;
There his home is eternal, and knows no decay ;
'Tis this hope alone, which can brighten the gloom,
And illuminate even the depths of the tomb.
His comforts may vanish, but this light fades never—
O'er the valley of death Jesus plac'd it forever !"

F. A. C.

IS IT WELL WITH THEE ?

BY THE REV. G. T. BEDELL.

[Continued from p. 25.]

We hope for indulgence in continuing to make extracts from Dr. Bedell's work. The most important of all interests is here set forth in the best possible manner. The subject could not be more forcibly or faithfully discussed, nor can it demand too serious attention.

Repentance, is a matter which relates to the purposes of the mind ; the change of heart, relates to the affections. The necessity of repentance, arises out of the fact of being a sinner : the necessity of a change of heart out of the fact of possessing a fallen and corrupted nature. And as the doctrine of human corruption lies at the foundation of all profitable remark on the subject of a change of heart, let us examine,

for a few moments, the record of a conversation between our Savior and that celebrated ruler of the Jews who came to him by night, probably, among other reasons, for the benefit of a more uninterrupted intercourse. This distinguished Pharisee addresses our Savior in the language of respect and deference. He admits that his miracles justified the supposition, generally entertained by the learned, that he was a Teacher sent from God; and, looking upon him in that character, he came to get a clearer insight into the nature of the doctrine which he taught. Our Lord entered at once upon a topic which cut short all speculative inquiries—"Verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." And the good and substantial reason which our Savior gave for this doctrine was, the native corruption of the human heart—"that which is born of the flesh, is flesh." I have cited this conversation of our Lord with Nicodemus, because it gives a reason for the necessity of a change of heart, of universal application. He does not say to Nicodemus, that there were *special* circumstances in his case which singled him out, as one, who more than others, needed this great change; but that there was a necessity for the change founded in the nature of man—"that which is born of the flesh is flesh," and "that," only, "which is born of the Spirit, is spirit"—"marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again." I am not called upon to say in the case of any one individual who may read these pages, that there are any special circumstances in your individual case which, beyond others, brings this important subject to the door of your heart and conscience. It is sufficient for my purpose to know and to press upon you, that you are *one* of the family of man—one of the fallen children of a fallen progenitor; and as such, by a necessity which nothing can escape, included in the sweeping declaration of our Savior,—"*that which is born of the flesh is flesh.*" It is upon this principle that I feel constrained to say to you that in your individual case there is an absolute necessity of a change of heart, and to pronounce on that necessity, from the most fearful of all alternatives—"it, or ruin"—for "*except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.*" There is no doctrine of the Scriptures, except faith in Jesus Christ, to which I purpose directly to call your attention, which stands out more conspicuously in the word of God. A change of heart is represented as essential to a vital union with the Lord Jesus Christ—"if any man be *in Christ*, he is a new creature." If you ask me what it is to be a new creature, I would say, that it is, to have new views of yourselves as sinners—new views of Christ as a Savior,—new views of the law and character of God—new views of your responsibilities—new views of time—new views of eternity—new feelings—new motives—new employments—new hopes—new fears—new pleasures. And does the female heart require this change?—that heart so tender in its sympathies—so filled with the charities of life? You are probably prepared to concede that there may be some among the female sex, who need this change of heart, because they have lost the fellowship of virtuous minds. But you demur to the declaration, that all need this change. Ah! the purest earthly being—the most loved, or the most lovely, even if surrounded

by all the virtues and graces which can be clustered around anything short of angelic, is possessed of a nature all polluted by the taint of original corruption—a corruption cherished and fostered by personal unholiness, and personal opposition to the means of restoration.

It is asked in Holy Writ, “what is man, that he should be clean, and he that is born of a woman, that he should be righteous? Behold, he putteth no trust in his saints, yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight. How much more abominable and filthy is man, who drinketh in iniquity like water.” I have searched the Scriptures in vain for one solitary case exempt from the necessity of a change of heart. I have searched the Scriptures in vain for one promise of future glory unconnected with this moral and spiritual renovation—this new birth unto holiness—this change and sanctification of the heart. And in addressing you, I take my stand upon the hallowed ground of Scripture—upon that unmoved and immoveable basis of eternal truth—“except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” Destitute of this new birth, the most kind hearted and amiable among my readers, has no moral fitness, for the society of angels and of God infinitely holy. When I present this question, then, to you individually, “Is it well with thee?” I mean to ask whether you are conscious of having experienced a change of heart, such as relying on the Scriptures, I have attempted to describe? If you have not, necessity is laid upon you to answer that solemn question in the negative. In the matter of religion, then, you have no part or lot, “because your heart is not right in the sight of God;” and I must say, because necessity is laid upon me that I do say it,—

“The heart unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.”—

Your case is cheerless and hopeless for the present, and as to the future, it is everlasting exclusion from the family of heaven.

Suffer me, now, to call your attention to the question, “Is it well with thee?” viewed in another aspect. Are you a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? You may possibly look at this question with astonishment, and ask if I can possibly suppose you an infidel? I do, my friend; and not only so, but I know you to be an infidel; not in the technical meaning which, by the world, is attached to that term, but essentially so in the estimation of God; because you do not fully credit his testimony, by receiving Christ as a Savior. What do you understand by faith? Take the definition given by Inspiration,—“To as many as received Him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to those who believe on his name.” Here you will not fail to observe, that to believe in Christ, and to accept or receive him as a Savior, are synonymous terms. No one believes in Christ, according to the terms of the gospel, who does not receive him or accept of him as a Savior; and all others, let the measure of theoretical belief be what it may, are not believers, as God estimates belief. Perhaps you may suppose that you are a believer in Christ, because you have been born and educated in a Christian land; been brought up what has been

called religiously ; perhaps because you have been admitted in your infancy within the pale of the visible Church, by the sacrament of baptism, and you have been accustomed to attend on the various ordinances of religion. All this may be, and yet you yourselves "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity." Have you received Christ as your Savior ? Have you been convinced of sin, and, as lost and undone, have you "fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before you ?" Do you suppose that there can be one too fair, too gentle, too amiable, too lovely, too virtuous to need the blood of the atonement, to wash away your sins ? Oh, no ! God's sweeping condemnation is against you as a sinner without hope, and without a promise of salvation, until you are brought to a complete submission of your heart to the method of God's reconciling mercy, through the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is to a conviction of yourself as a sinner, and of the necessity of a Savior, inducing a state of mind and heart, in which that Savior is willingly, and readily, and anxiously received ; it is to this state of mind to which you must be brought, before you have a right to indulge one solitary hope of future happiness and glory. And every individual who dares to whisper into your ears, a less offensive language, be he admirer, friend, husband, or even preacher, is a deceiver of your souls ; because he "speaks peace, while there is no peace." The truest friend, which you may have this side the grave, is that one who, let him sustain what relation to you he may, labors most earnestly and perseveringly, to open your eyes to the real danger of your situation, without a vital interest in Jesus Christ. The fairest, the most accomplished, the most talented, the most admired among my readers, is involved in that terrible, yet faithful denunciation of our Savior, "he that believeth not, shall be damned." A reception of Jesus Christ, as a Savior, stands indissolubly connected with your salvation, and she who, deceived by others, or deceived by herself, may think that there is anything about her, either naturally, or morally, which will render such requisitions less imperative, may slumber in that error, and sleep in that error, and dream sweetly in that error, but will wake, in the eternal world, to a reality of undying misery which can never be repaired. The dream of deception will issue into the experience of the "worm that dieth not," and the death of the body, into that second death which separates the soul for ever from happiness and from hope. "Is it well with thee ?"

If my question, "Is it well with thee ?" can be answered conscientiously, and in the fear of God, in the affirmative, it will be equivalent to your asserting, that you have truly repented of your sins, and are determined to live a new and holy life to the glory of God ; that you have experienced a change in the affections of your heart ; and that, as a sinner, you have taken as a free, unmerited mercy, the salvation of the gospel, and received Christ as your Savior. If this be so, from my soul, I greet you in the name of Jesus Christ, "happy art thou, for flesh and blood have not revealed this unto you, but my Father in heaven." If my question, "Is it well with thee," cannot be thus answered, then your silence or your negative is equivalent to the declaration, I have not repented, I have not experienced a change of heart, I have

not accepted the offers of God in the gospel of his Son, and Christ is not my Savior. And is it so in relation to any wife or mother who reads this page? Then, as to yourself, you are at this moment under the curse, and nothing keeps you from the condemnation of eternal death, but the brittle thread which connects you with life. Were you to die this instant, your soul would be lost, and lost by your own rejection of an offered mercy. At this moment, you are utterly unqualified for the station which you fill; your responsibility to God cannot be answered; your husband, if he is in the same condition of impenitence, has no hope of salvation, so far as your influence is concerned; and your children learn, from the mother's example, only that which is to ruin their souls. Unless by some mercy of God, which shall rescue them by grace, next to miraculous, they are drinking in, morning, noon, and night, the easily learned lesson of neglect of God; for, grant that you teach them a formal acknowledgement of God, think you not that they are capable of observation? I tell you, mothers, do what you please on the score of religion, you cannot deceive your children, your lessons are cold-hearted, and ignorantly given; your loved ones you are taking by the hand, and leading them to ruin; for, while you point them with your finger to God, by your life you draw them down to earth. To no being on the earth, can you be permanently and essentially useful; to husband, and children, will you be a real detriment, until to the question, "Is it well with thee?" you can take up the answer, in truth and sincerity of heart, "It is well."

Wife! if, in the deep distress of your heart, you see that you have a husband, careless, unconcerned, and impenitent; look to yourself. Your husband may be an infidel, or a decent opposer, or a self-righteous moralist; but, under any form, an enemy to God. From this moment, never bestow one thought on his spiritual condition, until you have settled on the basis of God's word, your affirmative answer to the question, "Is it well with thee?" Mothers! when you behold your children rising up around you, and you observe their impatience of restraint, their opposition to control, their wilfulness of purpose, and of action, and when you rationally anticipate enough in their after life, to break your heart, and bring you with sorrow to the grave, dismiss, from henceforward, every thought of them, it is to no purpose that you think of them. Every thing is in vain, till on the basis of the word of God, you can answer my question in the affirmative, "Is it well with thee?"

The idea of teaching every thing as play or entertainment, could it be realized, would sacrifice the great moral benefits of education. The difference between work and play should be felt; and the proportion of the former to the latter gradually increased. The habit of application is of vastly greater importance than any particular branch of learning which is to be acquired by it.—*Rev. Thomas Scott.*

While the sanctuary of home sheds so sacred an influence around it, shall we not reserve a place for those who brave the dangers of the "mighty deep," to guard the interest of those homes abroad? Shall the absent be ever forgotten, when they can thus remember their distant homes?

THE SEAMAN'S THOUGHTS OF HOME.

My far off home, my home of love,
Each passing hour to thee I fly;
I rarely raise my eyes above,
But prayer is pleading in my eye:—
If smiles the morn, if stars look bright,
In heaven's clear, splendid dome,
I sigh, half sad in that pure light,
And ask if all be bright at home.

Some thought, some hope, to thee all true,
Upon my heart, is ever waking;
While thousand fears what time may do,
Still keep its restless pulses aching.
If seas run smooth, and all aloft
Look's fair, as o'er the waves we roam,—
I fondly trust an air as soft,
Is breathing health around my home.

CONFIDENCE THE SECRET OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

An intelligent observer can hardly fail to detect a secret of happiness in some families, entirely unknown to others. It is seen in every glance of communication;—it is felt in the charm of peace and joy shed around them. The Talisman is **CONFIDENCE**. A high order of happiness cannot exist in an atmosphere at all infected with distrust or suspicion; with coldness or reserve. Its very life consists in participation—perfect and entire. Its language is—

"I would not wear a seraph's wing,
Apart through heaven to fly;
And I would break my dearest string,
Swept not its *echo* by."

This unity does not imply a perfect coincidence of character in those between whom it exists. It is often connected with great dissimilarity of character. There may be difference in education, in temperament, in peculiarity;—but there must be none in heart. Agreement in this particular, destroys other differences:—it provides extenuation for failings, and shelter for defects. Human character may be thus built up to a beauty and harmony attainable by no other means. We have heard the remark, that 'man or woman never perfect their natures alone.' Man needs the softening influence and gentleness—woman the stability and confidence—which interest in the other gives. In pro-

portion to the estimate in which this union and companionship is held, will be the degree and order of happiness growing out of it.

We believe the reformation of the world must begin at the sanctuary of home. There is already the dawn of a reformation in the conjugal world. The nature of the relation is better understood, with its influences and responsibilities. Disunion is becoming more unpopular, and seeks to hide its head. Still, comparatively, by very few is this '*law of partnership*,' "Ye are no more two, but one," rightly interpreted. How many husbands and wives live as though their interests, aims, and hopes were totally distinct:—indulging little jealousies, petty rivalries, and even decided opposition. Instead of making it the business of life to overcome differences, they are often aggravated, fostered and *entailed*. Parents do not seem to consider that their own misery is the least of the evils secured by such a course. They are teaching their children, by direct example, to walk in their footsteps; and they must not be surprised to find them living over these practical lessons in their own experience. The education and government of children suffer more by opposition of sentiment in parents, than by all other causes combined. It is doubtful whether they get any education but one of discord:—and a divided government is worse than none. Under such an influence, the affections and sympathies of children are nipped in the bud, and a blight thrown over their whole lives. How can they be ingenuous and confiding, while they learn concealment and reserve from their parents?

Perfect confidence should govern the minutest circumstances, as well as the most important events of life. A frank and mutual explanation would always do away every cause of unhappiness or disaffection. What have pride and reserve to do in a relation where the honor, interest and happiness of each, belongs to the other? Not a thought or word should be made the occasion of reserve. We have known wives live a wretched life of disappointment and vexation, because they could not bring themselves to make known their reasonable and necessary wants. They considered themselves as actuated by a praiseworthy delicacy and forbearance, when in fact their conduct was the result of mistaken views and false pride. With some doubtless this repugnance is owing to a constitutional diffidence: in others it arises from a pertinacious opinion that affection and duty should lead the husband voluntarily to anticipate and supply their wants. Allowance should be made in all cases for habits and peculiarities. Some are naturally thoughtful and provident—others are dependent on circumstances and intimations for the government of their conduct. Confidence would remove the evil; and though trials might be connected with the neglect of these little attentions, yet if the efforts were directed to overcome the failures on both sides, they would appear but as thin, fleecy clouds in the social sky, and never be suffered to interrupt the course of domestic harmony.

Perhaps if the gentlemen were heard on this question, they would complain of being more troubled with the application of unreasonable and unnecessary wants. Confidence, again, supported by firmness and affection, would remedy the evil. There is an account in one of

Richardson's works, ['Sir Charles Grandison,'] of a husband and wife, who, by mutual arrangement, possessed each a key to the treasury, where a common account-book lay between them, in which, on withdrawing a sum, the amount was entered, with its appropriation. This, it may be said, is too poetical for practice. Many gentlemen would not venture so far as to trust their wives with a key to their money-drawer! We do not presume to lay down private rules or injunctions—we merely hold up the case as one to illustrate the beauty of confidence. By mutual consultation, assistance and sympathy, is the business of life to be accomplished and its trials sustained. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" Every effort should be directed to attain this agreement, where it does not exist, in view of the fearful alternative, "*A house divided against itself is brought to desolation.*"

[For the Microcosm.]

THE IDOL.

What is an idol? Is it a little man of brass, throned upon a shelf, and looking impudently down at some heathen woman who is kneeling before it and twisting her hands and trying to coax it into a stupid complacency?—one of those queer and ugly lumps of metal, which a missionary can bargain for, and pack in a trunk, to be sent home? The brazen image is an idol, to be sure; and there are a great many idols of gold and silver and wood and stubble; and what we are particularly thinking of now is that there are many idols of *clay* too. Indeed there are so many, of all kinds, in the big world, that this 'little world,' which you are looking at just now, could not contain a catalogue even of their families.

* * * * *

The good man came out of his chamber, where he had been saying aloud, to Him who forbids us to worship even His own most wonderful works, that beautiful stanza of Cowper's beautiful Psalm—

"The dearest idol I have known,
 What'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only Thee!"

and as he entered the parlor, his wife knew, as well by the serenity as by the gravity of his countenance, that he had been doing what he was accustomed to do at that hour. By her side sat a child, just large enough to be mistress of a chair which she was as proud of as if it had been a throne, and holding with quiet satisfaction a gold watch which she had won from her mother's hand by certain sweet looks that overset parental discretion. Her blue eyes and sunny face betrayed the delight with which she now held the costly plaything to her ear, and listened to its tick, without caring for the golden curl that fell down in

keeping with its hue. "Emma," said her father, "that will hardly do for your handling—I think I must have your toy;" and taking it from her, he was about to hang it in its place; but he saw her blue eyes cast down, and her lip curled a little, not in anger but in sorrow, and knowing her so well, he knew that she was not then at all resentful, but grieved or hurt, just as an angel might be if a jewel were to fall from his crown. He gave the watch into her hands again; and as he met her mother's eye, the two parents were as One in the emotion which the child had unconsciously awakened. "If she would but be angry," said he, "if she would be only less lovely, you and I could direct her where it is needed, and withstand her wishes when we ought;" and the mother only continued their mutual thoughts as she answered,—“They are telling me that she ‘cannot be long for this world,’ and I cannot help fearing,—yet why should I?” The happy child seemed to them too fine a treasure—even like the costly thing hazarded to her keeping then,—and the father could not help remembering his prayer.

* * * * *

As the night comes after the day and the day returns upon the night, so surely, we know, joy and sorrow come on their perpetual round. Yet could it seem to the fond parent a reality, or only a broken dream, when a few hours had passed away and his mind was gloomy before all the imagery of death? We would not venture to tell the burden that pressed down his spirit, when he beheld the little chair standing aside unoccupied, a white sheet overhanging the table in the centre of the apartment, and a little coffin resting upon it. He tried to say, like king David when his servants told him that his child was dead, "Wherefore should I mourn? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me;" and still it seemed to him as if, when that coffin should be carried out for burial, there would be nothing left to fill the aching void. The arrow kept quivering in his bosom. Then he resolved to go and look upon the face of his child in her shroud, but he could not rise though he would; he struggled, and all things passed away for a moment,—then he saw again; and he saw the child standing by his side, leaning against his knee, and more like 'a spiritual body' than like the one he had just dreamed of as made ready for the grave. He clasped her suddenly, as if he would snatch her from the doom of death and hold her to himself forever; then as suddenly he let go his hold, for the vision had told him all that was in his heart, and it seemed to him as if sent from God, and while he thanked Him that it was only a dream, he was humble before the Giver of every good gift. Then he laid his hand calmly upon the wondering child, and looking upward, said in spirit and in truth,

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee!"

O.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.]

THE BRIDE.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow,
The ring of gold is on her finger,
Her lips have breath'd the marriage vow,
Why would she at the altar linger ?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade,
Why dim her eye, when doubt is over,
Why does her slender form for aid
Lean tremblingly upon her lover ?

Is it a feeling of regret,
For solemn vows so lately spoken ?
Is it a fear scarce own'd as yet,
That her new ties may soon be broken ?

Oh no ! such causes darken not
The cloud that's swiftly passing o'er her ;
Her's is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given
To him who now her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly striven
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years
That, to her spirit strongly clinging,
Is dimming her blue eye with tears,
And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties new ;
Of wishes that may prove deceiving,—
Of all she hopes, yet fears to do,
Of all she loves, and all she's leaving :

It is the thought of by-gone days,
Of them, the fond, the gentle hearted,
Who meet not now her tearful gaze,
The dear, the absent, the departed !

Oh ! who can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping ;
Or who would seek those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keeping.

Not he who with a lover's care,
And husband's pride, is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps ; for he can share
The gentle thoughts that need no hiding.

Soon love for him those tears will chase,
And smiles re-light her eye with gladness :
And none will blame, who truly trace,
To its pure source, her transient sadness.

EDUCATION AS CONNECTED WITH THE AFFECTIONS.

No. II.

In the preceding number of this work, had we, on this subject, advocated not that ladies should cultivate the exact sciences less, but elegant literature more, our own purpose would have been equally as well served, and by this change of terms, the appearance of the introduction of any discord in sentiment into our World would have been avoided. Our objection to giving mathematical studies too much prominence in a system of Female Education—and let it be borne in mind that it is to this extent only that our objection is applied—is their practical tendency. It has already become too common in this calculating age of ours, to inquire, 'To what practical utility can this be applied. Now, we have no wish ever to see ladies thus become Utilitarians. Distant, far distant, be the day, when a female shall imbibe the spirit of that Utilitarian described in scripture, who could not see to what purpose was the waste of that oil which a woman poured on the head of the Savior, and which no doubt—though we cannot *demonstrate* the fact—soothed his bleeding heart. Have you never, gentle reader, when animated by some emotions of pleasure, perceived perhaps by the eye of fancy only, had your feelings chilled by some cold calculating individual, who asked you for some tangible demonstration of their reality? If you have not, you have escaped at least one of the "ills which flesh is heir to." O there are a thousand things in this beautiful world of ours, which, like the ghost of Achilles' friend, have form and life and beauty, but are without the grossness of matter, and vanish from every attempt to clasp them within a practical grasp!

Now if it is our opinion that it is more appropriate for man than for woman to be digging in the depths of the exact sciences, let us not be charged with a desire to depreciate woman's intellect, and to make ladies pretty playthings only. We have yet to learn that mathematics require the highest efforts of the human intellect. We are firm believers in the creed of the "diviner mind" of poets. The Imagination, that power which "turns to shape the forms of things unknown," and "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," is what we the most highly prize. With this faculty we associate deeper feelings and a more perfect taste. To cultivate these we are far from advising a recourse to that class of works of fiction which are denominated Novels. On the contrary, it is very much doubted whether a large class of these works have any tendency to cultivate these qualities in their harmony and beauty, unless a tendency to vitiate be a tendency to cultivate. For in looking after facts to substantiate the assertion so often made, that the reading of novels serves to improve the taste, we have been struck with surprise to find how much oftener it has been the case that tastes have been perverted than improved by this course. As well take opium to improve the imagination, by producing a dreamy

indistinctness, entirely different from the vivid and perfect conceptions of that faculty which is under the control of Reason. For

"Know, that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief."

Subordination to the constituted head, is a prime article in our creed. Therefore to have the "lesser faculties" run to riot, would not in our view be an improvement. Yet we are not exclusives in any branch of literary pursuit. It may be that there are some novels and romances which do improve the imagination and taste. But, surely, in this class are not comprised all the works of elegant literature. We have not time nor space to specify; nor is it any part of our design to make a catalogue of books. We are however conscious of having turned over the pages of some—and candor compels us to admit, some, too, written by ladies—which were written with such elegance and force, as, we feel assured, would make the chords of feeling and taste to tremble under their power. That these are not more universally favorites with ladies, is a subject of regret. For to them it belongs more especially to give the tone of correct feeling and taste to society. It is as much their peculiar province to excel in the quick and delicate perception of the harmonious, the beautiful and the true, as it is that of men to excel in more laborious and rigorous pursuits. Not that either should not meddle with the province of the other. It is peculiarity, not exclusion, of which we are speaking. The distinction which we are advocating is

"A difference in degree, in kind the same,"

in respect to the cultivation of our faculties. We do think that what is called a "well balanced mind" must be by a different standard of comparison in the two sexes. However extensive may be a lady's attainments, in what are denominated the solid branches of education, let them all be decidedly under the control of a delicate and refined taste. Varied by the gleams of a playful imagination and the shade of deep feeling, her powers of conversation would be what we wish them to be; such as would fit her for her appropriate destination—the charm of home and the ornament of society. How much more delightful would the circle of home and of friends be, were the vacant hours filled by reading or by converse under the control of intellect and the affections.

If at the fireside and social circles, and in the drawing-room, where woman's sway is acknowledged, works of elegant literature were received with more approbation, it might tell on higher destinies. The enemies of religion would then no longer vaunt that such works find more favor with them. It is evident that He who has created us with the faculty of receiving pleasure, and that too in such high degree, has designed that this faculty should be cultivated for his service. If such works as are now in use cannot be approved by the religious public, others, such as they would approve, written with equal elegance, force and beauty, would soon appear. The demand would oc-

casion the supply. We know that truth should be embraced for its own sake; but we know also that it is not so acceptable when merely covered with rags, as when clothed with a graceful and befitting garb. There is no reason why it should not be made attractive; and, instead of men of talents and taste being deterred from embracing it, in consequence of the repulsive form in which it is exhibited, (if such a case ever occurs,) that they should receive it and be employed in its service. G.

"I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude, with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters, which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of women, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that, at times, it approaches to sublimity.

"Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

"As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

"I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. 'I can wish you no better lot,' said he, with enthusiasm, 'than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you.' And, indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world, than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly, because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect is kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned; and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant."—*Washington Irving.*

THE MICROCOSM.

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No. 6.

IMPORTANCE OF OBEDIENCE.

IN commencing a system of education, or of government, we should examine into the principles which are to support it, and comparing one with another, bestow upon each the regard its relative importance demands. There is an astonishing disregard shown by many parents to the principles of true philosophy, or common sense, in the training of their families. Losing sight of the connection between cause and effect, they look for the fruits of a consistent culture, after letting their children grow up like weeds of the soil. We might infer by the conduct of such parents that they confidently expected to gather "grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles."

No conclusion is more irrational, than the one which leads parents to believe, or to hope, that what is neglected in the earliest periods of childhood, from its difficulties and trials, will become easier at some future time; and its obstacles be lessened, if not removed, by some change of circumstances. One of the most frequent errors of this kind is seen in the question of submission to parental authority. The little child is repeatedly allowed to triumph in self-will and rebellion, while the parent, if he acknowledge the error, intends by and by to establish his authority and enforce subjection. Implicit obedience is and must ever be the corner-stone of all good family government. Parents sometimes receive this doctrine as a law of severity, and even cruelty, which their tenderness prevents them from approving. We appeal to the deepest parental affection, and urge as a measure of love to the children, the establishment of perfect obedience. We do not know that submission to the will of the parent was ever established without the necessity of punishment, to a greater or less degree; but we believe an incalculable amount of punishment may be saved the child, by making the first act of rebellion the test of parental authority. The earlier parents begin the discipline, the easier will subjection be effected, and the children be spared a proportionate amount of sorrow and punishment. That point should never come in a parent's history, or a child's life, when the will of the child triumphed with impunity over the authority of the parent. We are speaking now of children as such, while young and under parental guidance. We know there have been cases of rebellion in after life that have broken parents' hearts, and hurried them with sorrow to the grave:—calling forth that

most bitter lamentation, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." Yet we do not believe a case ever occurred, where the lamentation was not deepened, and the bitterness enhanced by the reflection of some failure on the part of the parent in early discipline, or in judicious guidance. We never heard a charge conscientiously brought forward of the emptiness of the promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Every contest in which the child comes off victorious, but strengthens him in self-will. In furnishing excuses for their own remissness, parents not unfrequently furnish excuses for their children's misconduct. The poor children are too young—or they are not in good health—or they cannot discern between right and wrong, and therefore are not yet subjects of discipline. They can understand in all this who is master; and if their understandings do not enable them to keep the upper-hand, it will be an unusual failure in juvenile discernment. We have known a sick child strike the cup of medicine from its mother's hand, and forcibly get from her lap to the floor. We would not have a sick infant punished—but while the mother was stronger than the child, it should never get from her arms, or strike the cup from her hand in petulance. Ill health in a child or adult, should never be considered an excuse for the indulgence of peevishness and ill-humor. When very sick they are indisposed to such indulgence; and the lesson of patience under suffering may be inculcated as readily as any other rule of action. The task of watching over the sick is in itself sufficiently arduous, without having it made intolerable by fretfulness and irritability. The prayer of the venerable Dr. Fuller was one of wisdom and propriety: "Teach me the art of patience while I am well, and give me the use of it when I am sick."

At every step we take, we see more clearly the need of great wisdom in the parent. If he is not governed by upright principles and habitual self-control, the child becomes the victim of caprice and tyranny; more injurious probably, to his well-being than the absence of all restraint and authority whatsoever. The parent has a double task to perform—first, in fitting himself to govern, and then in administering government with equity and wisdom. Parental authority, we believe, should not degenerate into mere persuasion or advice: but should be felt to be *authority*—a restraining and governing influence. Under this influence, the most obedient is the happiest child. What ills, temptations, and repentings may be saved that child who has been early taught implicit obedience to the will of the parent; whose word is law,—and whose interdict an impassable barrier.

Of such importance do we consider the establishment of the principle of obedience, that we should almost despair of seeing that child a christian, who had never learned the lesson of submission to an earthly parent. The same obstinacy which resists parental authority, will rise up in opposition to the claims of God: while he who has been accustomed to yield his heart to the dictates of duty and affection, will find the same principles forbidding a contention with his Maker. We have been struck with the connection of God's favor and blessing with

consistent family government. Of no one else was it said, as of Abraham, that he was the "*Friend of God*," and admitted to a participation in His counsels. Mark the connection in which this distinction is conferred—"The Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do? For *I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord.*"

Looking down through the vista of time, and the ages of Eternity, we can see no end to the influence of our conduct here. The present peace of families; the happiness of parents; the temporal welfare of children and their eternal salvation, hangs upon the faithful discharge of parental obligations. We believe one of the most astounding books of God's remembrance that will be opened, on that day when the world shall be judged out of those things which are written in the books; will be the insensibility of parents and guardians to the responsibilities of their station.

[For the Microcosm.]

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Much is said at the present day of the spirit of enterprise that is abroad in the land, and throughout the earth. In the estimation of many, it constitutes the chief glory of the age and nation in which we live. It is considered as a sufficient proof that the world is in full march towards the high end of its existence. This universal motion, this agitation of the whole mass of society, this independence of thought, the casting off of ancient opinions and authority, the determination to know and understand for ourselves, the enlargement of mind that will not submit to jog round in the same dull circle where our fathers and grand fathers have trod before us;—all this is hailed as the harbinger of a new and glorious era in the history of man.

It may be so; we hope it is. But we confess ourselves somewhat skeptical on the subject. Against the spirit of enterprise, when rightly directed, and duly controlled, we have nothing to say. It is the natural activity of the mind, and ought never to be entirely suppressed. It must have an object on which to exercise itself, or the soul will stagnate. But then, we must remember that there is in man a principle of permanence, as well as of progression. And that each is necessary to the other. The mind can never throw itself forward until it has obtained a stand-point from which to make the effort. We cannot leap without a foot-hold. This foot-hold, this stand-point, this principle of permanence, it is impossible to secure if we give ourselves up to the activity of our nature. Where little or no time is allowed for the mind to collect its forces and gather new strength, serious evils must inevitably follow. We cannot live in constant motion; we need rest as well as exercise. To this end, while we are advancing in wis-

dom, or wealth, or power,—and in order to such advancement,—it is necessary that we should have some strong hold to which we can retreat in the hour of fatigue or disaster, and from which we can issue forth, re-invigorated for action. In other words, we need a home. But home is a quiet place, or it is no home. It is our refuge from the bustle and restless activity of the world. It must be an *abiding* place too. The idea of permanence enters essentially into our notion of home. There is a peculiar satisfaction diffused through the soul, when, after wandering for years, we can settle down at last in the conviction that we shall be tossed about no more. Whence comes this satisfaction, if there be not in man, a principle of permanence as well as of progression; and if it be not necessary to cultivate the one as well as the other?

If these premises are true, it follows that the spirit of enterprise, when it becomes the predominant and all-controlling influence in any community, is hostile to the stability of that community, and therefore, unfavorable to its best interests. It unbalances the mind—it removes those regulating weights without which there can be no steady action—it transfers the happiness of life to some unattained, perhaps unattainable, point in the future. It labors not so much to keep what is in possession, as to obtain what is not. It attributes too much to time, place, circumstances; and not enough to truth and a contented mind.

We have made these remarks, not only because we think them true, but because we believe they have an application to the present times. If we mistake not, the spirit of enterprise which has so long been our boast, already exhibits the symptoms of a diseased and unnatural growth. Indeed, it seems to be passing, by a rapid transition, into a mere passion for change—a morbid craving for novelty. To a greater or less extent, it pervades all classes of society; and in our opinion, is doing infinite mischief. For it is breaking up the ancient order of things, not only without giving us a better, but without giving us any at all, that is likely to be permanent. Its effect has been to divert the attention from those social and moral principles in man, which constitute the true ground of his happiness, and direct it more exclusively to external circumstances, or at least, to intellectual powers—to any thing, in short, that may furnish the means of distinction among men. For several years past, a sentiment has been gaining ground,—unacknowledged perhaps, but felt nevertheless, and acted upon,—that for a young man to settle down in the same village, and on the same farm where his father and grand-father lived, argues a sluggish and ignoble mind. It is too old-fashioned, too much “behind the spirit of the age”—his talents ought not to be *so buried*—the times demand something better of him—and he makes a push for fortune and for fame. There is, indeed, a growing contempt for every thing that is old,—whether in customs or principles,—and a strange thirsting for any thing that is new. To say of a town (and we are thankful that it can, with some degree of truth, be said of a few) that it has not materially changed during the last thirty years; that the inhabitants are the same staid, sober, industrious, square-toed people, that their ancestors were; is considered as a capital joke! The description of such places

is served up in the public journals as a rare dish for the entertainment of our modern exquisites.

As might be expected from the prevalence of such views, we find a large portion of our population on the march, seeking new homes, and new occupations. 'This we should not complain of, (for it is incident to a growing country like ours,) if the homes thus sought and found, were not soon and repeatedly abandoned for others. It is getting to be a rare thing for an old man to die on the estate and in the house, we will not say where he was born,—for such things are not spoken of now,—but even where he first became the head of a family. The natural consequence of this frequent change of place is, that we become restless. For man must have his haunt, so to speak, his place of resort. A spot which long acquaintance has made dear to him—to the peculiarities of which, his mind has accommodated itself—where he feels easy, and, in one word, at home. Under such circumstances, his character is more likely to be softened, and his affections satisfied. But he who is always seeking a new situation is generally a discontented, trouble-making man. The same would be true of communities. And indeed, we very much fear, if this passion for change still increases, that the whole country will be filled with a homeless, wandering, discontented, and dangerous population.

But what has all this to do with the "Little World of Home?" We think it has much to do with it. For this state of things is hostile to the influence, the very existence of such a place as home. Let it become predominant, and it will leave no sphere for the operation of such a journal as this. But the subject has to do with the Microcosm in another way. It is in the Little World of Home that the evils in question are to be remedied. Parents, and they only, can forestall this mischief. With them, not unfrequently, it takes its origin; and with them must begin the redress.

Any method of treating this difficulty, will prove abortive, which does not uproot certain false notions of human rights and human dignity. Children must be taught that the great object of life consists not in being distinguished, but in being good. And they should be guarded against the impression, that in order to serve God most effectually, they should be leaders in some great enterprise, or teachers in some great establishment. They should feel that a man, living on his paternal acres, may be as useful, may possess as much true dignity and greatness of soul, and enjoy quite as much of rational happiness, as he who leaves his native village with soaring thoughts, and forces his way through a bustling world, to an independent fortune. What though he is unknown beyond his native town or county, is that any calamity? Is it not necessarily the lot of the great mass of the people? We cannot all be Presidents, nor Judges, nor Legislators, nor professional men. And what if we cannot; are we therefore deprived of any rights? Is there nothing left? Can we not still fulfill the end of our being? What is the end of our being? Not, surely, to be in office, or get riches, or influence; but to glorify God. This, we believe, can be done, to say the least, as well, on the spot and under the roof where our fathers worshiped him, as any where else.

That ambitious pride, misnamed enterprise, which prompts a man to murmur against the allotments of Providence, and to turn in scorn from the humble sphere in which his parents were useful, happy and respected, should be counteracted. Children should be taught that it is better to be loved than admired ;—that social enjoyments, and moral purity are richer possessions, than the eloquence that can enchain Senates, or the splendor that dazzles a stupid mob. Let them be educated for the station they are likely to occupy, and not for one above it. Talk not to them of Presidences, or honors, or wealth, as motives to virtue. Disgrace not righteousness to such vile uses. Let them feel that goodness is its own reward, and needs no bribe.

“ How seldom friend ! a good, great man inherits
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains !
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPLY.

For shame, dear friend ! renounce this canting strain.
What wouldst thou have a good, great man obtain ?
Place ? titles ? salary ? a gilded chain ?
Or throne of coines which his sword hath slain ?
Greatness and goodness are not *means* but *ends* !
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man ? Three treasures, LOVE and LIGHT,
And CALM THOUGHTS regular as infant's breath :
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the angel DEATH.”

L.

HOME.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Where burns the lov'd hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast ?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess'd ?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness
Which Mirth's bright cheek adorn ?
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness
To those who ever roam ?
While grief itself has sweetness
At Home ! dear Home !

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief :
There eyes in all their splendor
Are vocal to the heart,

And glances gay or tender
Fresh eloquence impart :
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure,
O! do not widely roam ;
But seek that hidden treasure
At Home ! dear Home !

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below ?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe ?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer ;
For home itself is lonely,
Unless her smile be there :
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam ;
If worshipless her altar
At Home ! dear Home !

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law ;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee,
With kneeling crowds around ?
Go ! leave thy gift unoffer'd
Beneath Religion's dome,
And be her first fruits proffer'd
At Home ! dear Home !

LETTER FROM MRS. THRALE,

(A CONTEMPORARY AND CORRESPONDENT OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S) TO MR. —, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

My Dear Sir,—I received the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish your happiness may excuse the liberty I take in giving you a few rules whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, and cry out that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are ; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasantly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the married state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for ; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found : but experience informs us that it never was so.

When a more cool and tranquil affection takes place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy ;

you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. You have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

To be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement. Nothing is so dangerous to wedded love as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavor therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expenses, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cookery, and learning, are good in their places, and may be used with advantage.

With regard to expense, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meanest spectator, and for the greater ones they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation. This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in, says, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honorably, aspire.

It behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, but to retain, at least, that civility towards his own lady which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not show a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as is sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gaiety and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, secures the most rational pleasure.

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should outshine her husband in nothing, not even in her dress. If she happens to have a taste for the trifling distinctions that dress can confer, suffer her not for a moment to fancy, when she appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her husband. The bane of married happiness among city men in general has been, that finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out a galanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or punch, after the counting-house was shut.

Now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, tell your wife your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you jealous; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious. Be above delighting in her pain of all things,—nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so little need of, unless your youth and my uncommon regard will excuse it. And now farewell; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you by, dear sir, &c.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

WHEN we contemplate what great things depend on what seems, to a superficial observer, of small moment, we wish to speak a word of caution. Our subject is that of the common, every day conversation of mothers to their children.

When giving to your children commands, be careful that you speak with a becoming dignity, as if, not only the right, but the wisdom also to command was with you. Be careful not to discover a jealousy that your injunctions may not be attended to, for if the child sees that you have your doubts, they will lead the child to doubt too. Be cautious never to give your commands in a loud voice, nor in haste. If you must speak loudly in order to be obeyed, when it is not convenient to raise your voice you must expect to be disobeyed; and if it be convenient for you to speak loudly, you must remember that it is inconvenient for others to hear it.

But with regard to manner, be careful to speak in a soft, tender, kind and loving way. Even when you have occasion to rebuke, be careful

to do it with manifest kindness. The effects will be incalculably better. When you are obliged to deny the request that your child may make, do not allow yourself to do this with severity. It is enough for our little ones to be denied what they may think they want, without being nearly knocked down with a sharp voice ringing in their tender ears.

If you practice severity, speak harshly, frequently punish in anger, you will find your children will imbibe your spirit and your manners. First, you will find that they will treat each other as you treat them ; and after they arrive to a little age, they will treat you with unkind, unbecoming replies. But if you are wise, and treat your little ones with tenderness, you will fix the image of love in their minds, and they will love you and each other, and in their conversation will imitate the conversation which they have heard from the tenderest friend which children have on earth.

[For the Microcosm.]

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

We offer the following beautiful lines to our readers, though they are not precisely adapted to the specific object of this work ; further than the contemplation of the fair and beautiful, is always favorable to the moral interests of home.

Spirit of beauty, where,
Oh where is thy home ? Is it those realms of light
That gleam far in the pure blue sky, when night
Has closed around us here ?

For thy bright smile is there—
Or is thy home the morn, scattering thy varied dyes
O'er the fresh flowers—the mist wreathed falls—and peaks that rise
Snow robed in air ?

Or dost thou dwell
Way in the coral depths of the blue southern sea—
Breathing thyself o'er many a flashing gem and silently
Decking the gorgeous shell ?

Or doth thy mansion lie
On the soft billowy clouds, whose sunset glories streak
The evening sky, like the pure blush on woman's cheek
When the most lov'd is nigh ?

Or didst thou, spirit, come
Forth from the Father's throne in holy love to give,
By thy pure smile, some fleeting vision of the tints that live
Where he invites us home ?

Aye, in the region blest
Where are the pearly gates—the street of gold—the chrystal stream
And sparkling walls—lit by a ray fair as the jasper gleam,
There is thy place of rest. long.

A HOME ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

"By the side of a mountain o'ershadowed with trees,
With rich clusters of vines intermingled and wove;
I behold a thatched cottage, dear mansion of peace,
The seat of contentment, of friendship and love."

Is not the whole world engaged in a vain pursuit after happiness? Can any doubt that the inhabitant of yonder cottage enjoys more happiness than the restless aspirant of ambition, or the ever-wearied votary of fashion? With these concessions, is the task a hopeless one, of winning the children of fashion to taste these better things—or at least of inducing them to make a compromise in their favor, for the gilded but empty fare on which they now live? We do not mean to beckon them away to a fancied Paradise; using as a lure a romantic tale of love in a cottage, with exemption from every toil and care. It is a part of our creed of happiness, to look the ills of life in the face, and become interested in them, as familiar though ill-visaged friends and acquaintances. Our object is to win a confession of the charms of home, be it palace or cottage:—to establish the point that it is better to have a home, however humble, than to gain many things else without one. It is a common and growing practice for young married people to commence life *without a home*. And this not so much from necessity as from choice—because it is a *fashion*, more than for any other reason. Now we would soberly set forth the evils of this fashion; and happy will those be who profit by the experience of others.

Some, we know, are obliged to make their wishes bend to untoward circumstances. Necessity has no law—and those who are constrained to a sacrifice of their favorite plans, should find contentment and satisfaction in the consciousness of doing their duty. But for such as forego the privileges of a home when it invites their acceptance, we have a word of remonstrance. The plan of taking board, in preference to house-keeping, is adopted by young married people in consideration of certain supposed advantages it seems to hold out. One pleads inexperience in household duties; another, the advantages of leisure that will be thus secured, and the opportunities for improvement; a third urges the wishes and advice of friends. In every case the argument is against them. They intend to become householders at some future day—will the duties they now dread, and are unacquainted with, become easier or more familiar by postponement? No teaching is so rapid as that of experience; and no time so fitting as the proper time. Young adventurers need the leisure they have only at the commencement of life, to form their plans with concert and reflection. Then the very occupation of domestic duties is essential to beguile the mind, and interest the feelings. We have seen the mischief of too much leisure, showing itself in repinings for the home of former days; in melancholy and discouragement, which affected the character through life. These consequences visit the parties unequally, while they injure both. If the husband is engaged in business,

they fall almost wholly upon the wife; and are sometimes made the occasion of reproach, as indicating the absence of that affection which should bear the mind above disappointment or regret; when they are the natural and almost inevitable results of loneliness and inaction. Were the mind occupied in the interesting duties of ordering a household, the health would be invigorated, and the spirits cheered—while the cloud of despondency which had settled over the feelings, would disappear. Postponement of these duties, only increases the magnitude of the effort, and the timidity of engaging in it. We are not learning how to live until we actually commence the active duties of life; and have comparatively no motive for observation or improvement, until we feel a vital interest in the object of improvement.

Those who commence their wedded life in connection with friends and relatives, are liable to greater trials than any we have specified. Such arrangements can scarcely ever be made without a jarring of interests. We speak with charity and humiliation, for the frailty of human nature,—jealousies and differences often arise between relatives and connections on this ground, which embitter social intercourse to the end of life. Independence and exclusiveness are, in one sense, absolutely essential to the security, the sanctity and preservation of domestic happiness. If those who risk this treasure lightly, could begin with the experience with which they must close their experiment, they would consider no vigilance too great, no sacrifice too severe for securing it. They would prefer beginning their married life in the shelter of a cabin, so they could call it their own, to venturing upon the insecurity of uncertain and divided ground. They would even make this condition indispensable to a concurrence in the arrangement. No matter how small or limited the premises of this beginning, so it be under individual control. It is because we consider domestic happiness of earthly jewels, the one above all price, that we insist upon this point so strenuously: because we consider the little spot called "*Home*," the one bright spot of all the earth, that we would take every precaution to preserve its sanctity. Yet many throw from them, in insensibility, this treasure, for which the world is a paltry price. It is a painful reflection that so few understand their own happiness—leaving mere spectators to find more enjoyment in the contemplation of their circumstances, than is realized by the parties concerned. They who have ever known the blessings of a happy home—and then known what it is to want a home—will understand the emotion with which we linger near a cheerful dwelling-house, in the shades of twilight; and walk slower as we pass it, as if to catch and retain one ray of the beam that glances from a lighted window, or illuminates the cottage floor from the blazing "*ingle*," with its "*clean hearth stone*:" nor will such reprove the involuntary sigh, which expresses the depth of the bosom's sympathy with the voice of joyous mirth within. Such a pilgrim goes on his way with new gratitude and cheer, for even this glimpse of borrowed happiness, while many who have the reality laid at their feet, can turn away.

[For the Microcosm.]

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

How much is comprised in the simple word *kindness*! One kind word, or even one mild look will often times dispel thick gathering gloom from the countenance of an affectionate husband, or wife. When the temper is tried by some inconvenience or trifling vexation, and marks of displeasure are depicted upon the countenance; and perhaps too that most "unruly of all members" is ready to vent its spleen upon the innocent husband or wife,—what will a kind mien, a pleasant reply accomplish? Almost invariably, perfect harmony and peace are thus restored. These thoughts were suggested by the recollection of a little domestic incident to which I was a silent, though not uninterested spectator. During the summer months of 1834, I was spending several weeks with a happy married pair, who had tasted the good and ills of life together, only a twelvemonth. Both possessed many amiable qualities, and were well calculated to promote each other's happiness. My second visit to my friends was of a week's duration, in the month of December. One cold evening the husband returned home at his usual hour at nine o'clock, expecting to find a warm fire for his reception—but instead he found a cheerless, comfortless room. His first thought no doubt was, that it was owing to the negligence of his wife—and under this impression, in rather a severe tone, he said, "*This is too bad*; to come in from the office cold, and find no fire: *I really should have thought you might have kept it.*" I sat almost breathless—trembling for the reply. I well knew it was no fault of her's, for she had wasted nearly all the evening and almost exhausted her patience, in attempting to kindle a fire. She in a moment replied, with great kindness, "Why, my dear, I wonder what is the matter with our stove? We must have something done to-morrow, for I have spent a great deal of time in vain, to make a fire." This was said in such a mild, pleasant tone, that it had a most happy effect. If she had replied at that moment, when his feelings were alive to *supposed* neglect, "I don't know who is to blame; I have done my part, and have been freezing all the evening for my pains. If the stove had been put up as it should have been, all would have been well enough." This, said in an unamiable, peevish tone, might have added "fuel to the fire," and this little breeze have led to more serious consequences; but, fortunately, her mild reply restored perfect serenity. The next day the stove was taken down, and the difficulty, owing to some defect in the flue, was removed? What will not a kind word accomplish?

C.

A sensible and pious mother once remarked, "If I may have but ten years of the life of a man of seventy, to form his character, give me the first ten."

TO A FIRST-BORN CHILD.

My child!—how strange that name appears
 To lips unused as mine!
 How thrilling to my listening ears
 Those infant cries of thine!
 How many a thought mysterious burns
 Within my heart and brain,
 As still my frequent glance returns
 To gaze on thee again!

And as I gaze on thee, the past,
 Present, and future, twine
 A tie, that binds me still more fast,
 At every look of thine.
 The past, thy mother's fondness bade
 Be hallowed time to me;
 The present—can it be but glad
 While blest with her and thee?

The future wraps its dusky veil
 O'er what I fain would know:
 How o'er the sea of life, the gale
 Thy fragile bark shall blow.
 Forward I look with hope awhile,
 Then sadden into fear:
 Perhaps thy life may be a smile,
 Perhaps, perhaps a tear.

My child! with love's best treasures fraught,
 My first-born and my pride;
 To whom I turn in every thought,
 With every hope allied;
 Sweet be thy slumbers, soft and deep,
 While life no sorrow feels;
 A mother lulls thine eyes to sleep,
 A father's blessing seals.

[From Combe's Works on Mental Derangement.]

INSANITY.

THE *non-exercise* of the brain and nervous system, or, in other words, inactivity of intellect and feeling, is a very frequent predisposing cause of insanity, and of every form of nervous disease. For demonstrative evidence of this position, we have only to look at the numerous victims to be found among females of the middle and higher ranks, who have no call to exertion to gain the means of subsistence, and no objects of interest on which to exercise and expend their mental faculties, and who consequently sink into a state of mental sloth,

and nervous weakness, which not only deprives them of every enjoyment, but lays them open to suffering both of mind and body, from the slightest causes.

If we look abroad upon society, we shall find innumerable examples of a mental and nervous debility from this cause. When a person of some mental capacity is confined for a length of time to an unvarying round of employment, which affords neither scope or stimulus for one half of his faculties, and from want of education or society has no external resources; his mental powers, for want of exercise, become blunted; his perceptions slow and dull, and he feels any unusual subjects of thought as disagreeable and painful intrusions. The intellect and feelings not being provided with interests external to themselves, must either become inactive and weak, or work upon themselves and become diseased. In the former case the mind becomes apathetic, and possesses no ground of sympathy in common with its fellow creatures; in the latter, it becomes unduly sensitive, and shrinks within itself and its own limited circle, as its only protection against every trifling occurrence or mode of action which has no relation to itself. A desire to contigue an unvaried round of life, takes strong possession of the mind, because to come forth into society requires an exertion of faculties, which have long been dormant, which cannot awaken without pain, and which are felt to be feeble when called into action. In such a state, home and its immediate interests become not only the center, which they ought to be, but also the boundary of life; and the mind being originally constituted to embrace a much wider sphere, is thus short of its powers, deprived of numerous pleasures attending their exercise, the whole tone of mental and bodily health is lowered, and a total inaptitude for the business of life and the ordinary intercourse of society comes on, and often increases till it becomes a positive malady.

But let the situation of such a person be changed; bring him, for instance, from the listlessness of retirement to the business and bustle of town, give him a variety of imperative employments,—and place him in society, so as to supply to his mental organs, that extent of exercise which gives them health and vivacity of action,—and in a few months the change will be surprising. Health, animation and acuteness will ensue.

Examples of this kind are not rare among retired officers, annuitants, merchants and other persons living on certain incomes, without fixed occupations to interest them; and a curious instance occurred lately in a young military officer, who spent three years in Canada in command of a small detachment, in a remote station, where he was completely separated from all society of his own rank. During all that period he was obliged to pass his time in listless sauntering, shooting or fishing, without the excitement to his various faculties which is afforded by the society of equals. The consequence of this compulsory mental apathy, and the corresponding inactivity of the brain was, that on being relieved at the end of that time, his nervous system had become so weak and irritable, that, although by nature fond of society, he feared to meet even with the members of his own family, and for months would

never venture to walk out for exercise except in the dark. And it was only at the end of several months that the renewed stimulus of society and employment, restored the tone of his nervous system so as to allow him to regain his natural character of mind, and to return to his usual habits of life. In this predisposed state of the system, a very slight cause would obviously have sufficed to convert the depression into absolute derangement.

But, as mentioned at first, the most frequent victims of this kind of predisposition are females of the middle and higher ranks, especially those of a nervous constitution, and good natural abilities; but who, from ill-directed education, possess nothing more solid than mere accomplishment, and have no materials of thought or feeling, and no regular or imperative occupations to demand attention, and whose brains, in short, are half asleep. Such persons have literally nothing on which to expend half the nervous energy which nature has bestowed on them for better purposes. They have nothing to excite or exercise the brain, nothing to elicit activity; their own feelings and personal relations necessarily constitute the grand object of their contemplations: these are brooded over till the mental energies become impaired, false ideas of existence and of Providence spring up in the mind, the fancy is haunted by strange impressions, and every tittle which relates to self is exaggerated into an object of immense importance. The brain, having literally nothing on which to exercise itself, becomes weak, and the mental manifestations are enfeebled in proportion; so that a person of good endowments, thus treated, will often not only exhibit something in the imbecility of a fool, but gradually become irritable, peevish and discontented, and open to the attack of every kind of nervous disease and of derangement, from causes, which under different circumstances, would never have disturbed them for a moment.

That the liability of such persons to melancholy, hysterics, hypochondriasis, and other varieties of mental disease, really depends on a state of irritability of brain, induced by imperfect exercise, is proved by the vast and rapid improvement we often witness from the sudden supervention of occurrences which excite and employ the mental powers and their cerebral organs. Nothing is more usual than to see a nervous young lady, who for years had been unfit for any thing, while ease and indolence were her portion, derive the utmost advantage from apparent misfortunes which throw her upon her own resources, and force her to exert her utmost energies to maintain a respectable station in society. Where, as in such circumstances, the mental faculties, and brain, the intellect and the moral and social feelings, are blessed with a stimulus to act; the weakness, the tremors, and the apprehensions, which formerly seemed an inborn part of herself, disappear, as if by enchantment, and strength, vigor, and happiness take their place, solely because now God's law is fulfilled, and the brain with which He has connected the mind, is supplied with that healthful stimulus and exercise which He ordained to be indispensable to its healthy existence, and to comfort and welfare.

THE MICROCOSM.

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NECESSITY OF UNION IN FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

GREAT efforts are used at the present day to wake up *Mothers* to a sense of their influence, their responsibilities and their duties. We rejoice in these efforts, as a token of great good to the rising generation. It is impossible for too much effort to be expended here; but in this zeal to impress the importance of maternal duties, the necessity of the Father's co-operation and assistance is almost wholly overlooked. The mother's trials, weakness and need of support are lost sight of, while she is urged on to the conflict, single handed and alone, where often the only result is a wondering lament over the failure of the unequal contest.

It is conceded by all who have given attention to the subject, that the education of children calls for more than human wisdom and skill. Wherein is a help-meet needed, if not in matters of the deepest importance? And what is so important as the training of the future citizens of the world? In those families distinguished for successful discipline and education, we have ever found the secret of that success to consist in a perfect union on the part of the parents in the plan and execution of family government. The case is not unfrequent of a mother toiling on alone, contending with ill-health and infirmities, and often combatting opposition from the husband who should have shared and lightened her labors. To that mother who can *expect* neither aid or sympathy; who cannot look to a father's precepts or example as one of benefit or imitation, we can offer no word of alleviation. There is none. Turning from the view, as the most desolate prospect in the world, we can only say, "*God pity thee!*" and leave her to His care.

On improveable ground, the first point to be gained is *union* in the management of children. Private consultation and agreement in theory, should be followed by a corresponding unity of practice. Both parents should be leagued to support each other's dignity and authority in the minds of their children. It is always unfortunate when the father's interference is needed to enforce respect and obedience to the commands of the mother. Both should be associated in the minds of their children as so perfectly united, that no appeal is to be made from the one to the other. We believe many trials in family government are produced by the short-sightedness and imprudence of parents themselves. As a frequent resort the father commands the child to obey the mother—and the mother often ends an unsuccessful contest with the will of her child, by saying, "I will tell your father when he comes in, and he will punish you or make you obey." Mothers frequently increase their difficulties by complaining of them in the presence of their

children :—telling others of their obstinacy and self-will ; and the impossibility of making them obedient. Children are better philosophers than their parents in such cases. They see, if the parent does not, that where it is not expected they should yield, it is for their interest to make good this expectation.

The officious, though well-meant interference of friends, is often another means of hedging up the mother's difficult way. Few individuals have lived a score of years without encountering advice from those unacquainted with all the circumstances of their case—and under those circumstances equally incapable of judging for the individuals concerned. When a mother has been left the only parent to guide her children through the quicksands of life, we have known her advised to put her sons from her, on the supposed inefficiency of maternal authority. The oppressed and anxious mother is told in the presence of her sons, that nothing but the authority of a master can govern them. The great mischief of this course consists in the instruction thus furnished to the children. Their future rebellion is often confidently predicted—and the mother is told to make the most of her *present* advantages and authority, because when her son is fourteen, she will not be able to influence or manage him at all. What is the direct interference in the mind of a child thus enlightened ? Why, if it is not expected that a mother should influence or govern me, I will not be influenced or governed by her. We have seen one of these infant sovereigns, of seven year's standing, swelling in his tiny importance, with the declaration, that "He would never mind a woman !"—thus early inoculated with the spirit of his "Divine right" of sovereignty.

The difficulty of managing boys is a topic of frequent discussion—but we believe much of the difficulty may be traced to the foregoing causes. In order to cultivate independence of spirit, it is not necessary to make boys insubordinate—nor does manliness consist in turbulence and rebellion. Both parents may find ample employment in controlling these unruly elements. The burden is too great for one to bear without injury. The absence of the husband's and father's aid, is the occasion of so many complaining, oppressed, and broken-down mothers. If in addition to the cares of her household, and with all the infirmities incident to her condition, the mother still succeeds in governing, and almost exclusively directing her children—if she alone has brought them up to virtue and usefulness, she has accomplished that which is a noble and arduous achievement, when viewed as the result of united parental effort. There have been many mothers, left early, under all these disadvantages, to the sole guidance of their children, who have shown to the world at last, by that unflinching test, of the tree known by its fruits, what maternal influence can do. Every day is bringing to light new proofs of its power and worth. But the perfection of influence is undoubtedly to be found in the united strength and efforts of both parents—sharing, lightening and enjoying together the fruits of their labor, in the existence of a happy, well-ordered family.

"Sensibility was given us for a blessing, and good sense to keep it in proper bounds."

*For the Microcosm.***CHILDHOOD THE SEASON FOR MORAL CULTURE.**

In the plans of education of the present day, two things are pretty generally admitted, and to some extent acted upon: first, that education ought to be begun at an early period, and second, that it ought to have essentially a moral bearing. The mind of a child will be busied with something; and lest its little energies run to waste, it is better to allure it, not *drive* it, into a direction which will prove permanently valuable. This of course must be commenced at home; for after all, whatever our future wanderings may be, and notwithstanding the noise made about our high schools and colleges as places for the formation of the mind, it is at home, in the nursery, that the current of thought is mainly set for life. It may enlarge afterward, or break into diverse channels, but home, like a magic spirit, bewitches its course. This direction should have a moral bearing, for at that early period, impressions of this kind are more easily and permanently made.

Now these principles we believe are important and correct; but we apprehend there is great error in the manner, in which it is attempted to carry them into operation. Children are to be taught early, and their teaching is to have reference to their Maker. But how is this to be done? We fear home, and our infant schools, and others some degrees above these, are become too scientific. We would not have them unscientific; but scientific in a different way. The truth is, we are not content to see our spectacled, powder-headed philosopher only, pulling to pieces the flowers, and numbering the stars, and classifying and breaking to atoms the beautiful stones; but we are setting the innocent, prattling children to this unnatural work. Now this may be useful to scientific men undoubtedly, and the wants of society demand it; but of what use can it be to children? The object with them is to put their minds into right action, and to produce on them moral impressions. Now we hold, that all these beautiful things which God, in his kindness, has strown up and down our earth, and over our heads, are designed to give us a delineation of his character, and when properly studied, they produce a most healthy and harmonious action in the spirit of man, whether he be in childhood or of mature years. In distress, what so soothing as nature,

“Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,”

so it only be viewed as the handy work of our heavenly Father! In short, what breathes into the soul more natural health and vigor; what furnishes it more perfect forms of beauty and purity, or gives it a more just relish for truth and sentiment and the creations of fancy, than the contemplation of the natural world? Man is not a mere contriving and classifying being, but one of sentiment and imagination; and if the latter be left out of the question in forming the mind, a part of its nature is left uncultivated, and that part too, which is capable of forming some of the choicest delights of human existence.

We would not have our children become sickly sentimentalists; nor would we have them become vapid, soulless classifiers. The impressions which the natural world makes on our minds as presented by the hand of God, are valuable; they are just such as it was designed to make. Now

if we teach our children the moment they see a lily, a clover head, or a honey suckle, to pull it to pieces, and class it under its scientific title ; if we teach them, when they look on the stars, "the poetry of heaven," first and solely to ask their names and where they are to be found on the map, (as was the case the other evening with a fine, bright-eyed little girl six or eight years old,) do we not substitute the wordy fictions of the human mind for the impressions which the Lord of Nature designed to fix on the heart? Do we not wrong these facile young spirits of the invigorating, life-giving food which the God of heaven sent for their minds? Nay, by forming habits adverse to this, do we not cheat the future man or woman, out of one of the chiefest sources of happiness as well as rich consolation, which visits this care-worn vale.

There is a religion in the natural world ; and when that and the religion of the Bible can be made to occupy common ground in the mind (as they are in many respects one) we may expect to see a happy, elevated character. If children, instead of studying so much scientific refinements, were educated more in this way, we venture to believe they would make home a happy, delightful spot. We can fancy we see them now, amid their youthful glee, learning from the untorn flowers, the trees, and the sporting brooks, the heart-touching, eloquent language of heaven. See one is on "the green sward," and "a bird is perched on the hedge or the tree, and sings its sweet song of security ; the little finger is held up at once by the little ear, and the other hand extended with the palm backwards, as if a sign were given by Nature herself for the world to listen and admire." J.

CONVERSATION IN YOUR FAMILY.

It may be that you sometimes are disposed to believe, and are ready to complain, that you have nothing to say. Now it is natural to us to be social : and there is a harmless and useful propensity in our nature, which directs us to exchange sentiments with those whom we meet. If you at any time feel indisposed to obey it, there may be a cause which, if understood, you would find ought not to be approved.

A very common opinion about ordinary conversation is, that it only furnishes the means of temporary gratification. For this object it is no doubt often indulged in ; and this, to a certain extent, is a proper object. Such conversation between either friends or strangers, as tends not to the injury of any one, generally brings into action kind and friendly feelings, and offers some assistance in humanizing the breast, whose affections are in danger of being cramped or perverted by the business and trials of life. And, indeed, when it has once commenced, so great is the variety of chords in the human mind and heart, that it is impossible to tell what new and unforeseen harmony may be produced. Conversation, even under the most ordinary, and least flattering circumstances, is still worthy to be regarded in a more important point of view than that taken above. It was designed by Providence, as an important channel for the communication and reception of valuable knowledge, and for the happy influencing of the affections. Like all

the channels which our Maker has opened in society, it is designed only for the conveyance of good ; and, as one of the chief of those channels, it is a duty in us seriously to inquire how we best can fill it. We well know how much we sometimes have been benefited by the conversation of others, and certainly ought to remember that we may be still more. We cannot doubt that it is sometimes in our power to communicate something more than mere entertainment to those with whom we converse : and yet, it is perhaps a matter of frequent occurrence, that even in our families we find ourselves remaining silent, and perhaps even gloomy.

This is a habit which I would recommend to my married reader studiously to avoid. Your wife will be more likely to receive and to communicate improvement in conversation with you than any other person. Your characters are mutually understood, and your relation predisposes each to adopt the opinions of the other, and warmly to sympathize in the same feelings. If you, then, are accustomed to cheerful and useful conversation, as you soon may become by steady exertion, your return will be daily anticipated by your wife with feelings of pleasure, and your hours of leisure, short though they may be, will be rendered highly useful to her, and through her to the household. If, on the contrary, you allow yourself to proceed according to the dictates of changeable feelings, and do not take such a view of conversation as you ought, what an influence may even your moody silence produce, not only on one, but upon every member of the family ! and in the course of a year how many hasty expressions may escape, your lips in that little retreat where a perpetual calm should reign, like one of the days of Heaven. How many different opinions may you be impelled, by fickle feelings, to express ; how often may your anxious wife await with apprehension your first word as you enter the home which she has endeavored to arrange and decorate, and feel her heart sink when you open your lips. Though that pure and tranquil scene before your arrival, be enriched with "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit ;" and though this, in the sight of the Lord, is "of great price," you may mar the whole ; you may overthrow her hopes of pleasing, and much of the influence of her example and exertions, by a single hasty expression.

How great and happy a reverse may you produce by the opposite course. I beg you to reflect on it. I beg you to suggest these thoughts to your wife, and ask her if it be not true. Ask her if you have it not in your power, by wilfully following a captious or fickle temper, to plant briars in her daily path, and thorns on her pillow. Ask if the way I recommend may not save her a thousand pains and distresses ; and whether, if you already possess the recommendations of morality, you may not thus secure her enjoyments more truly valuable than fortune and worldly honor.

As for topics of conversation, those are so abundant, interesting and useful, which at the present day are offered to every man, that no excuse can be given for a husband, who condescends to what is entirely frivolous or useless in conversing with his family. A single good newspaper, which will not cost more for a year than many a man will give for a trifle, will alone furnish matter for useful family conversation, and really much instruction.—*Selected.*

For the Microcosm.

THE DEATH OF J. G. HOWELL,

MEMBER OF THE SENIOR CLASS IN YALE COLLEGE.

Dead, dead ! oh, bitter word ! and each new name
 It's linked with, lends to it a new, strange tone,
 A new, and bitterer meaning. Art thou dead,
 Oh young and noble one,—thou in whose eye,
 But now, life flashed so richly ? Art *thou* dead ?
 Strangers are weeping at thy name, to-night,
 But they who love thee, in their distant homes,
 Unfaltering speak it, aye and smiling, speak
 The name, that death hath made so holy now.
 Woe for the mother ! will no viewless one,
 Of those bright groups, that walk in beauty here,
 'Mid light and music that we cannot know
 Looking on us,—will no one bear to-night,
 Some warning shadow to that mother's heart,
 When in her prayer, she speaks the name beloved ?
 Will they lie down, all calm and tearless now,
 To smiling dreams ? Ah, sisters—know ye not
 A voice was hushed to-day, whose music dwells
 Far in your souls—a saddened music now,
 A mournful murmur, evermore, 'twill breathe,
 In your life's melody ! Oh, know ye not,
 That he, your own, the bright one,—he hath felt
 The last dark agony, to-day, and all
 Is over now ! Count not the rapid weeks,
 He'll come no more, to that far home.
 These weeks will only make the brown turf fresh,
 Over that narrow one, that's waiting now,
 Lonely and dark. Oh God ! is that a home
 For him—a pillow for that precious head !

Yes, he is dead—but life goes circling on,
 E'en as when yesterday, its fair show lay
 All mirrored in his being. Now the bell
 Strikes with its wonted peal—there's one step less
 Upon the pavement, 'mong the hurrying feet.
 Now, through the light soft evening, those high walls
 Show many a glimmering window—one is dark ;
 One mirror's broken,—our reality
 Is shining still. A soul that yesterday
 Looked out on what I see, that heard this peal
 Of bells, which now I hear, that loved, and hoped,
 As I do now—to-night is with the dead,—
 Learning death's secrets. Oh ! our life
 Is but the porch-way of a boundless hall,
 Narrow and dim ; and yet we frolic, nay,
 Grow earnest o'er its pebbles ; and we play
 Light games with its dark symbols ; downward too,
 From that vast door we look, as one by one,
 Our playmates enter, lest a glimpse should come
 Of things unseen, eternal, that within
 Are waiting us.

The student's tasks are done.

There lie the pen, the books, as that last touch
Hath left them. Stir them not, for now that hand
Is still, and something of a spirit, passed
Into the holy region of the dead,
Still lingers there. He'll turn those leaves no more.
He'll count no more, the night's swift hours in toil,
Or gazing on those starry groups, grown dear
To his young eye, sparkling like smiling friends
In the night heaven—he'll welcome them no more—
That old, familiar sound of warning bell,
Stirs him not now. His rambles are all done—
We'll meet him ne'er again in the dim woods,
A wanderer bright, laden with flowers. The spring
Whose breath had touched his cheek, still moveth on ;
But not for him she'll print her brilliant lore
In the deep wood path, by lone brook and twilight gleam.
Oh, is it thus ?—Nature's bright book shut up,
Forever from his thirsting eye thus soon.
Oh, was it all for this, those early years
Of exile, those high plans, those kindling thoughts,—
For this—darkness and silence, the lone grave,—
A stranger's grave !

Thou bright young being, where,
Where art thou ? Ah, not here. Here's the closed eye .
In which we saw thee,—the still lip which bore
Thy voice to us ; but thou—where art thou now ?
The spirit fountain of those looks and tones,
Hath that been quenched ? and all the ungathered wealth
Of thy young being—that been wasted too ?
Thou bright young stranger, we'll not mourn for thee.
All, all is saved—'twas not in vain—nought vain,
From the first tone that lulled thy cradle sleep,
To that strange, dream-like anguish, when wild pain
Was in thy brow, and faces pale with fear
Darkened and floated on thy dying gaze—
Nought was in vain ; long, long ago it stood,
All pictured in the great fair plan above.
'Tis done—and blessedly. The perishing hath left
Its print on that which cannot die ;
The fleeting hath unfolded the immortal.
We are all students for eternity,
And some go there, unlearned in its high lore ;
And some, with line on line, and many a weary page,
Are taught, and stay to practice on earth's broken harps.
But thou—'tis done—and in thy bright, glad youth,
Thou'rt gone from this dim nursery of souls,
Wearing God's image. We'll not mourn for thee.
Ah, we remember now, one look of thine,
A deep and holy look in that bright eye,
A glance of something from the inner soul,
Which cannot die. 'Twas goodness, 'twas that pure,
Sweet thing, that in the dark and thirsty depths
Of being, like a bright well springs, pouring o'er all
The soul, making all brilliant, in the life
Eternal. Oh, we will not mourn for thee,
The faces of thy home, all radiant
With love, the clinging grasp of tenderness,
Were not for thee,—but in the darkness strange,
And 'mong those shadows, where no mother's love

Might press, there met thee one,—no stranger he—
 Ancient in leveliness. Thou knowest him—
 'Tis he—'tis he. Like old familiar dreams,
 That look is on thee—thee he knoweth too :—
 The bitterness is over. 'Mid the clear twilight
 Of those silent homes, where they that rest
 With Jesus, wait the day, by waters still,
 Under soft shades, gently he leadeth thee.

From that strange world of thought, thou wilt come forth
 At last, with a pure heart, and angel powers.
 Hereafter, thou wilt wear again, the robe
 Material. To those deep-seeing eyes,
 To that new ear, things lovely—things laid up
 From eye and ear of man, aye from his bold
 Conceivings, flashing, warbling out, reveal
 Beauty's undreamed of riches. Thou wilt read
 The stars again,—no longer stars to thee,
 When, safely trusted with the wing of light,
 Slow trav'ling by, their scenery vast, mysterious,
 Floats below, all radiant with young souls ;
 Yet ever turning the deep eye of love,
 Unto the blazing centre, where afar
 Forever bright, those ancient hill tops glow,
 The hill tops of that city, vast and fair ;
 The one home of the longing universe.
 A home—no dazzling vision, floating far
 In the dim future : now no phantom world ;
 A pageant of bright ones, with gorgeous wings,
 And harps of gold, and saints with folded hands,
 Forever singing their sweet sabbath hymns.
 A home,—a real home, and beautiful
 In all one yearning nature mourned for here,
 'Mid things but meant to *waken* its deep loves ;
 Its scenes, so faintly imaged here, in things
 Most fair, all blooming in the brilliant *now*.
 Heaven now the deep reality, and earth
 The faded dream, and he whose name is Love
 The worshipped One, no more the Invisible.

Oh spirit of the dead, mourn thou, mourn thou
 For us—on us, the dark gate foldeth still.
 But one day gone—yet thou perchance hast learned,
 The lore of ages, and life's little spot,
 Seems drifted far away. Oh unto us,
 Thy brothers here, from thy calm home,
 Send thou the word, that we may thither come.
 Show us the moment in these narrow years,
 That's brightest now, the spot in this small scene
 That makes it all still radiant, the star
 Of thine eternity. Alas ! 'twere vain—
 Light of earth's midnight heaven—Image to her,
 And brightness, of the Love, yet unrevealed—
 Oh lowly Savior—human One, oh Friend
 Once dead, that liveth evermore in heaven,
 And in the strange, deep self of human souls
 Darkly dost dwell—speak *thou* the word—look thou
 Upon these melted hearts, and in their depths—
 Oh, in our being's lowest, darkest depths,
 Let thy life rise.

D—.

For the Microcosm.

INFLUENCE OF THE BEGINNING UPON THE END.

THE Microcosm, if we understand the views of its editor, is designed to be eminently practical. It aims to bless, and, if needed, reform the Little World of Home, not by diving deep into the philosophy of the human mind and bringing up some hitherto undiscovered truth for the accomplishment of its object, but rather by striving to enforce those truths that are already known and acknowledged, if not familiar. With such views of the work, permit us for a moment, to direct the attention of its readers to the maxim that a good beginning in any business or department of life, is a fair precursor of future success. The truth of this maxim has been tested both by observation and experience. No one disbelieves or forgets it when commencing that business of life by which he hopes to acquire wealth and influence in the world. Every dollar of gain that drops into the coffers of the merchant, just entering the theater of a busy life, stimulates him to stronger exertions and higher expectations. The fair wind which wafts the ship from port, giving the prospect of a speedy and happy termination of its voyage, sends a thrill of delight through every bosom on board. Success in the beginning of an enterprise gives buoyancy to the spirits, elasticity to the mind, health and vigor to the body. On the other hand, disappointment is unpleasant. Like some ill-omened bird, it is always croaking evil ahead. It breaks down the spirits, unnerves the soul, prostrates the energies of mind and body, and throws a dark shade upon the picture of human life.

We are not saying whether or not this propensity of ours is favorable or unfavorable to happiness; but that it exists in our nature, and without arraigning the wisdom and benevolence of God, who pronounced his works good when he had finished them, it becomes us to direct it as a means of good, and if possible, arrest its power to harm. Our present purpose is to apply it to the commencement of those relations and responsibilities which exist in the conjugal life. We deem its application here as expedient and important as its application in any other department of life. From the bright dawn of the morning we infer the calm sunset of the evening. True, the angry storm may sweep through the heavens, but it will soon pass away, leaving a purer atmosphere and brighter sun.

We do not suppose that starting and acting upon rational and intelligent principles would save one from all the ills of life; but we do believe it would greatly lessen those ills and have a powerful tendency to secure and augment the happiness of life. We do believe it would rob disappointment of its prey, and give something like reality to the Elysian dreams of the poet. Much, we had almost said every thing, depends upon here laying secure the foundations of future happiness and influence. A mistake here is a germ of evil, which, while it grows with mushroom rapidity, has all the stubbornness of the sturdy oak. Disappointment and disgust are death to every finer feeling of our natures. Under their baleful influence, the flame that has been kindled upon the altar of social and domestic happiness, expires. Instead of the eye sparkling with delight, and a countenance beaming with

kindness, cold indifference or sullen disappointment withers and dries up all the tender sympathies of the soul. The prospect of such a life, how dreary ! And yet such cases there are, as those too well know who are acquainted with the human heart in its perversions. It becomes those then who are surrounded by the wrecks of former adventurers, to stand clear from the rocks on which they dashed.

Notwithstanding the causes which tend to produce disappointment appear numerous, and varied by the different characters and circumstances of individuals, they undoubtedly take their rise from a few principal sources. Much may be traced to the "False views of the romance of married life," a title which our readers will recollect at the head of an article in a former number of the *Microcosm*. We perfectly coincide with the views of the writer expressed in that article. In contemplating the prospects of "the married life," there is far too much castle-building. Those "cloud-cap'd towers and gorgeous palaces,"—while they are doomed to a speedy fall, often involve their dreaming builders in their ruins.

A fanciful imagination sketches an Ideal Paradise, where the cup of happiness is drank without mixture, and where the sun of prosperity never sets. One mind has adorned it perhaps with all the magnificence and splendor of wealth. It has united all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights which nature and fortune with all their bounty, could not bestow. Another has admitted into her paradise nothing that can disturb her peace or annoy her quiet. She has placed her abode far from the business and bustle of stirring life, and walks delighted amid the creations of her own imagination. But the mind cannot always thus feast on "luscious falsehood when offended with the bitterness of truth." Stern reality, however unwelcome an intruder, will wake it from these reveries. And it would be well if it did not wake it to disappointment. How often does it find directly the opposite of what it has imagined ? Instead of wealth and splendor, are poverty and meanness. Instead of retirement, the mind finds itself surrounded with others like itself, subject to all the caprices incident to human nature—instead of peace and quiet, comes the "gnawing tooth of care." Would she fly to her imagined paradise ? But the imperious circumstances of real life have disenchanted the scene. There is no pleasure in fiction when truth forces itself upon us with irresistible conviction. Even could she enter the scenes which her imagination has painted, the anxieties and perplexities of life would follow her like troubled ghosts that "would not down at her bidding." To escape them is impossible—face them she cannot. How wretched such a mind ! And yet the picture will be found not to be overdrawn if we look at things as they are.

Another fruitful source of disappointment in the commencement of the conjugal life, is a mistake in respect to the true source of happiness. Many seem to suppose that the sum of their happiness consists in receiving good at the hand of another. To them the luxury of doing good is unknown. They do not act upon the principle that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." This we believe to be the true source of conjugal happiness. When the interests of each clash, it consists in a mutual willingness each to give up that which would contribute to his or her happiness, for the purpose of conferring it upon the other. Let mutual concession be the starting

principle with which those shall set out, whose happiness and interests are united by bonds strong and enduring as life, and it would form a panoply of protection impenetrable as steel. The demon of contention might hurl his poisoned darts, but they would fall harmless to the ground. Undoubtedly many recognize and act upon this principle to a greater or less extent; but yet they do not view it in its wide and extended bearings. They do not see it as it branches out into all the interests and relations of social life, and hence are not prepared rightly to estimate its importance.

We will allude but to one more occasion of disappointment, and that is the apathy which exists on the subject of social happiness. A subject that so entwines itself about all the interests of life, needs to be looked at steadily in the light of sober reason. There seems to be in the minds of some a strange idea that all here is uncertainty—as if blind chance were exalted upon the throne, dispensing blessings and curses upon man. But it is not so. A life of social and domestic happiness no more comes by chance than wealth or honors or influence come by chance. For these, all lay their regular plans—trace out their remote bearings—balance probabilities with wonderful accuracy, while scarce a moment is spent in tracing the bearings of their conduct and course of life upon their social relations. Such being the facts, is it a matter of wonder that some err and reap the bitter fruits of disappointment?

In concluding these few remarks, we say then, as at the commencement, that in the relations and responsibilities of the married life, to begin well, to start and act upon rational and intelligent principles is the only sure foundation upon which the institution of marriage can rise to its high station of influence and importance in the world.

BETH.

ENVY.

"Who is able to stand before Envy?" Prov. xxvii. 4.

ENVY!—it is an ugly word. We wish there were none such in the human vocabulary—and still more that there was no occasion for such a word. We have been induced to take up this subject, by hearing it remarked, that more envy existed among women than among men. We see enough of this vice in every community and every condition of life, to be convinced that it cannot with justice be charged exclusively upon any individual class of people. But if it is more peculiarly a sin to which women are prone, we believe it may be accounted for, in a great measure, by the circumstances of their condition. The narrow system of female education gives very little scope for the enlargement and ennobling of the mind. It is by having the mind directed to great objects, that it learns to despise what is mean and contracted. We must be drawn beyond the circle of *little self*, if we would not be pre-eminently little and selfish. While the education of women consists chiefly in personal accomplishments—in ornament without solidity—we fear charges of this nature will continue to be brought against them.

Their confined and circumscribed sphere of action, brings women more immediately into contact with each other, and occasions a constant clashing of personal interests. That which would contribute greatly to the happiness of life, if human nature were perfect, is in its present state of infirmity, easily perverted to occasions of evil. The bare existence of such an enemy among us, demands the most vigorous efforts for its extirpation—root and branch.

What is envy!—look at it!—pain at the good of another—discontentment at the prosperity of another—dissatisfaction with the virtues of another. If any thing should make us hide our heads, with shame and confusion of face, it is this debasing, deforming trait of character. The magnitude of the sin may be estimated by the prominence given to it in the word of God. If we begin with the christian, who professes to have the “charity” that “never faileth,”—one of the distinctive features of that charity is, that it “*envieth not.*” Through the whole Bible is this sin held up in glaring colors, ending at last in the condemnation of those who crucified the Son of God, because “for *envy* they had delivered him.”

It is easy to detect in others that which we see not in ourselves; and to condemn in principle that which is indulged in practice. We doubt not but every individual is ready to pass judgment upon envy as cruel, unjust and unchristian—yet will it be banished from the heart? We can look out from ourselves upon the most incongruous community that was ever brought together, and feel the utter unreasonableness of the existence of envy there. We can see as spectators, that each is in his proper place; and each possessing qualities peculiar and distinct, has nothing to covet and nothing to regret. In the natural world we can see still more clearly, how perfectly every thing answers the end for which it was designed; and we are ready to echo the benediction, which beholding every thing that was made, pronounced it “very good.” Should even the scrub-oak envy the graceful Elm, which throws its branches so lightly to the sky? Should the bright-eyed violet look up with a sigh to the bending lily? Let these be our teachers—and while we have powers to discriminate, to censure and condemn, let us not involve *ourselves* in a merited condemnation.

The first appearance of envy in children should be diligently counteracted. Every rising of suspicion or jealousy should be checked at once. They are all exhibitions of the same spirit—branches of the same family, under different names, and may all be traced back to the same parent source. Justice to ourselves, as well as to others, should forbid the indulgence of an envious spirit. Since women have been charged with this indulgence, we appeal to them all, as an interested sisterhood, to come up in self-defense to the warfare against the Giant Demon—and search into every recess of his hiding-place, until there be left no place of concealment for him.

For the Microscop.

RECOLLECTION OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

DEATH—though dreaded as a relentless Tyrant is in truth a Minister kind and merciful in the execution of stern and seemingly cruel mandates. He takes no delight in our sufferings, for while he deprives us of our kindred and friends, he leaves the memory of what they were, beautified and brightened by the hallowing influence of grief, for the admiration and solace of the living.

In a tone of sorrowing complaint, how often is it said, "Death loves a shining mark." So too thought the friends of Mrs. E——, when a little more than a year since she was struck down in the early bloom of womanhood, and mourned—deeply mourned as wife, mother, sister and friend.

In speaking of the dead it would seem at first view invidious to notice any accidental qualities of person which they possessed—the beauties of form and feature—as these are not to be imitated, and it is for example chiefly that their memory should be recorded. Yet we are so constituted that our feelings of attachment are, by these qualities, drawn more strongly towards their possessors, and with different preferences—I say not different tastes—among our race, perhaps none are wronged. The remembrance of these however, belong rather to private personal friends, and I have no fears that those of the subject of this sketch will soon forget her person, blending so much of dignity and grace; or her countenance, which, especially when lit by the brilliant expression of her dark eye, was striking and interesting, if not beautiful.

But it is chiefly for those qualities which can be imitated, that this sketch is penned. Still, the writer will not be wholly confined to these, but will leave it for the reader to make the selection.

As with the person, so with the mind of Mrs. E——, nature had not been sparing of her gifts and graces. Originally of the finest mould, there had been added to its natural endowments the advantages of a select education and judicious reading. Her mind thus stored with natural and acquired treasures—controlled by a refined and delicate taste—its intellections quickened by feelings of keen susceptibility, peculiarly qualified her for the offices of a companion and friend. Her powers of pleasing were indeed remarkable. With a quickness and delicacy of tact amounting almost to intuition, she had the faculty to accommodate herself to a great variety of dispositions and attainments. When she visited among her friends, infancy and age seemed to gladden at her approach. Her manner and address were elegant, dignified and easy, as of one conscious, though not vain, of her powers and gifts. Possessed of such advantages of person and such accomplishments of mind and address, she might perhaps have been vain and haughty, had she not, in very early youth, been led to regard in all her ways a God of infinite majesty and purity. Her qualities needed this crowning grace of Religion. It was necessary likewise for her support under the trials which awaited her. In later youth, afflictions, deep and severe, consequent on the loss of honored and dear relatives, threw a veil of tenderness and humility

over her feelings, which added much to the graces of her character, and which was not laid aside when she became the mistress of an elegant competence.

The person to whose solicitation she gave her hand, was not, at the time of their marriage, prepared to sympathize with her in her solicitude for the welfare of the Redeemer's kingdom. The question of duty in such cases, I shall not stop here to discuss. The writer of this happens to know, however, that this subject was not passed over so easily by his deceased friend; and he happens to know likewise that her bereaved husband thinks he understands what the apostle meant by an unbelieving husband being sanctified by a believing wife. Yet this may be no rule for others. On entering upon the duties of the domestic relation, she performed them with so much affectionate kindness and sympathy—making her duty her happiness to such a degree, that his heart yielded homage to the power of Religion. His admiration of it was likewise heightened by her conversations on the subject evincing much taste, knowledge, sincerity and judgment. He saw its power also in her treatment of domestics. She was not content with permitting her servants to attend the means of religious instruction at the sanctuary and places for social prayer, when it was not convenient for herself to attend. She did not seem to think that servants were necessarily removed from the pale of human sympathies, nor that it was inconsistent with her dignity to treat them as rational and immortal beings. Besides her own affectionate treatment of her servants, and conversation with them on the subject of their soul's salvation, she often permitted them to attend places of religious instruction, when they knew that it was inconvenient for their mistress to spare them, and that it was done solely for their good. Such demonstrations of the reality of religion accompanied by, or rather the evidences of, her prayers, her husband did not resist. At what period of their union she had the satisfaction of seeing him her Redeemer's friend, I do not now recollect. The union itself was not destined to be long. For a year previous to its dissolution, and somewhat more than four years from its commencement, seldom, if ever, was there one of greater promise of happiness. They were parents, and rarely were parent's affections lavished on lovelier objects. The youngest, a daughter at this time about eight months old, and her brother, a little more than two years her senior, were objects not only calculated to draw forth all the deep affections of a fond mother's heart, but the infantine loveliness of the one, and the noble, frank and affectionate qualities of the other were so evident, that if a stranger looked on them and turned away his gaze, it was but to gaze again. They had, too, ample means for doing good, and hearts to feel the blessedness of charities bestowed and acts of kindness done.

But the cloud was already in the distance which was soon to spread blackness over this fair prospect. Shortly after the period of which I have just now been speaking, symptoms of disease began to show themselves; not formidable at first, but they soon increased to such an extent that it was deemed expedient for her to leave the duties of her home and visit the scenes and friends of her childhood, from which she had been separated since her marriage. Accordingly in the summer of 1833, she, with her two little children, visited among her old acquaintance. The pleasurable excitement of

the scenes, and the gratifying attentions of her friends, seemed to promise complete success. After staying among them two or three months, she returned to her husband so much improved as to give flattering hopes of speedy restoration to sound health. But the promise was deceitful. Not long after, her disease assumed a more threatening aspect. All that the tenderest affection could prompt, was done to check its progress, but in vain. The disease had not yet assumed a name, though her physician had some time before this expressed his fears of what it might be. When he saw all his skill baffled, he asked for the ablest counsel of that vicinity. It is needless to say it was granted. Before the time appointed for the assembling of the council, fearing lest the affection of her husband for her would prompt him to conceal from her the true state of her case, she exacted from him a promise that he would faithfully reveal to her the report of the physicians. After consultation they pronounced her in the last stage of the quick consumption. Blessed be the Divine Redeemer in whose strength she confided! She was strengthened for the worst. Though no complaint had been suffered to escape from her lips, in a few instances the workings of the strong feelings of the wife and mother were thought to be perceptible. When her husband related to her the hopeless opinion of the physicians, she received it without the least surprize. Shortly after she apparently fell asleep. It was so gentle, her husband, not wishing any disturbance, sat by her alone. In the course of a half or three fourths of an hour, her very quietness began to alarm him, fearing that she might be already sleeping the sleep of death. He gently touched her, when she opened her eyes, and turning their sweet expression on him, said—"I have not been asleep, my dear ———, but oh! such visions of blessedness as I have been enjoying since you thought me sleeping, it is not lawful for the tongue to utter! I have been strengthened for my last conflict. I am now enabled to give up fully and freely my husband and children, for whom alone I have desired to live, to the disposal of my Savior. I have now no desire for this life, after tasting the bliss of that upon which I am shortly to enter." She then, after endeavoring to strengthen the faith and consolation of her husband to sustain him under her loss, confided to his affectionate care their little children, expressing her wish that their son, who gave such early and fair promise, might be trained up in the way he might best serve the Redeemer of the world, to whose service she had in secret consecrated him. She next left messages for her sisters, brothers and other near friends, and ere the setting of another sun, her spirit had taken its triumphant flight.

"Is that a death-bed where a christian lies?
Yes, but not her's—'tis death itself there dies."

The weary of the world may seek death as an oblivion to all their troubles and disquietudes. The infidel philosopher in the strength of his pride may meet it without apparent fear; and disease too, may and often does render us insensible to many of the enjoyments of this life, and deadens all apprehensions of the next. But what disease short of absolute deprivation of reason, can destroy the strong and vivid affections of an attached wife and a fond mother towards her

beloved husband and children? No, nothing but the power of religion can enable a heart, surrounded with all that can make life desirable, and endued with a keen susceptibility for their relish, to bid them a cheerful, a joyful farewell.

Should this relation meet the eyes of the surviving, bereaved husband, he is assured, that it has been given with no design of intruding upon the sacredness of private grief, which he cannot now but feel towards the object he has lost. Ah, who that knew her will soon forget her? It has been given solely (and he will pardon the motive) with the design of impressing with the strength of a comparatively recent example, that class of community for whom this work is designed, with the importance of an active living principle of piety to regulate their conduct and be the source of their consolation and support under the trials which may await them. Amid the numerous avocations of life, the pursuits of ambition, wealth and pleasure, men still find an unsatisfied want. How much more necessary is religion for those, all of whose duties and pleasures lie within the narrow confines of the domestic world. These have not the almost endless variety of the great world before them as objects for the mind and heart to choose. They hazard their all on one cast and if they fail here, where shall they go for happiness or support, save to the principles and power of religion? In adversity will they seek refuge in the callousness of insensibility? Even misery itself can hardly afford a worse.

One thought suggested by the charge the deceased left, respecting her little son, will close this sketch. It is in the quiet retreat of home while the mind is yet ductile that characters are moulded and principles instilled which are rather hardened and rendered firm than obliterated by the rough exposures and collisions of busy life. The beautiful and touching anecdote which the late eccentric Randolph has left on record respecting the influence of his mother's early religious instruction, in preserving him from infidelity has been made known too recently and too extensively to need a repetition here. It is doubted still whether any pious mother knows more than a mite of the extent of the influence of her early instructions and example over the subsequent life and conduct of her son. The revelations of the great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, will reveal to her a blessedness of which she now scarcely conceives. She will then know more fully how often her son has been checked amid the boisterous shoutings of midnight revelry, by the thought creeping over him silently and imperceptibly, that he has ever been the object of a mother's prayers that he might be kept in the paths of virtue. Or even if her son be a professor of religion, the lone lamp may be seen late at night burning in his chamber feeding the flame of an unholy ambition, while he is bending over the classic page, fired by literary pleasures and a desire for literary fame, and he too may be checked in his temptation by the same still influence. This is the secret of a mother's influence over her son. Let her impress the idea early on his mind that she is a woman of habitual prayer and her influence will not only be lasting, but will be well nigh omnipresent.

T.

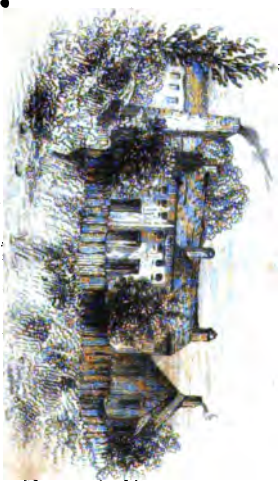


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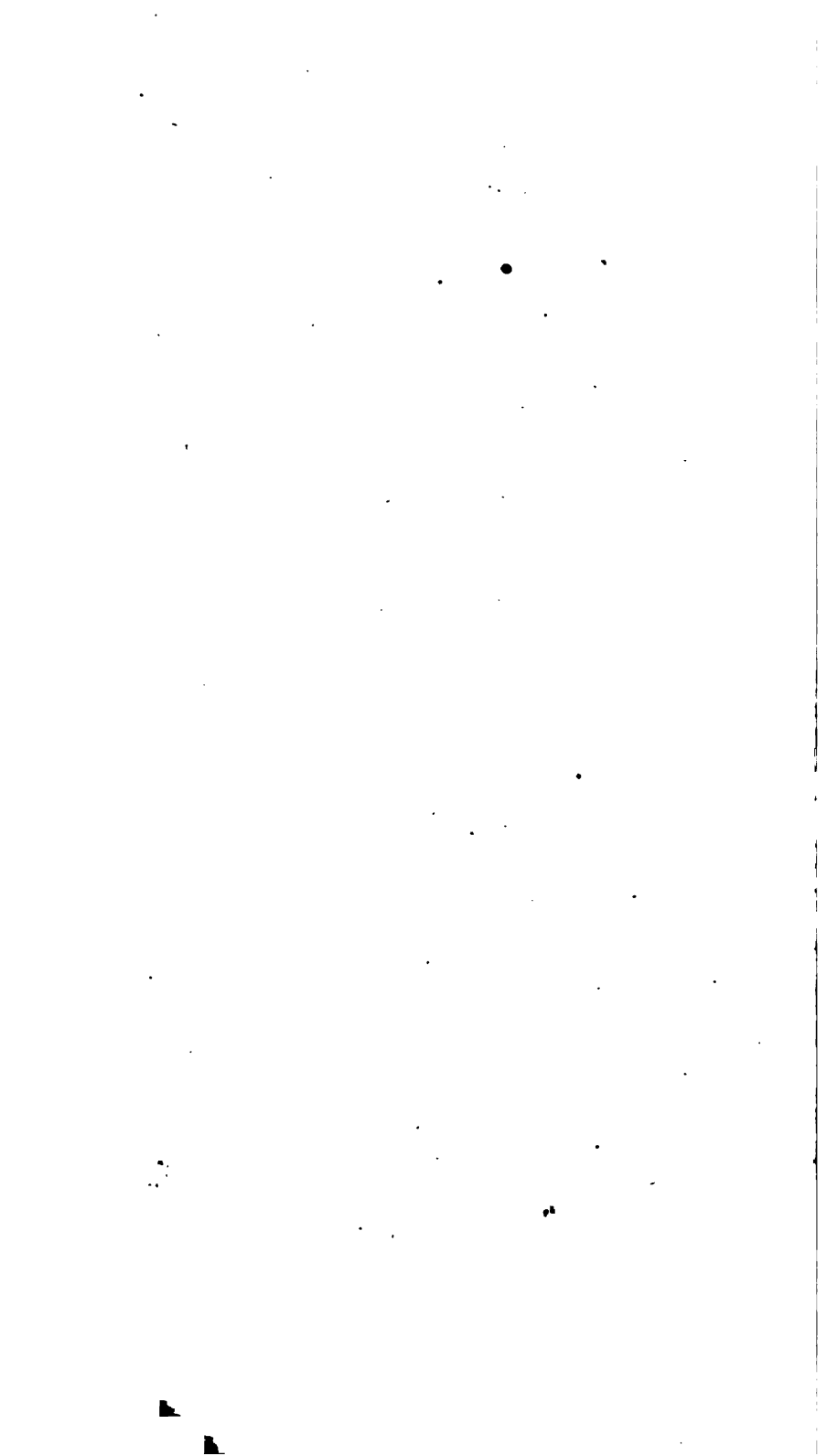


THE GREAT BUILDING
OF THE UNIVERSITY



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DECEPTION TOWARDS CHILDREN.

THE influence of example is so powerful, that we may well nigh despair of success in any reform, where example as well as precept is not enlisted on the right side. One of the earliest faults which parents are called upon to correct in their children is deceit. In correcting this propensity and instilling the love of truth, perhaps more direct effort is used, and more injunctions laid down, than in the establishment of any other principle of action. Yet we have been led to fear that parents are very unmindful of many of the causes which make their efforts frequently so unavailing. While they are laboring on the one hand to build up a fair fabric of truth and integrity in the characters of their children, they are on the other destroying it by practices directly at variance with their instructions. Parents are shocked and grieved by the discovery of falsehood and deceit in their children ; but they lose sight of many things in their own conduct which have a tendency to degrade and confound the principle of truth in the minds of their children, so as to destroy its power and efficiency. All that class of deceptions used in managing children when very young is of this nature :—such as promises of punishment or reward that are never intended to be fulfilled—extravagancies of expression which have no foundation in reason or truth. Many sensible and pious parents indulge these practices to a most pernicious extent. They are indulged from a thoughtlessness of their tendency, and an insensibility to their effects. Nothing is more common than to hear children threatened with unnatural punishment for some trifling offense :—such as being deserted by their parents, or given to some monster, whom they have been taught to dread. Children are often induced to retain their food, by the threat of having it given to the dog, or thrown into the street. Thus teaching them not only deceit, but the sin of wasting their food, or of retaining it on principles of opposition and selfishness. A father and mother journeying in a stage with a little daughter, between two and three years old, on the child's becoming a little restless and refractory, threatened to throw her from the stage door and drive on without her. In many other respects these were remarkably wise and judicious parents. So long as the child believes these threats, it is impossible for the parent not to suffer by the imputation of injustice and barbarity—and when they are no longer credited, from the frequency of their repetition, or the child's maturity, a conviction of the parent's duplicity and unkindness must succeed. When we have seen the expression of dismay on the countenances of the little culprits thus threaten-

ed—the silent shrinking within themselves while they pondered the meaning of the sentence—we have wondered that parents did not feel the pang in their own hearts, which they were thus wantonly and injuriously communicating to their children. We have known a mother enlist the agency of a little servant-girl in a system of deception :—bidding her from behind some concealment, imitate the growl of a beast of prey, and when her child clung terrified and shrieking to her bosom, she would turn comforter and protector on condition of the child's compliance with her requisitions. And that mother dared resign her child to the care of the girl thus instructed, without knowing how far the parental example was improved upon in secret ! This is not a picture of fancy—"we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen,"—with this reservation—that the half is not told. We have all seen such things. Numberless instances might be cited, involving not only the principle of deceit, but of injustice and injury to the moral characters and sensibilities of children. We need but leave individuals to recall scenes and events of this nature which have come under their own observation, to enlist their testimony and voice against this dreadful evil.

Deception in its grosser forms, may be condemned by many who indulge it under more subtle and popular aspects. Children are accustomed to see truth sacrificed to fashionable usages and the forms of etiquette. The servant is given the answer "Not at home," when it is inconvenient to see a visitor ; false excuses are pleaded for not fulfilling fashionable engagements ; yet these parents are often very strenuous for the establishment of integrity in their children ; but they should not wonder if their lessons on the principles of truth are held in slight respect, or regarded as "sounding brass" by their auditors. The only result we should expect in minds thus balancing between principles and practices so contradictory, would be the repetition of Pilate's question, "*What is truth ?*"

One of the greatest abuses of the present age is found in the relinquishment of children to the care of domestics and nursery-maids. We do not allude to those long-trying, faithful and well-principled nurses, whose assistance is one of the greatest privileges a mother can possess ; but to those unsteady assistants, picked up from among the ignorant, and not unfrequently the abandoned and the vicious—and changed every few weeks, for the single reason that they are too bad to keep. In our large cities, and in the more fashionable part of community, where the chief dependence for domestics is on those emigrants who crowd to our shores, this evil falls most heavily. Those, with whom the claims of fashion are so imperious as to make the care and education of their children a secondary consideration, abandon them almost wholly, during the most pliant and important years of their lives, to the influence of such instructors. The consequence is, they learn every variety of trick and chicanery, and come out of the nursery veterans in duplicity and artifice :—fitted to become ready pupils in the world of temptation and vice to which they are introduced. Oh ! that such mothers saw the fearful accountability which rests upon them—that they knew the happiness thus lost to them, in the luxury of that maternal enjoyment which is the reward only of faithful personal attention.

The cruelty and injury of *frightening* children might be made a separate topic of remark from its importance ; but it is so connected with the deceptions practiced upon children, that it will not be out of place here. The fears of

childhood are produced by early impressions on the mind, from tales of robbers, monsters and hobgoblins, usually communicated by servants. These fears are not the less real for their unsubstantial foundation. We should think parents need only recall their own early sufferings in this particular, to use every means of guarding their children from the like sufferings. Ridicule and severity only increase the disease, by inducing secrecy and reserve, and thus leading children to a prolonged indulgence of their fears. The only cure is to be found in maturity of mind, with the aids of reason, and the more intimate the confidence between parents and children, the greater will be the facilities for leading them to a renunciation of these fears. When parents will superintend all the conduct of their children, and know what influences are exerted upon them, they will be spared much labor and sorrow, and possess the enjoyment of seeing their children grow up in the ways of virtue and happiness. "Prevention is better than cure."

LINES SUGGESTED BY A BUST OF MADAME DE STAEL.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Madame de Staël was not only the most remarkable woman of her time, but is in one respect strikingly distinguished above all her sex. She is, perhaps, the only woman who can claim an admission to the first order of manly talent. She was one whom listening senates would have admired, as though it had been a Burke, a Chatham, a Fox, or a Mirabeau. She was one whom legislators might consult with profit. She was one whose voice and pen were feared; and, because feared, unrelentingly persecuted, by the absolute master of the mightiest empire that the world has witnessed since the days of Charlemagne."—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

THERE was no beauty on thy brow,
No brightness in thine eye,—
Thy cheek wore not the rose's glow,
Thy lip the ruby's dye:
The charms that make a woman's pride
Have never been thine own,—
Heaven had to thee those gifts denied,
In which earth's bright ones shone.

Far higher, holier gifts were thine,—
Mind, intellect, were given,
Till thou wert as a holy shrine,
Where men might worship heaven.
Yes,—woman as thou wert, thy word
Could make the strong man start,
And thy lip's magic power has stirred
Ambition's iron heart.

The charm of eloquence,—the skill
To wake each secret string,
And from the bosom's chords at will
Life's mournful music bring,—
The o'ermastering strength of mind, which sways
The haughty and the free,
Whose might earth's mightiest one obeys,
These,—these were given to thee.

Thou hadst a prophet's eye, to pierce
 The depths of man's dark soul,
 And bring back tales of passions fierce,
 O'er which its dim waves roll ;
 And all too deeply hadst thou learned
 The lore of woman's heart,—
 The thoughts in thine own breast that burned,
 Taught thee that mournful part.

Thine never was a woman's dower
 Of tenderness and love ;
 Thou couldst tame down the eagle's power,
 But couldst not chain the dove ;
 Oh, love is not for such as thee,
 The gentle and the mild :
 The beautiful thus blest may be,
 But never Fame's proud child.

When, 'mid the halls of state alone,
 In queenly 'pride of place,'
 The majesty of mind thy throne,
 Thy sceptre, mental grace,—
 Then was thy glory felt, and thou
 Didst triumph in that hour,
 When men could turn from Beauty's brow,
 In tribute to thy power.

And yet a woman's heart was thine :
 No dream of fame can fill
 The bosom which must vainly pine
 For sweet Affection's thrill ;
 And oh ! what pangs thy spirit wrung
 E'en in thine hour of pride,
 When all could list love's wooing tongue,
 Save thee, bright Glory's bride.

Corinna ! thine one hand hath traced
 Thy melancholy fate ;
 Though by earth's noblest triumphs graced,
 Bliss waits not on the great :
 Only in lowly places sleep
 Life's flowers of sweet perfume,
 And they who climb Fame's mountain-steep,
 Must mourn their own high doom.

KNICKERBOCKER.

For the Microcosm.

EVIL SPEAKERS.

It is pleasant to write and read as if the readers and writers were together in literary conference, and thus to give to the page that is otherwise apt to be cold and dull some such intenseness and vivacity as would come into conversation from the tones and looks of all the subscribers to the Microcosm, if they were to meet in one numerous and of course very respectable

assembly. However, this remark has so little to do with the substance of this article, though it does somewhat concern the manner of it, that we shall have to make a violent transition here; and this we have a perfect right to do occasionally, according to the just rules of conversation, without making any other apology than proclaiming a change of subject.

We had thought of prefixing to this article by way of motto a sentence or two from Goldsmith's account of vultures; but there was this inaptness in the quotation—that vultures are represented as confining their voracious attentions to the dead, being “among birds what the jackall and hyena are among quadrupeds;” whereas evil speakers in handling the reputations of their fellow-creatures, not only “prey upon carcasses,” but are skillful and active in killing them too; so that vultures have not versatility enough in their tastes and habits to stand in comparison with evil speakers. We therefore will go on without a motto, or wait till we fall upon one somewhere in the article; and we must be permitted to go on in our own way.

It is one safe way, and sometimes the only way, of finding some precise point, some exact medium, to strike on both sides of it, beginning at the extremes of the region in which the thing aimed at must be supposed to lie, and constantly reducing the interval until the spot is touched. Perhaps some such way will do here.

“A person is certainly an evil speaker if he never says anything of any body but evil.”

Very true; we are all agreed in this assertion. It is one of those just and harmless “general remarks” that are equally acceptable to saint and sinner; and though the subject is evil speaking, it will be here assented to alike by a hermit and a gossip. We must look further for a test by which the vice in question may be laid bare wherever it is lurking. Try another position.

“A person may sometimes say something of somebody, which does not indicate a profound respect or exalted esteem for him, and still not be guilty of evil speaking.”

Very true again; we are all agreed in this “general remark,” as in the other. Both may be repeated in the midst of a circle of gossips, and the gossips will all echo back the assertions without being at all molested in their censorious labors. A group of vultures will not pause in tearing the flesh they have laid hold of, for a few rattling shot from your fowling-piece; you can hardly startle them with a long rifle and ball, and a “point blank shot.”

Now between occasional fault-finding under peculiar circumstances,—which every body allows is not evil speaking; and unmingled fault-finding, which every body allows is evil speaking; there is a long reach of disputed ground in the practice of men, on which they cheat themselves as well as others, and take advantage of the mingled lights and shades by putting light for darkness and darkness for light. No individual can be said to be at either extreme; that is, so far as evil speaking is concerned, no one can be said to be either on the one hand wholly free from it, or on the other wholly abandoned to it; and you will find that the most notorious defamer in the community will attempt to defend himself against the imputation of this character by one of those general remarks above mentioned; he will attempt to repel your accusation and satisfy his conscience by declaring that

he may sometimes find fault and still not be a defamer, and protesting that he does not confine himself to fault-finding. But as all men,—and when the word *men* is used thus, let it be remembered that it signifies *mankind*, of which *women* compose, at least in this region, the larger part,—as all men stand between these two extremes, and as there are still such persons as defamers or evil speakers, there is some mark by which we may know them, and by which they may know themselves; there is something short of entire and exclusive devotion to evil speaking, that constitutes the character of an evil speaker; and you cannot defend yourself against the charge of being such a person, by protesting that you do not always find fault with every body, or that you sometimes speak well of somebody.

What then does constitute an evil speaker? In truth what has now been called disputed ground is doubtful only because the guilty love to have it thus, and “will not come to the light.” It is divided by a visible line; within this limit you are in the clime, and you breathe the air, of love, though imperfect love; and beyond it you are in the pestilential atmosphere, still not so deadly as it might be, of that abominable thing which God hates, ill-will. If you have any difficulty in determining whether you are or are not an evil speaker, make yourself sure that it is not because you are unwilling or afraid to have it determined, or else take it for granted that the character belongs to you. You really know and every body really knows what is involved in such a character. An evil speaker is one who is disposed to speak evil *rather* than good, of others; who is in the *habit* of doing so; whose *conversation* runs in that *direction*, *generally*. He may sometimes speak well of others and still he is an evil speaker. Let it be noticed too that he may speak of their *real* faults, tell *true* stories against them, and assign to them no bad motives for their doings but what are possibly and even probably the *real* ones; and still he is an *evil speaker*.

We would give a decent annuity, if we were able, to the public benefactor who should induce one hundred persons, out of the thousands to whom it belongs, to take this definition home to themselves.

We do not doubt that several of our readers are decidedly evil speakers; yet we venture to say that not one among them all will now confess it of himself or herself. Let us speak to one of you now—that is to each one of you—as an individual. You can point your finger at certain individuals of your acquaintance whom you can pronounce evil speakers without the least hesitation, and who are regarded as such by nearly all who know them; and it is almost absolutely certain that persons thus commonly fixed upon among their acquaintance for any such characteristic, really have it in a lamentable degree; yet doubtless every one of them will stoutly maintain the contrary. But while you can point your finger at those individuals, what if *they* should be pointing at *yourself*? Now be obliging enough to follow the direction of *their* fingers for a few moments, and take particular notice for yourself of two or three civil questions. We do not ask if you are always engaged in evil speaking; for we know you are not so abandoned as this; and no evil speaker was ever so abandoned. But does it *suit* your disposition to *blame* others, even *justly*, and to repeat statements *against* them, whether true or false, *rather* than to *praise* them, and repeat what you can in their *favor*? Are you in the *habit* of censuring, condemning, or depreciating others, rather than of commending them when you can, and

keeping silence when you can say nothing in their behalf? In almost every individual of whom you have occasion to speak, you can find good and evil of some kind; and *which* do you commonly fall upon? While you are talking about others, which enter most into your conversation—their virtues, and worthy practices, and traits of superiority, or their unfortunate foibles, and bad habits, and faults?

Whoever will answer with entire honesty such questions as these, may get good from even this imperfect attempt to open a practical view of the subject before us; but if he will not—we can only let him alone,—for what can it avail to address him on a subject respecting which he takes it for granted and will take it for granted that he is innocent?

Nothing more has been now attempted than to introduce the character of an evil speaker to the readers of this work in such a way that they may more readily notice and recognize it, and treat it too as they know it deserves to be treated, wherever it may exist, and especially if it exists in themselves. Something more may be said in another conversation, if we happen to meet all these readers again. Perhaps enough has been said to—

No—it is to be feared that enough can never be said to induce a hardened evil speaker to suspect himself or herself of being such. See now—there is a lady who has just read a newspaper article on slander, and who has heard more than one sermon too on evil speaking, yet has no thought of applying either to herself; and now she has hardly time this day to read this article, for she has been “spending the afternoon” abroad, and in the course of the afternoon she has mentioned two “reports” almost new, and revived twice as many old ones, injurious to the good name of certain persons of her acquaintance, besides expressing opinions more or less derogatory to ten other individuals, including two ministers, two theological students, and five or six brethren and sisters in the church.

“Who can this be?” The name of the person we take to be Legion; and Legion can be found in every street of every town and village. Do you ask again reader, who is meant by this description? We answer, that so far as you are concerned we mean nobody in particular unless it is yourself.

Q.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

ON LEAVING HOME FOR A BOARDING SCHOOL.

Now, daughter, ye hae just four things to learn in Edinburgh:—ye hae to learn to manage your head, your hands, your feet, and your heart. Your head will require a little redding up, baith outside and inside. It's no the bobs and curls, the ribbons and the rose-knots, the gildet kames, and the toppings o' weel-sleekit-up hair, that are to stand the test for life; and yet these are a' becoming in their places. But there is something else required. Ye maun learn to think for

yoursel, and act for yoursel, for you canna always have your mother and me to think and act for you. Ye maun learn to calculate and weigh, not only your own actions, but your motives of action, as well as the actions and apparent motives of those with whom you have to deal; and stick aye by that, my child, of which you are sure you will never be ashamed, either in this world, or the one that's to come. But I am growing o'er serious now, and I never likit sermons muckle mysel; therefore, in the management o' your feet, I wad advise you to learn a' the reel-steps and hornpipe-steps that have ever been inventit; cost what they like.

If ever ye be spared to be a wife, there will mair depend on your head than your hands; but yet you are nae the waur o' being able to cook your family a neat dinner, and make yoursel a new gown at an orra time, or a frock to a bit wee ane.

But now for the heart, daughter; that is what requires the maist care, and the maist watching ower of all, and there's nought else that I am sae unqualified to gie an advice in. Keep it aye free o' malice, rancour and deceit; and as to the forming of ony improper connections, or youthful partialities, it is sae dangerous at your time o' life, that no advice nor guardianship can countervail. I maun therefore leave it entirely to your own discretion and good sense.

I might have mentioned the management of the tongue, as another and a separate point of attention; but it is a mere machine, and acts only, in subordination to the head and the heart; if these are kept in proper order, the other winna rin far wrang. But dinna be ower the matter punctual about catching the snappy English pronunciation. It looks rather affected in a country girl to be always snapping at the English, and at the same time popping in an auld Scots phrase that she learned in the nursery, for it is impossible to get quit o' them. But mind aye this, my child,—that good sense is weel-faurd and becoming, in whatever dialect it be spoken; and ane's mother-tongue suits always the lips of either a bonny lass or an auld carl the best.
Eurick Shepherd.

For the Microcosm.

OUR OWN HAPPINESS ESSENTIAL TO THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS.

It is a trite remark, that happiness is the pursuit of man. Nothing short of its attainment can satisfy his impatient thirst. Without it he feels that his very being is lost. He often feels those inward promptings of soul, which like a hidden fire in his bones, will not suffer him to rest. He often feels, towards the objects which are presented to his mental eye, those kindlings of emotion, which, like the swelling volcano, defy all resistance until they

fasten upon something which is suited to fill his enlarged desires.

It is his capacity for high and exalted happiness which raises man above the emptiness of the scene by which he is now surrounded. It is this pre-eminently, which elevates him in the scale of being, and brings him into such near affinity to angels. It is this which allies him so closely to his Maker, and beckons him onward to those fields of unsullied bliss, and those streams of untold delight, which to the eye of faith, lie beyond his present existence.

No one can look upon man's capacity for happiness as a social, intellectual, and moral being, and upon the ample provision which is made for the most perfect exercise of all his faculties, without being compelled to feel that his Creator designed him for happiness in each of these relations. He has every reason to believe that happiness in some sense occupies, not only his attention, but the attention of all intelligent beings. The attainment of it in the way which is marked out for them by their Creator, is no doubt an object which is worthy of their most eager pursuit. The attainment and communication of it in the widest sense, including the right use of all our faculties, is no doubt the sum of all goodness or virtue.

After having fixed those leading principles which regulate its attainment and communication among men generally, we might expect that the same principles would hold true, in their specific application to any circle of individuals however limited. This we find to be the fact, so far as they extend. But when we enter the domestic circle and inquire how *its* happiness, "the bliss of heaven," is to be promoted, we find that another principle is essential to its completion. Here we find that the highest degree of happiness cannot be communicated unless we are *happy ourselves*. In all circumstances however, our own happiness is *consistent* with the highest supposable happiness of others. But it is not true that in all circumstances our happiness is absolutely *essential* to the happiness of those around us. We may sustain such relations to the community or mankind generally, that the highest good of those whose happiness we are bound to consult, may be promoted, even through our instrumentality, while our own happiness is sacrificed; except so far as we are necessarily made happy by seeing others so. For instance, an avaricious man who gives "grudgingly," may confer real good upon others, while he is far from being happy in doing it. But in the "Little World" in which we move, ("a wheel within a wheel,") we know of no exceptions to the truth which is intended to be expressed in the title which we have placed at the head of this article. To impart happiness here, we must *possess* it. I may, it is true, oblige a neighbor without being cheerful and happy in doing it. I may do it very reluctantly, while his happiness in the case may not be materially affected by the feelings with which the supposed favor is granted. Not so in the domestic circle. Here happiness must be *experienced* in communicating good to others. Every thing must be done willingly; nothing by constraint. We must be cheerful and happy *ourselves*, in performing our act of kindness, otherwise our favors will be of little worth. If a cheerful heart (the most essential requisite) is wanting, our favors, instead of being such in reality, will probably fail entirely to promote the happiness of those upon whom they are conferred. Who does not love a "cheerful giver?" Favors coming from any other source are not favors; and instead of being coveted should rather be deprecated. Here,

where the social or loveliest part of our natures is to be cherished—where the feelings which prompt our acts are more essential to the happiness of others than the acts themselves, it is not sufficient that real good is conferred. Every thing must be done *freely*. Any thing like constraint in an act of kindness, destroys every thing which deserves the name. To *bestow* kindness therefore in the true sense, is to *be* kind. In other words, *to make others happy we must be so ourselves*. This is the only thing which can render the domestic circle what it should be—a place where, through mutual kindness, the greatest possible amount of happiness may be reciprocated. Emphatically is this true in the married state. None are more sacredly or closely connected. None have a greater influence upon each others happiness. None have the power to make each other more truly miserable. Here it is that joys or sorrows are literally *doubled*. Here it is that the downcast look, the clouded brow, the tearful eye and the heavy heart send sadness—sadness too in proportion to the degree of affection which is cherished to the heart of another. Here it is also that contentment, led on by her bright train of graces, and peace, her twin sister, wake up the smile of joy and gladness in the countenance of a beloved companion, in proportion to the degree of sympathy which is felt for each others happiness. None have greater occasion to be happy. None are under higher obligations to be happy for each others sake. What was a privilege before now becomes a duty. United as they are in wedded love, to the individual of their choice, happiness felt and happiness reflected should be their mutual and constant guest. In short, to be to each other what they should be, each should be *truly* and *habitually* happy. This, and this only, can make that state what it should be—a state in which, by mutual kind offices, spontaneously performed or prompted by a true heart, our natures are to attain the highest degree of perfection to which they are destined this side of heaven.

LIGNUM VITÆ.

For the Microscop.

LINES.

"She lived a four year's life, and died—so it was ordained. Now her tiny "Album" is in the hands of her sister who is almost as beautiful as herself. She is young to own an Album, to be sure, but there must be something in it."

A SPARKLING drop in the stream is flowing,
 But soon will exhale itself away,—
 And a rose on the brink of the stream is growing,
 But the bud of the rose may be plucked to day.
 Yet still the stream forever flows
 To soothe the panting traveler well;
 And see—a bud in beauty grows
 Where once another grew and fell.

So He who hath given and taken a blessing
 Can restore to the soul what is lost and deplored;
 And thou, little reader, whom we are caressing,
 Art another like her who was too much adored.

In thee as joyous and as fair
 Her little life begins anew,
 While they who watch it breathe the prayer,
 It may not be as fleeting too!

May He spare thee, who gave thee to gladden our sight,
 Till the eyes that are gazing upon thee grow dim;
 And still, as a flower reaches after the light,
 Let all thy affections reach upward to Him.
 And thus whate'er thy earthly doom,
 Reared or transplanted by His word,
 Thou shalt forever live and bloom
 Within the garden of the Lord!

O.

July 22, 1854.

FAMILY SUPERSTITIONS.

SIR Walter Scott tells us there is a spice of superstition in every human breast. Perhaps there is—and this very fact should lead us to examine into the nature of superstition, and keep it under the control of reason. We include in family superstitions all that class of signs and symbols to which certain families are so devoted, and which are handed down from one generation to another. Children are taught in this particular to reverence the belief of their parents; and thus a superstitious regard to signs and omens becomes hereditary. Signs are often alluded to inadvertently, and without any distinct idea of their influence or tendency. They appear harmless in themselves, and might be considered innocent, did we not often see injurious effects in the supposed connection of the sign with the circumstances following.

The number of families in this enlightened age and country, whose conduct in important events is controlled by superstitious influences, is almost incredible. They will never engage in any enterprize of magnitude, or commence a journey on *Friday*, because they have been accustomed to regard it as an ill-starred day. They can give no reason for their faith, except that they have been brought up to believe this and that a lucky or unlucky omen. We have known many who regarded the last Friday in the month as a sure index to the character of the succeeding month; yet we never knew one who kept a register to test the accuracy of the prognostic. They lay down the premises, and then do not treat them with sufficient respect to examine into their infallibility:—a striking practical comment upon the worthlessness of the symbol.

We will not go so far into the secrets of husbandry as to discuss the influence of the *moon* over seed-time and harvest—but taking shelter under the declaration of scripture—"He that observeth the wind, shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds, shall not reap:" leave the results of symbolical observation to those more deeply experienced.

If a knife or scissors fall and stand upright, or a bee enters the room from the open window with its announcing hum, some families "*are certainly go-*

ing to have company!" We have known a lady whose faith in these tokens showed itself in works. She would set aside her previous arrangements, on the entrance of the above-named little herald, to make cake and biscuit for tea, if she chanced to be unprepared, in the confident expectation of sharing them with a friend. Meanwhile, the little humble instrument in the day's work, went on singing to the next flower, or calling on the next neighbor, without dreaming of its agency in all this preparation. There certainly is not much harm in this fancy. The family had a good supper by the means, and if a friend chanced to arrive, a cordial welcome was doubtless in readiness. But all superstitions are not so innocent, or so productive of happiness. Whole families have been made wretched by the accidental breaking of a mirror, or by a dog howling before the gate in the shades of evening. If a death occurred in the circle of relatives during a year after, it was traced back to a connection with these weak omens.

The little, hard-backed insect called the Death-watch, whose dreaded "tick" is made by doubling and throwing itself with a snap against the wainscot, has probably exerted a greater influence over hundreds, than the sagest philosopher could boast, who reads events with the clear eye of reason. There are many other forms of superstition, less permanent in their effects, but which produce a momentary inquietude in minds accustomed to regard them. How many had rather see the new moon over their right shoulder than their left? We believe the influence of all these fancies to be pernicious. Their tendency is to fatalism—to blindness of mind, in those who are misled by them. How little such people use their reasoning faculties! Professing to believe there is one All Wise Ruler of the Universe, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, to admit for a moment, that he delegates or transfers his power to such insignificant, contemptible agencies: and the fact of a belief in signs and omens, amounts to this.

When superstitious signs are mentioned in the presence of children, we think their influence should be counteracted by representing them as relics of the dark ages; and examining them as antique curiosities merely. There is an influence about them, which may take hold of the wisest and stoutest heart. We have known individuals professing an utter disbelief in omens, unable to shake off the impression derived from some striking coincidence of prognostic and fulfilment:—thus furnishing corroborative testimony to Sir Walter's declaration respecting the inherent superstition of the human heart.

"Letter-writing seems to be singularly the province of women. And wherefore? They have perhaps seen that nature appears most to rejoice in adorning the smaller creatures of her hands;—and they ever dip the pen in Nature: they seek her pearls therefore in the shells which a prouder foot would crush. This is one reason. Another is, that they make letters a vehicle—not for glaring facts, or sage opinions, but for those sweet sentiments, and sweeter charities, which are the language and the life of the heart."

CHILDREN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the infinite pains taken to spoil nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance, which allows of only partial success; and numbers of sweet children exist, to delight and soothe, and divert us, when we are weary or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence. The recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice, of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father; and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and nurses, assure you that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal; and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, and matter afforded for twenty long letters and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long clothes, who could not hold its head straight.

But as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness—as soon as it smiles at a familiar face, and stares at a strange one—as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crows and leaps from the excess of animal contentment—it becomes an object of undefinable and powerful interest, to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us—an object at once of tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence.

Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate? Perhaps we hold in our arms an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trajan, an Abel from a Cain? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate any thing. Better is it—when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspicious confidence, their wild, unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won—to enjoy unrestrained the pleasantness of life's morning; that morning so bright and joyous, and to teach us that nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end until we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

Little girls are my favorites. Boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness; and they lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation, there is

no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle little girl, of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, and which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. Even the best of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its very thought and fancy.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for so many external disadvantages; and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unassisted by indulgence, all nature administers to his pleasures: he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

He who feels thus, cannot contemplate, unmoved, the joys and sports of childhood: and he gazes perhaps on the care-free brow, and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion. He knows what the life is on which they are about to enter: and he is sure that whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull when compared with those in which they are now basking.—*Selected.*

From the Religious Souvenir.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

MARRIAGE is one of the sweetest, tenderest, and holiest of connexions. The wife is chosen by her husband from all the world to love and live for. He has confided to her his heart and fortune, his happiness and honor. He has made her bosom the repository of his thoughts, her comfort the moving principle of his actions. With her he shares his joys and sorrows, his hopes and his rewards. Thoughts, opinions, tastes, nay, very beings, seem to mingle and melt together, like the reflected colors of the prism, in beautiful and harmonious union. Her helplessness is a claim upon his tenderness. He loves to feel that she looks up to him as her guardian, her supporter, her husband; as the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart. It gives dignity to his nature to protect and cherish her. She is emphatically, as St. Paul declares, the glory of the man. He feels that she is his joy and conso-

tion, and almost every emotion of his spirit is dictated with reference to her.

If, then, the wife reward her husband's confidence by her sweet affection and perfect trust, making it the dear business of her life to promote his happiness by her winning and amiable deportment, her meekness and forbearance, her prudence and discretion, her tenderness and cheerfulness; showing him that in his love consists the happiness of her mortal life; and, in return, loving him second only to her God: if she seek to promote his comfort by paying every attention to her household, endeavoring to order her domestic duties promptly, systematically, and gracefully; practising all the sweet charities of life in the daily round of being; she will imperceptibly acquire almost unbounded influence even over the roughest character. Virtue will appear more captivating when embodied in a form so dear to him; her precepts will be resistless when enforced by the lips he loves; its spirit will be gradually diffused throughout his life, and "the believing wife shall sanctify the unbelieving husband." Thus she will acquire as it were a double self, double powers, and double channels to transmit her purifying principles to countless others; and her influence is more than doubled, inasmuch as her precepts and example are reflected by her husband with added dignity and strength, and he has access to thousands in his daily business, that she may never meet with, till she meets them at the bar of God.

Thus it appears that in proportion as a wife is meek, amiable, intelligent, discreet, affectionate, and pious, does she secure an ascendancy over her trusting husband, and in the same ratio does she through him influence society. By being mistress of a household she may also exert an extensive sway over the poor, the ignorant, and the unfortunate—beings which, although passed by with scorn and coldness in this world, are some of the dearest children of the Redeemer's heritage, and will hereafter sparkle among his brightest jewels.

But, great as is the influence of the maiden and wife, it seems to fade away when placed by that of the mother. It is the mother who is to make citizens for earth. It is the mother who is to make angels for heaven. Look at the little infant, who is the life of her life. He is dependent on her for protection, and comfort, and happiness. His whole sum of little joys seems to be to revel in her smiles, to luxuriate in her arms, and to feed from her bosom. Here is the foundation of an affection which life nor death can sever. Let him live till two or three years have added their impress to his cherub loveliness. In all his sports he seeks assistance and participation from his darling mother. When he has discovered any thing new or pleasing to his young mind, he runs to her to unfold his wonder, and catch the answering pleasure from her eye. Her voice of fondness and compassion can alone assuage his little griefs; the sweet guerdon of her caress will tempt him to toil and exertion; and her smile of approbation will reward him for almost any self-denial. Her opinions, manners, and habits, are adopted as his own; and many an argument, from which he thinks there is no appeal, is ended with an emphatic and triumphant, "*mother says so!*"

And now, when every emotion of the infant heart is so laid open to the mother's eye ; when every tendril of its young affections is twined thus fondly round her ; when she, like a magician, has but to wave her wand, and call up spirits at her bidding ; will any one deny that she may mould him to her pleasure : that the temporal character, if not the eternal destiny of the child is, under God, at her disposal : that she may take the incipient qualities of the infant mind, and form them into intelligent and useful beings, into children of God and heirs of heaven ; or such as, sent forth into the world, will mar its loveliness, and carry destruction, temporal and eternal, in their path.

This is a solemn thought, and she who has the care of such young immortals, should ponder upon it, and remember that it is to God she must answer for these treasures. If she would have her children fulfil all the offices and duties of life virtuously, discreetly and consistently ; if she would have them examples of holiness in this world, and recipients of blessedness in that which is to come, let her be very watchful of first impulses, and repress or encourage them as wisdom dictates. Let her give her vital energies to the culture of her offspring ; observe their tempers and propensities with the patience and perseverance which nothing but a mother's love can know ; detect each baneful quality, and carefully, discreetly, and faithfully apply the remedies which the spirit of God himself shall teach her, if she diligently seek him. So shall she reap the delightful fruits of her labors in affectionate, obedient and pious children ; the world shall reap them in enlightened, conscientious, and useful citizens ; the church militant shall reap them in faithful, zealous, and devoted ministers ; and the church triumphant shall reap them in the addition of many of those blest spirits to the kingdom of God, who

" Day and night
Circle his throne rejoicing."

Such may be the delightful results of the judicious and pious application of the female mind, and happy they who thus fulfil the sacred and dignified vocation allotted them by Providence : but there are many invested with the semblance of angels, who possess the spirit of such only as are fallen from their original purity and benevolence ; that scatter misery in their path, instead of blessings ; and it is feared the dread disclosures of eternity will unfold not only blessed effects, but fearful and *appalling* fruits of the influence of woman.

P. H. E.

THE MICROCOSM.

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No. 9.

EXPERIENCE SHOULD TEACH WISDOM.

EXPERIENCE, in itself considered, is certainly of inestimable value,—yet it would seem not always to improve its possessor. Many do better from the commencement of an experiment, than others are doing with long tried experience. Different degrees of success are doubtless to be ascribed in part to different degrees of foresight and judgment: but we see not why the very *experience* of successful experimentors, should by an inverse process make them less wise—which appears to be the case in certain particulars.

It is often remarked that none bring up a second family as well as they did the first. Our subject does not refer to cases where age and infirmities have made large encroachments upon the mental and physical vigor of an individual; but to the changes discernible in the prime of life. We have frequently observed, and as often heard the remark from others, that the younger children of a family, were by no means so well trained as the older:—were neither under as good government and discipline, nor so far advanced in attainments. Why should this be? Parents have the advantage of experience from the education of the elder children, and it is reasonable to suppose the errors of first efforts would be avoided, and the education of the younger children be more perfect and complete. Is it the *example* of the older children which misleads the younger?—but these were brought up well amid surrounding evil example; and if *really* brought up well, they will set a good instead of a bad example. The fact of this difference we believe, as a general truth, cannot be disputed. In looking for the cause we have always found another truth connected with the former—viz. that parents do not bestow the same care and attention upon the younger members of the family which were bestowed upon the elder. On the plea of additional cares, the charge of the younger children is made over to the elder—and while the latter were trained by their parents, the former are left to the management of their brothers and sisters. Parents begin by giving their whole attention to their children—bestowing great care upon their education—and the results are seen in their rapid improvement and winning deportment. While the family consists of two or three, parents experience the reward of their faithful labors: but when they number six, we often find turbulence, confusion and misrule have gained the ascendancy in this once well-ordered family. The parents, either wearied by the pressure of worldly cares, or rendered indifferent by discouragements and obstacles, have relaxed their for-

mer vigilance, and relinquished to their older children those duties and responsibilities which engaged at first their whole attention. The younger children are consequently exposed to a diversity of management, which is always of unhappy influence,—subject to the rule of caprice, petulance and impatience; while anarchy and rebellion take the place of filial obedience. When parents thus fail of their duty it is not to be expected that *children* will supply their deficiencies—and where great wisdom and maturity of judgment is demanded, the difficult work be successfully accomplished by a child of fourteen or fifteen, who cannot yet go alone and walk uprightly. It is in vain to visit the evils and inconsistencies of this course upon these young delegates—they can never be made fit substitutes for parental care and faithfulness.

We believe the cause of the difference alluded to may be found in these practices. Other parents we have known, who have continued the vigilant superintendence of their families—appearing to feel more and more deeply the importance of the trust committed to them—who have exhibited throughout a consistent family government, and from beginning to end avoided those evils which early wrecked the domestic peace of their neighbors. The elder children may become important assistants and auxiliaries, but they can only become so by the guidance and supporting influence of parental authority. When the parent's duties are put upon them, their own education is likely to suffer, by the very causes which transferred to their shoulders the unsuitable burden:—So that while entrusted with the care of others, their own improvement is suspended, or progresses very slowly. But parents who can thus throw off their responsibilities, are very likely to blind their eyes to the consequences, and admit neither failure nor its effects. And we have heard these very parents while confessing the fact, inquire with wonder into the cause of the waywardness of their younger children:—adding, “that when they had but two, their children were the best governed in the place.”

If we have not traced these difficulties to their true source, we hope the consciousness of parents, in each individual case, will direct them to it; while examination and reflection suggest the surest and wisest remedy.

For the Microcosm.

ENTERPRIZE A RESULT OF AMERICAN EDUCATION.

As every family circle forms a part of the great home of our country, the general prosperity must necessarily *re-act* on “the Little World of Home;” and perhaps parents do not always realize how much is incumbent on them in forming *national character*. Youth takes strong impressions from whatever is passing; and perhaps the earliest reflections we make, are on the diversity of occupations around us. Children are pleased with the details of operations, and one of the pleasantest little books put

into their hands, is that on the trades. The work of the farm and garden they soon understand, and fathers vigilant of opportunities will not omit to elevate their minds "from nature up to nature's God."

The inquiry, *What he shall be when he grows up?* is a boy's first anxiety; and he is not long in understanding that a college education is a preparation for professional studies. Emulation is both natural and necessary. Those who do not feel it, are likely to be envious and to fall into a discouragement, and to lose that energy on which success in business afterwards depends. But the boy who is animated with this *moral courage*, is not long in perceiving that prosperity is the recompense of service, and that *work* may be either manual or intellectual. There are few sons who are without the advantages of example in the business of industrious parents, whose labors they see provide for the comfort and happiness of *home*. If the father is a farmer, the son is very likely, in the early aid he gives him, to become acquainted with the principles as well as operations of agriculture, and probably regrets the necessity which compels him to seek his own home at a distance from the paternal roof. But fortunately no American emigrates to Europe. Far happier than her sons, he is by the constitution, a citizen of every state in the union. Here there are no hereditary principalities, no great entailed estates. Here land may be purchased. Nor is he to win a lodgment for himself on the bleak shelf of an Alpine mountain. But free to earn and purchase more broad acres than he can cultivate, he in a few years finds himself an independent farmer in some community where civilization, and its best fruits faith and practical piety, will have raised in the recent wilderness the temples of devotion. Professional men are wanted every where; and the merchant follows the sound of the axe.

This has been the process of improvement ever since the discovery of America. The spirit of enterprize was blended with the zeal of the pilgrim fathers; and nearly the earliest encroachments on the wilderness in defiance of the Indians, were along the shores of our own far flowing Connecticut: and since the same dauntless spirit achieved the liberties of our country, the like spirit led the settlers of the West across the Blue Ridge. But how far more daring and difficult was that movement, than the safe and economical transportation which the progress of improvement has now prepared! Were some able pen, dipt only in the hues of truth, to trace the real adventures of the pioneers of western civilization, when the Ohio was first navigated by arks, which could no more re-ascend the current than its owner the tide of time, and ere the sudden warhoop had ceased to echo from bluff to bluff along its far winding course, we should do honor to the heroic courage of many a wife and mother, whose devotion to duty and the little world of home, was above all fear and equal to every emergency.

Since thus it has been the education of circumstances, that has made the American people peculiarly enterprizing, why should it be apprehended to have its source in too much ambition to be rich or great? Much is to be accounted for in a long period of peace succeeding one of war. The constitution itself encourages the arts and sciences, and commerce is the handmaid of civilization. This encouragement of inventive genius, has among other results, spread the culture of the beautiful and useful cotton plant through half the States, and *mitigated the condition of half their population*. This alone has opened vast fields of enterprize to the north, and

we may ask what is so likely to form in the south and west a *sound national character*, (as we deem that of New England to be,) than that a part of our young men should settle in those new States. Is it reasonable to fear that they will forget the principles in which they have been educated, on losing sight of the paternal home? There may be danger in every kind of prosperity! True: let parents then guard early against it. Let a deeper culture of the *conscience*, associate the mother's influence with that of religion: Is there any fear that our moral and religious improvement will not keep pace with our intellectual? We see that our colleges and schools have become as much improved in theological and moral as in physical science. There never has been a period when the benevolent early bestowed so much time on the instruction of children. Our Sunday Schools are the glory of this day, and seem to have been instituted by Providence to counteract the supposed danger, and to fix in thousands of youthful hearts those principles which must ever influence their lives. Those who sustain personally this benevolence, cannot conceive a limit to the good they are doing.

Is there any fear that mothers will take less pains to instruct their children in the scriptures? Are not these instructed children rising into life? and is not female education so much more than ever comprehensive, that mothers *must exert an influence more and more over the mind*, and thus better reach the *heart*. To them it is committed to mould this little temple, the abode of good or evil. They must endeavor that its most secret recesses, penetrated alone by the eye of God, shall be viewed with approbation, and the plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter *thou* into the joy of thy Lord," be given to the mother on account of the virtues of the son. And what son would not make the sacrifice of self-denial, and were it necessary lay down his life, to gain for his mother that recompense of reward?

But the enterprize of the American people is not to be limited to the acquisition of wealth. Higher and nobler objects rise in the horizon, as the whole people advance in their career of prosperity and improvement. The patriot comprehends his whole country, as the christian embraces the whole world. Why should it not be the aim of every enlightened and religious man in it, to improve the nation in its moral as well as intellectual character? Is it alone into the minds of children that the light of truth is to be poured? Before the union of the States, their sovereignty was undeniable: but a mutual surrender placing it in the constitution, left and regulated the subject of slavery. The right to hold the African in bondage was guarantied; but there could be no guaranty against the influence of religion, because *mind cannot be enchained*. The mind of St. Paul was not less free because his limbs were in fetters. Without violating the principle of the constitution, the religious may like St. Paul, in sending back Onesimus, persuade *Christian masters* to hold their servants in the spirit of Christianity, and view them as human beings under the gospel dispensation, worthy of being at least instructed in the hopes of salvation and recompense beyond this life. Africans properly instructed would make as good *tenantry* as Europeans; and whoever has visited the southern States, knows how much this would ameliorate the condition of wives and mothers there. The time will come when Virginia and Caro-

It will like Pennsylvania be cultivated by none but the free, and be far more wealthy and happy than at present.

We can admire the bold enterprize of a Stockton, in wresting from heathen superstition Cape Mesurado, from the frequency of its thunder storms the supposed abode of the Great Spirit,—European governments having for 400 years in vain sought to acquire it by purchase. Thus laying the foundation of Liberia; but, reason forbids the expectation that so distant a settlement can materially lessen the numbers of the African race within the United States. The prophetic eye of a *well wisher* to this branch of moral enterprize discovers a nearer shore, a congenial clime, a more practicable settlement, in the adjoining province of Mexico, open to American emigration, where already great purchases have been made by our enterprising capitalists. Millions of men, of African descent, who are now free or who may become so, and desire to possess landed estates and become agriculturalists in a climate adapted to their physical constitution, might on this side the Atlantic there enjoy the institutions of civil and religious liberty. This settlement might be made at moderate expense. They require considerable capital for the purchase, and for the first year; and on the second or third, the settlers might pay for their land with its produce. This plan of providing them a home is not of so difficult management as the Colony of Liberia.

Several good effects would be produced, worthy of national patronage. The southern States would become more and more occupied by the northern and European emigrant. The African would be transferred thence in freedom to a more congenial climate and country, to which he can go by water or *by land*, in a few days. He would be under the protection of strong, free governments. He would early make himself rich, as he is within reach of commerce. Our statesmen would see a strong southern frontier where now it is a weak one. The philanthropist would see humanity and policy going hand in hand. The religious man would see the rights of the human soul to a knowledge of eternal truth, likely to be largely realized by these millions; and the western continent doing late but ample justice for the wrong done ages ago to the eastern world—but above all, the gospel, the glad tidings of great joy to all people, spreading happiness to the hearts of the bond as well as free, and preparing them for rational liberty as fast as their own industry or the liberality of masters should enlighten and free them.

“There is no one quality that more thoroughly runs through the warp of our fallen nature, than the disposition to be restless. There is a *something more*, or a *something different*, which we are ever prone to covet; and unless our minds are well disciplined, we shall poison the cup of life by our absurd attempts at sweetening it, or lose the good within our reach while grasping at that which is beyond it.”

For the Microcosm.

THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.

ASLEEP the wearied mother lay ;
 Her infant boy slept at her side ;
 And thought—its cares all swept away,—
 Roam'd through a world of fancy wide.

A form of light, all love and grace,
 Stood o'er her with regarding eye :
 Ne'er had she seen so fair a face,
 Such mild and heavenly majesty.

Thus spake the form :—" Daughter of earth,
 Thou hast received a gift divine ;
 Thrice happy in an infant's birth,
 Whose soul with richest gifts shall shine.

Now choose, (for perfect none can be,
 Whose spirit bears a mortal dress,)
 Thou hast thy choice, by heaven's decree ;
 May heaven thy wavering counsels bless.

With intellect, as pure and bright
 As shines the sun on mountain snow,
 Conceptions like a fount of light,
 And thoughts that pierce where'er they go,

He shall, with ease, through every field
 Of knowledge while a stripling rove ;
 And wiser men with awe shall yield
 To one so gifted from above.

And when the hill of years he gains,
 Where life's wide prospect spreads before him,
 Then will I bless his youthful pains,
 And spread my choicest influence o'er him.

In senates heard with deep delight
 The sagest counsellor in the land,
 Or at the bar, with words of might,
 O'erthrowing all who dare withstand.

Prais'd and beloved, from place to place,
 Swiftly and safely he shall rise,
 Until the nation's voice shall grace
 His brow with honor's highest prize.

Thus honor'd all his length of days,
 All fortune's frowns and clouds unknown,
 In ripest age he sinks apace,
 And leaves a radiance where he shone.

A nation's idol when alive ;—
 A nation's voice his death shall weep ;
 Its poets in his praise shall strive,
 And sculptured stone his form shall keep.

Yet mark : tho' patriot,—man of worth,
Each high-prized name to him belongs,
He wants the stamp of heavenly birth,
He cannot join in angel's songs.

Now turn thee to the other side ;
Hear what remaining destiny
Awaits thy boy, and let thy pride
Or wisdom choose,—for choice is free.

In youth unknown to those who praise,
And scarce discern'd by those who love,
Obscurely treading virtue's ways,
And living for the world above,

Pitied by some, by more despised,
Hated by *these*, by *those* forgot,
Alone by humble spirits prized,
The world's applause he values not.

He seeks some private, lowly sphere,
Where such as he can act their part ;
Where virtue makes companions dear,
And heart has close approach to heart.

There, not unknown to those that mourn,
Nor distant from the sick man's bed,
He heals the mind by sorrows torn,
And lifts the drooping orphan's head.

And, though to earthly fame unknown,
This record is inscrib'd on high :
That none with brighter virtue shone,
Or found it greater gain to die.

Now choose : the smiling spirit cried,
I wait to hear to God thy choice ;
Nor say, that aught has been denied,
Or given, without a mother's voice."

She thought—and earth appear'd so fair,
The praise of man so blest a lot,
That she a moment rested there,
And all beyond the grave forgot.

But when to heaven she rais'd her mind,
And heard the judge award the prize,
She cast all earthly hopes behind,
And cried,—“O train him for the skies.”

“Blest choice !” the spirit cries, “’tis thine
Now to fulfil what God has given ;
That he with heavenly grace may shine,
Thyself must train him up for heaven.”

FASHION.

"THE power of fashion," says Mr. Cogan in his *Treatise on the Passions*, "is an ideal influenza, that spreads with the utmost rapidity, infecting a whole community where it commenced ; sometimes extending to distant nations, and acquiring such a strength in its progress, that nothing can resist its force. It does not possess the degree of merit attendant upon the excessive love of novelty, which always imagines the object to possess some degree of worth ; a circumstance, this, by no means essential to the influence of fashion, whose authority is, in general, derived from things known to be idle and insignificant. Fashion gives absolute sway to modes, forms, colors, &c., wantonly introduced by the whim of an individual, with whom the majority have not the most distant connection ; concerning whom they are totally ignorant, unless circumstances and situations of notoriety should render their characters either *equivocal* or *unequivocal*. It is capable of instantaneously altering our opinion of the nature and qualities of things, without demanding any painful exertions of the understanding, or requiring the slow process of investigation. With the quickness of a magic wand, it in a moment subverts all those ideas of beauty, elegance, and propriety, we had before cherished. It makes us reject, as odious, what we had lately contemplated as most desirable ; and raptures are inspired by qualities we had just considered as pernicious and deformed. Unwilling to renounce our title to rationality, unable to resist the power of fashion, we make every attempt to reconcile reason with absurdity : thus, in numberless instances, we attempt to vindicate to ourselves and others the novel affection. We are assiduous to find out some peculiar excellence or advantage in whatever becomes the idol of the day, and to discover some insufferable defect in the divinity we have discarded. That which was once deemed grand and majestic in size or form, will now strike the eye as insupportably clumsy ; and the regularity we once admired, now renders an object stiff, precise, and formal. Colors, which were yesterday so delicately elegant, will appear to-day faint, faded, and lifeless ; and those which were lately much too strong and glaring for our weak optics, became, in an instant, bright, glowing, and majestic. Fashion will render that particular garb, which we once thought so warm and comfortable, hot and insupportable as the sultry *dog days* ; and it makes the slightest covering, contrary to its pristine nature, remarkably pleasant in the depth of winter. The flowing hair, or adjusted ringlets, shall at one period be considered as becoming and elegant ; at another, be rejected and reprobated as demanding a culpable waste of our most precious time ;" These are admirable observations : let the votaries of fashion read them, and reflect on the abject slavery in which they are held.

Too much attention to fashionable dress certainly displays an imbecility of mind. Alphonsus, king of Arragon, used to wear no better apparel than the ordinary sort of his subjects did ; and being advised by one to put on kingly apparel, he answered, " I had rather excel my subjects in my behavior and authority, than in a diadem and purple garments."

"It may be a sufficient censure of some fashions," observes Mr. Newton, "to say they are ridiculous. Their chief effect is to disfigure the female form. And perhaps the inventors of them had no worse design than to make a trial, how far they could lead the passive, unthinking ~~many~~ in the path of absurdity. Some fashions, which seem to have been at first designed to hide a personal deformity, have obtained a general prevalence with those who had no such deformity to hide. We are informed that Alexander had a wry neck, and therefore his courtiers carried their heads on one side, that they might appear to be in the king's fashion. We smile at this servility in people who lived in Macedonia twenty centuries before we were born; yet it is little less general among ourselves at the present day."

When the duke of Sully was called upon by Lewis XIII. to give his advice in some great emergency, he observed the favorites and courtiers whispering to one another, and smiling at his unfashionable appearance. "Whenever your majesty's father," said the old warrior and statesman, "did me the honor to consult me, he ordered the buffoons of the court to retire into the anti-chamber."—*Selected.*

For the Microcosm.

BIBLE STORIES.

THE love of the marvelous, is one of the strongest loves in the heart of a child. One who would see that curious element of our humanity in its beauty, must look there for it. Witness "Blue Beard," "Cinderella," and other conspicuous antiques in the archives of the nursery, that have passed by the lisping vote of successive generations, into a sort of Iliad-like repute in their literature. The wildest, the most sportive child, will wait by your side, mute and half breathless, for the unfolding catastrophe of some tale of wonder; and you have but slight skill in the recital, if it does not arouse and excite, till the dullest eye in your group flashes with animation.

Is this innate longing for what is strange and new, to be crushed in embryo?—and that most natural and childlike petition, "Tell me a story;" shall we frown upon it, as the germ which will one day become the eager inquiry for the last new novel? But he who contrived the secret springs of human intellect, surely knew that this was among them, and it is not for us in the pride of our ignorance to destroy the slightest portion of that mysterious mechanism. We might as kindly extinguish the beautiful organs of sight in a child we love, lest they should one day become the ministers of evil, as thus to seal its avenue of mental vision—as thus to destroy that principle, by which it would fain look out from the narrow circle of trifling events and objects that bounds its every day routine, lest perverted and uncultured, and starved of the truth which is its natural aliment, if it be not wholly lulled, it should at last seek the morbid excitement of fiction. For the

eye, with its beautiful fitness for the light, does not more clearly point to its Divine Designer, than does this principle of humanity ; in that in every path of being, on the page of science, in the records of human destiny, amid the beautiful things of nature, aye, and on the leaves of his own holy book, God hath strown the mysteries and marvels it thirsts for. He never made us the dull, unintellectual beings we are ; the mind, fresh from his hand, is an eager, restless thing, on the wing for knowledge ; through the stupifying influences of early culture, it rises tamed and contented, with half its fine springs rusted hopelessly.

We would not then repress this principle in the discipline of an infant mind. We would arouse and excite it to action, and seize on it in all its power, as a grand engine, for pouring in the redeeming influences of truth, ere the gathering illusions of earth shall have overshadowed it, and the temptation and sin of coming years, shall have hardened, and sealed it up, to all that is not selfish and earthly. But the instrument is powerful—it should be wielded carefully, and with the wisdom that cometh from above. The stern reproof, the gentle entreaty, will perchance scarce outlive one night's dreams, but the fireside tale you breathe into the ear of a little child, may leave a trace that the sleep of the grave cannot obliterate. It may tell on the future destiny of the man when that whole scene shall have faded from his memory,—when that low murmur of your voice, the light of that glowing hearth, aye, and the loved faces it shines upon, are all forgotten, or remembered only, faintly and fleetingly with the dreamy recollections of childhood. As you go on with your tale, beware of the power you are wielding. The boy at your side, whose darkening eye and flushing features reveal the intellectual and moral energies that tale is awakening, may indeed resume his frolic when it is ended, as gaily as ever, and while he sports his top, or guides his mimic team, there may be no visible token to you, of the deep and silent mouldings of the spirit. Yet other eyes may read the moral of your story, when many years of their long sleep have settled on yours, they may trace it in the intellectual lineaments of the coward, or the hero, the poet or the philosopher ; in the moral lineaments of the cold-hearted unbeliever, or the high-hearted saint, the murderer or the martyr ;—you yourself may hear it, in the songs of the redeemed.

In exerting this influence, need we borrow from the resources of fiction ? Oh let no word of ours be given in defense of those crowds of young novels that are now gliding with impunity around the firesides of New England, in the sanctimonious garb of the Sabbath School, working in the hearts of the sons and daughters of the pilgrims, an influence whose evil it is hard to estimate. The mind that is just waking from the thoughtlessness of infancy, pressing forward to survey the mysteries of its being, surrounded by an infinity of truth, all unknown, separated by a few brief suns, from the presence of an eternity where all is truth, for such a mind must we contrive an unreal world of things ; as though in the loveliest creation of human thought, there could be any thing more worthy its wealth of power and feeling, than that vast system of which God is the author. Fictions, historical, moral and religious, Heaven grant they never rise in judgment against us, from thousands of immortal spirits whose threshold of being they darkened, whose earliest aspirations after knowledge they cloyed forever. When all that is winning and ennobling

in the vast reservoirs of truth is exhausted, will there not be time enough for its idle mimicry?

But this is a field as yet scarce touched. With but few exceptions, those who write for children now, are all busying themselves with the mould and coloring of their artful imitations, while the living roses droop in myriad paths, wasting and waiting, for some hand to pluck them. Surely, from the rich variety within these sacred limits, one might select a class of facts, that in the beauty of a clear and vivid delineation, should succeed, even by the sufferance of that marvel loving age, not merely to the place of the *Cinderilla's* and *Goody Two Shoes* of antiquity, but to the *Lucy's*, the *Sophia's*, and all the modern host of miniature romances.

A single step leads to a mine of rich material. He who reads the bible for an hour, with the feelings of a little child, will be astonished to perceive how much of that sacred volume is a "*Child's Own Book*." You can invent nothing to suit an infant mind, nothing of the marvelous, the beautiful or the touching, that has not its pattern in this most splendid model. There is no child that is learned at all, even though it be but in the simple language of his earliest perceptions, you cannot draw for, from this rich repository. Would you feed his bold, unchastened fancy? Tell him of the gold, the jewels, the ivory and the purple—let all the sparkling magnificence of God's ancient tabernacle float before him. Does he ask for some exciting tale of bears and lions? Can your memory or imagination furnish one, like that of him who lay of old, all night, quiet and unharmed, in the midst of that hungry and panting group, whose fierce mouths God had shut; or of those that came on the flock of the young shepherd, who, in the same high trust, slew both the lion and the bear; or if you would stamp on his mind an image he shall carry freshly to his grave, tell him of the little mockers of Bethel.

But why do not children read the bible with that avidity with which they seize on less sacred volumes? There are many prejudices in the mind of a child on this subject. Perhaps some slight circumstance has left with its idea a train of gloomy thought. He has seen it, from his earliest memory, banishing smiles from the fireside, ere he could distinguish between the gloom of sadness and the thoughtful calm of devotion; it is a large book too, a book for grown people, and as he turns its sacred leaves, perhaps from compulsion, he finds hard names, long histories whose broken links he cannot gather—he has no clue, like the maturer mind, to guide him through its labyrinths. There are many allusions too, historical and local, which, while they enrich the page with invaluable beauty, for those who feel their meaning, are only so many clogs in the way of every little learner.

Effort is required to remove these prejudices. Careful selection; we must crop the bright flowers in those solemn shades, and bring them out, and hold them up, ere we can lure the little wanderers in thither. We must give them a cup of the living water, ere they will come themselves, and draw patiently from these ancient wells. Poor little things! what painful ideas, what weariness and darkness mingle with their reverence for holy things, while reading the bible "in course," plodding on through genealogies and apostolic discussions, and the visions of prophecy, from Genesis to Revelation.

We are glad to see that this rich department is beginning to be explored, and that too, by writers of no mean note in the realms of juvenile literature.

Several little books have lately appeared, exactly fitted to meet this prejudice. They contain stories from the bible exquisitely adapted to the tastes of children, divested of all that they cannot understand, and enriched with those illustrations which the educated mind supplies from its own associations. Such are the "Life of David," the "Life of Paul," "Female Scripture Biography," &c. We commend them heartily to the notice of our readers. We believe they will be worth more in the little world we write for, than myriads of human invention—more perhaps than we can estimate till we reckon with the heavenly figures.

We believe that the events selected by the Creating Mind to move the human, are better for their purpose than any of human imagining; we believe that when the bible was written, little children, marvel-loving children, were had in remembrance by their Almighty Father. I.

ENCOURAGEMENT WITHOUT COMMITTAL.

"STOP, Ellen,—don't run away—I've been watching for an opportunity to talk with you this whole week."

"I mistrusted as much."

"It was a guilty conscience then, made you avoid me, was it?"

"No,—but you are always preaching,—I know you have a lecture in store for me—and it is rather quizzical for you to pretend to be as sage as if you were my grandmother."

"Well, we will not stop now to discuss the absurdity of my turning preacher, as you call it: so long as I can plead an interest for you and others as the occasion, I can bear the reproach, if there is any. Since you were so ready in discovering my premeditated '*lecture*,' perhaps you have guessed out the subject of it, too."

"To be sure I have. I have heard so much on all sides during the last few weeks, that I am tolerably well able to decide upon what is coming."

"Well, then, to come to the point at once,—almost every body thinks you to blame in this affair. You know Mr. G. is a universal favorite, and perhaps that makes the public more disposed to take his part."

"I wish people would leave off meddling with what does not concern them."

"It would be a very desirable improvement, I own,—but as long as people *will* talk and *will* censure, it is best to do right and leave them as little wrong to talk about as possible. Besides, you know there is a *moral* balance to be adjusted, which it is of more importance to meet equally poised, than to be measured by the standard of public opinion. The latter is vacillating, and easily swayed by contrary influences—but there is a stern right and wrong which is unchanging and uncompromising."

"I should think by this preamble, you supposed me guilty of some great wrong."

"I do not say that. I am unacquainted with the particulars of the present

case, and am therefore incapable of judging. There may be circumstances which entirely justify you in the course you have taken. But this I say—every woman should know her own mind so far as not to involve another in a deeper disappointment by encouragement which she never intends to sanction.”

“Would you have us, on the first word a gentleman addresses to us, behave as if we supposed him serious in his attentions?”

“Certainly not. We are speaking of cases where the gentleman is in earnest, and the lady knows him to be so. Women are not so short-sighted as they sometimes pretend. They are all vain enough to be tolerably ready in drawing inferences of this kind. Great judgment and discrimination are called for, I admit. It is on account of the variety of character we meet with in the world, that so much caution is necessary, and so many fortresses and barriers erected. When a man is using coquetish weapons, I think a woman is justified in meeting him on his own grounds, and engaging in the same sort of skirmishing. But genuine worth and deep affection are invariably distrustful and retiring. Every woman should have the good sense and discernment to make the distinction;—and the justice and good feeling not to treat a man of delicacy and principle as she would a conceited coxcomb, who is boasting that every lady of his acquaintance is in love with him—any one of whom he could have for the asking, which trouble he would not for worlds impose upon himself!”

“I hope you do not think so illy of me as to believe for a moment, I could act the part of a coquet. I hold the character in utter contempt and aversion.”

“If I did, I should despair of doing you any good, and therefore should not have taken the trouble to engage you in this conversation.

“Vanity, and pride of influence, and love of admiration, may lead many to this sort of non-committal encouragement, whose feelings revolt at the idea of coquetry—perhaps in some cases because the attentions and acquaintance of the gentleman are really agreeable and valuable:—but there is great selfishness and cruelty in holding out a false encouragement on these grounds. I know that there are many cases which involve questions of great difficulty—and *nothing short of positive contract* should be relied upon. The ground is so checkered with *moon-shine* that there is great liability to mistakes and deception—but a kind and feeling heart, who will regard another’s good as well as its own, can always discern the right course to pursue. Affection is too sacred a thing to be trifled with—and disappointment in the affections, falls of course with most severity on the most sensitive: so that there is not only an injury done, but the deepest injury where it can least be borne. I have no doubt many young men have received an injury from some early disappointment, that has changed the whole tenor of their lives and characters:—making them suspicious, distrustful, and misanthropic—if not driving them to a life of seclusion and celibacy, in that most unamiable of all characters, a woman-hater. I own I am interested in this question partly for the cause of womanhood. I do not like to see individual sins visited upon whole communities—and have all suffer for the heedlessness and coquetry of a few.

“Every body loves power—and as women are allowed precious little, it is scarcely to be wondered at that some use it despotically during their

short reign. It is sometimes so exercised where the power is soon to change hands—forgetting that

"Gently shall those be ruled who gently swayed."

"I am convinced that women were not made to possess positive and absolute power, because it intoxicates them. But the power of influence is theirs, lawfully—and here they have power enough, if they only knew it and knew how to use it:—the moon has power to heave the mighty ocean."

"According to your views, we can neither speak, or smile, or look sober, for fear of hurting some one's feelings or doing mischief."

"You know better!—I am a great advocate for free and unreserved social intercourse. There is nearly as much error in the extreme reserve and foolish prudery of some, as in the coquetry of others; though it is erring on the safe side. I have seen a group of bright, happy girls, who were all vivacity and cheerfulness, look as demure on the entrance of a gentleman, and answer as precisely as if they had never gone beyond '*the rule of three direct*' in their lives. The very atmosphere of the room fell below zero in half a minute. I would not have the natural desire to please, which is in itself so winning, suppressed. If a gentleman interprets a native ingenuousness and ready sympathy into personal encouragement, it is *his* mistake, and he must learn wisdom by experience. I wish there was a vast deal more of the effort to please exercised,—the world would be a happier one—and if it was a better world, there would be more—just as if all who are not lovers are not brothers and sisters."

"Well, I have listened to you very patiently, and you have talked as if you had all the argument on your side."

"And you as if you were a little *self-condemned*—and have not even attempted a defense. Perhaps some friend could do it for you better—for instance, Mr. G. He would, I have no doubt, excuse and extenuate more readily than you will yourself. But since you are in such a mood of thoughtfulness and sobriety, I will leave you to your meditations. GOOD NIGHT."

For the Microcosm.

"THE SHADED JOYS OF EARTH."

"The shaded joys of Earth."—Prof. Fitch.

THIS lovely earth in beauty clad,
In verdure gay, in sunshine glad,
Her vernal robe bedecked with flowers,
And melody in all her bowers,
Her peaceful vales, and vine-clad hills,
Her mountains hoar, and sparkling rills,
Bright leaping waters gushing o'er,
And swelling ocean's tuneful roar;
Her starry lamps and sapphire sky,
And silver moon with radiant eye;—
Oh say *what shadow* dims her light?—
What hue of sorrow's raven night

Throws its dark mantle o'er her joys ?
What hushes her exulting voice,
And sings instead, a sadder strain
Than Israel's 'neath the conqueror's chain ?—

Oh it is sin, hath blighted all
That e'er was lovely since the fall,
That brings the "shade" o'er earth-born joys,
And their fair coloring destroys ;
That robs her beauty of its light,
Her tones of melody, her strength of might,
That shrouds in moral night the human soul
And brings the conqueror, death, to bind the whole.
—Yet joy to man ! joy amid grief is born,
Strength out of weakness, from the night the morn ;
Christ hath redeemed, what man to ruin gave,
Hath bound the conqueror, hath entombed the grave,
Hath purchased shadeless joys, in worlds of light,
A day immortal that may know no night,
Beauty undying in a fadeless clime,
And seraph-melody in ceaseless chime.

C.

New Haven May, 1833.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD MOTHER.

As we went on our way, Simon's half-uttered words stopped on his tongue as he paused and fixed his keen inquiring eyes on an old, worn-down, gray haired man, carrying a basket of water-cresses, which he was advertising for sale in a foolish rhyme, lilted forth with a feeble cracked voice. I expected to see Simon, as usual, administer to the wants of this very poor looking beggar ; but there he stood without any movement of the sort, and still observing the man with a most peculiar expression. At last, this merchant of water-cresses turning round, his eyes met Simon's, his countenance fell, the sounds died away in his throat, and he stood seemingly unable to move. "So Duncan," said Simon, "and has it already come to this ? I knew it would be so some time or other ; but, truly, I did not think it would be in my day." "Ah, Mr. Frazer," said he in a deploring tone, and pulling off his hat, "ah, sir, I've been very unfortunate ! ah, Mr. Frazer, tak' pity on a puir auld man !" and trying to look pitiable and interesting, his wicked countenance took on such an expression of hypocrisy and cunning, that I instinctively turned away my eyes. "My pity extends to a sinful degree," said Simon, for it withholds me from exposing you as I ought. So I will get out of the way of temptation as soon as I can ;" and as he turned off, he chucked a trifle into the wretch's basket.

"Oh, the sinner," cried Simon, "he will die as he lived—a disgrace to his species ! Bless God for your mother, boy—your excellent, virtuous mother," said the good man. "Bless God for her every day and hour of your life." "And for Simon," said I. "For your mother !" he repeated with emphasis. "What was all I could do ? What is all any one can do by occasional help and advice, which

is all that those who are not inmates ever can bestow—to compare with the perpetually operating influence of a mother's efforts and example, whether it be for good or for evil? Even a father, ay, I repeat it, even a father can but aid the wife's and mother's efforts. And all the exertions of the best and cleverest man on earth to produce comfort in his house, or bring up his children well, are without the concurrence of his wife, utterly ineffectual. He may lay in stores, he may purchase clothes for himself and his family, he may send them to school; still, if his wife is a fool, or a sloven, or idle, or careless, his money and his means fade away like the morning cloud and the early dew. On the contrary, even when a father is careless or expensive, or, that bitterest of evils, drunken; if he has a clever and conscientious wife, see, in spite of him, how his house is kept and his children thrive! It is wonderful! perhaps more wonderful than if she were a widow; for then, though her means are too often cut short, what she procures by her industry is not wasted, her time is not lost, her patience and temper are not tried, or her children poisoned by the example of a drunkard. It is rarely a widow's children turn out ill. On the contrary, I could point out to you many of the most respectable thriving men at home and abroad, who like yourself, are the sons of widows left nearly destitute. But look to the sons of widowers, alas, alas! that is often a dismal sight, unless where a sister, an aunt, or a grandmother helps to supply the blank. In short, my son, the fact is just this; all the real solid virtue and comfort and joy and respectability of domestic life, among rich and poor, is derived from women. Every thing else is but appearance, varnish-glaze. And he who despises women must either have looked upon life with the eyes of ignorance and folly, or through the medium of vice. Those whose habits and feelings have been formed among the profligate, don't know worth and virtue when they are before their eyes. All that is not glaring vice, they conclude to be hypocrisy and cunning. This is one of the blights left by vice upon the minds of men. Many a wicked, worthless wretch there is among women. Many a cruel, unprincipled tigress—many a useless, wasteful, exasperating fool; and to this pitiable fact, many an honest man's house and bairns bear dismal witness. I am not the advocate of their folly or vice, but I would like to impress every man whom I value and wish well, with the conviction of the *infinite importance* of woman in every circumstance of human life, from the cradle to the grave! On the woman he marries depends a man's own happiness, often his character, still more often his respectability through life and the place he holds in society. From her his sons will derive their capacities and characters, whether from inheritance or from the slow but sure influence of the earliest example and education, I don't pretend to tell, but one thing is certain, no silly mother ever had a clever son. If sons are so much influenced by mothers, what must their influence upon the principles, dispositions, and characters of daughters be? In short, he who wishes for comfort at home, and for the blessing of well ordered, obedient and respectable children, either while they are infants, or after they grow up, had better think in time, and weigh well the disposition and principles of her he means to make his wife.”—*Selected*.

THE MICROCOSM.

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PUNISHMENT IN ANGER.

"Yet show I unto you a more excellent way."—St. Paul.

WHEN a system falls under censure or a particular measure is disapproved, refuge is often taken in the retort—"show us a better way"—as constituting a complete triumph. We acknowledge that the demand is often very hard to meet;—but this difficulty forms no argument in favor of the errors of an unsound course; nor is it always a stumbling-block in the way of improvement. There is such a thing as improvement to be attained in our plans and practices—and we may often adopt the successful experiments of our predecessors with decided and permanent benefit.

Of the common errors in family discipline, we have ever considered punishment inflicted under the excitement of anger, one of the most glaring in its nature, and the most injurious in its effects. Punishment thus administered becomes the indulgence of passion, and can scarcely fail of being unjust. The subject of such impulsive discipline, unhumbled if not aggrieved, considers, in his heart, the parent as the greater offender, and though he dares not utter it, feels that concessions are justly due to himself from that parent. Hasty retribution carries with it the marks of haste;—and is often followed by the long regret so frequently attendant upon hasty actions. Mature reflection leaves less room for repentance than impetuosity,—and if personal tranquillity and peace of mind were alone concerned, would be the wiser leader.

We have known a system of family discipline, so far carried into execution as to prove the stability of its foundation;—the success of which served but to enhance its value. The plan consisted in devoting a stated hour daily to the investigation, and, when requisite, to the punishment of such offenses and grievances, as will occur among the children of every family. The interval between the commission of a fault, and this hour of judgment, was occupied by the parent in reflection upon the most judicious course to be pursued, with prayer for guidance and wisdom respecting it. The child is told that his fault will be investigated at the proper time, and meet its just recompense; and knows by experience that postponement is not relinquishment. Many little errors and misdemeanors may only need a passing and gentle reproof at the time of their commission. And there may be circumstances connected with a flagrant offense, demanding immediate attention. No rule is without its exceptions. The apparent insufficiency of this plan arises from the adjournment being made the pretext for neglecting all atten-

tion to the case : but it must be made of such importance as not to be neglected—and it will not be, if right views are entertained of the importance of this family tribunal. The magnitude of an offense is not lessened in the eyes of the offender, by having it referred to a future hour, more favorable to investigation. When the child knows, by invariable experience, that such an hour will surely come, the result will often be found in a ready, prepared and full contrition, closing the painful duty before it is begun. We have seen many cases of discipline fail wholly of benefit, from the partial, divided attention given to them, in consequence of other cares and occupations. The present plan would obviate this deficiency, by giving opportunity for reflection, while it looks forward to a fixed point and purpose of execution. Even memory should not be wholly trusted, where it is apt to prove treacherous—but a note-book might be kept, in which to enter the items for investigation or reproof. Such a course, steadily persisted in, we have known do away in a short time, almost the necessity of punishment in a family;—so that it proves as merciful to the child as satisfactory to the parent.

The quiet hour between the day and evening, has been selected as the most fitting for these rehearsals. It is another plan derived from that great model, the imitation of which cannot be unsafe. On the first act of disobedience and rebellion in this fair Creation, the Parent of our race

“ Walked not in Eden till the close of day.”

It will not be an hour of dread, except to the offender—and when the offense is great and lasting, where can be found more favorable circumstances for inducing thorough repentance than to leave the little culprit to the reflection of his fault in the silence and solitude of night? The business of the day should be ordered with reference to this hour, that it may be left unembarrassed—and it should be held as sacred from interruption as the hour of family devotion.

If a mother will thus spend an hour, daily and habitually, with her little children, in the calm twilight of their nursery, in reviewing the day with its trials and its failings, instead of sacrificing it to fashion and to company, she will find that blessed hour multiplied into years of virtuous principles and action, which had here their birth-place. There is a softening and subduing influence in the shades of twilight—the bustle and agitation of the day is over—contention has become weary—and here is the favorable hour for inducing reflection, and impressing the vanity and emptiness of that worldly ambition whose gilded objects “fade like the hues of evening.” Let her inspire and invite confidence by her gentle dealings and discriminating judgment. We have seen this hour so occupied—when it became almost the “gate of Heaven.” We have seen it devoted to a voluntary and ingenuous confession of the little failings of the day, when there had been no eye to mark those failings,—and when the success of this system had lessened the repetition of faults, their place was supplied by the expression of those hopes and joys which fill the breast of happy, artless childhood. Let this hour be so filled for your children, ere they kneel to their evening prayer, and there is not an hour in the twenty-four upon which both mother and children will look back with such unalloyed satisfaction. It will be an hour to refresh and strengthen their spirits for the cares and conflicts of to-morrow, and of future

life. We believe the child of such associations will find these reminiscences as spring in the desert, through every stage of his existence.

We have seen the mother who pleaded want of time for attention to her children and could yet spend this hour in trifling occupation, or in visits and idle gossip, mischievous to herself and others, while her children at home were employed in occupations as unprofitable. Every thing else should be neglected sooner than those immortal plants, committed to a mother's training. This little season, between an early supper and the early hour at which young children usually retire to rest, seems, of all others, the one to be set apart and sanctified to this *moral review*. It is usually the hour of greatest leisure, and when thus usefully and delightfully appropriated, the hours of evening remain for fireside enjoyments, or the claims of society and neighborhood intercourse—while those precious children are secured from the contagion of evil, by the guardianship of that Spirit whom you have just called down to watch over their sleeping pillows.

For the Microcosm.

MOTHERS SHOULD PRAY WITH, AS WELL AS FOR THEIR CHILDREN.

Much has been said, in our little world of home, of a mother's influence, and its importance to the welfare of her children. We have ourselves, no fears, that this subject will soon become uninteresting, to those who read for instruction. Not, at least, before it has been exhausted. To the mother, is especially intrusted, the formation of the character in early life—the inculcation of those habits and principles, which, emphatically, “grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength.” If she judiciously and faithfully trains up her children in the way they should go they will become sources of comfort to their parents, ornaments to society and blessings to the world. But if she is negligent or incapable, she makes them curses to themselves, and to the community,—“foolish children, who are a grief to their father, and bitterness to her that bare them.” How shall the pious mother, whose responsibilities are thus weighty, best promote the temporal and eternal welfare of her offspring?

The design of our present remarks is to point out *one particular way*, by which this only proper object of education, can be very much promoted. The mother, whose aims are fixed thus high, *should habitually pray in secret with her children*. It is not enough, that by her teaching, she faithfully points them to the Lamb of God, and by her example, sweetly allures them to his service. It will not answer her purpose, that she often retires to her closet, and there pours out her full heart in prayers to God for their salvation. All this is as it should be; but if she wishes to exert her influence upon them to its full extent, she must frequently take them to her closet, and

there, when no eye but God's is upon them, with faith commend them to their Savior's love.

Let her faithfully and perseveringly pursue such a course, and she will obtain an influence over them, happy in kind, and lasting in its effects. These reflections call, O how forcibly! my own beloved mother to my mind. She has taken her little son by the hand, and is leading him to her room. The expression of his countenance is chastened and subdued; for he is going alone with his mother, that she may pray with him. She closes the door behind her. She is kneeling with her child beside her—his little arm is round her neck—her heart, with all a mother's fondness, yearns over her beloved child—she gives utterance to her feelings, in the solemn language of prayer. "O God, be merciful to my child, and save him for Christ's sake"—she pleads, in the simple language of love, that God will make him a good boy;—that he will preserve him from all the temptations of life, and in his childhood, bring every thought of his heart, into sweet subjection to Jesus. The prayer is over. The child withdraws. And will he forget his mother's prayer? He is now a man, and it is still fresh in his recollection. But busy memory recalls another scene. The child has been guilty of a great fault. He has taken something from his mother, without her knowledge, and appropriated it to his own use. He has added to his guilt by telling a lie to conceal it. Deep anguish fills the mother's heart, and tears stream from her eyes. Yet she is resolute. She does not suffer her selfish tenderness to interfere with the discharge of a painful duty. The child is chastised. He is seated in a corner by himself, and cries as if his heart would break. Occasionally, he steals a glance towards his mother. He has grieved her; and he knows it. A struggle is going on in his breast. At last pride is overcome, he runs to his mother, and with bitter sobs, hides his face in her lap. "My son, have you anything to say to your mother?" "O mother, dear mother, do forgive your wicked boy, and pray to God to forgive him too." The mother and her child again retire to the place of prayer. She opens the bible, and from its sacred pages, reads to her son, God's abhorrence of his crimes. She kneels, and prays for him. And will he forget her solemn prayers and warnings? He remembers them yet, and blesses God who gave him such a mother.

Does any pious mother doubt the propriety of frequent private prayer with her children. To her, we can only say, be persuaded to try it, and then, if you find that it answers no valuable end, you can give it up. Does any one say, I have never adopted such a course, and it would be *too great a trial to my feelings to commence it now*. Blush to offer an excuse, which proves you to be more anxious how you wound your own selfish feelings, than you are regardful of the highest interests of your children. Does any mother say, *I have no time for private prayer with my children*. If you can plead at the bar of God, that no time which might thus be profitably spent, is consumed in sinful or unnecessary employments, then are you excused.

We cannot better conclude our remarks upon this subject, than by selecting Mrs. Sigourney's beautiful lines, upon the following incident.

"When I was a little child, (said a good old man,) my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my

head. When a young man, I traveled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed,—‘O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.’”

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children, young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And, kneeling, pray for me.

But, then, there came a fearful day—
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

That eve, I knelt me down in wo,
And said a lonely prayer;
Yet still my temples seem'd to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joys,
Gay sports and pastimes dear;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed;
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed
And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled;
But oft, at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congealed,—
Dear mother, was it thine?

In foreign lands, I traveled wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye;—

Yet still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when, amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod,

Evil Speaking.

My son—my only one—beware !
Nor sin against thy God.

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot !—
And now, though time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Savior dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

M —

For the Microcosm.

EVIL SPEAKING.

WHEN you notice the title of this article, careful reader, it may seem to you that you have an old number of the Microcosm in your hand, or at best a former article repeated or renewed ; but if you should happen to compliment that number and that article so far as thus to remember them two months, you ought also to remember that our last aim and shot were leveled at Evil Speakers. Our present subject of conference is therefore as much like our last, as drinking is like drunkards ; and do not apprehend that we shall confound subjects which are not in themselves confounded. We cannot leave this mention of that last article without a sigh over its inadequacy ; not that we feel particularly diffident or humble about it,—for while we say, 'Alas ! we fear it did not reform, nor even chasten, nor even reach, one evil speaker !' we take to ourselves also the 'flattering unction,' with which all people are wont to heal up the wounds, and supply the wants, which their confessions disclose—we take to ourselves a like relief, by asking, What arrow of truth did *ever* of itself "strike and fasten and quiver" upon the spirit of an evil speaker ? Though you wheedle or rebuke or anathematize or scourge it, your exorcism may be all vain. "This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting."

However, we may have done some good already upon this subject of evil speakers. Possibly we may do a little more if we can now barely draw the thoughts of our large circle of readers, for a few moments, as to a center, to this kindred subject of evil speaking.

Ten years ago there was a vast number of drunkards in this land, but O what an amount of drinking ! Every body was not a drunkard ; but almost every body drank. And so, it is to be presumed, we are not all evil speakers, while there is not one of us who is not in some degree chargeable with evil speaking.

"This depends upon what is meant by the phrase. Be good enough to define evil speaking."

Certainly—we will try; and while we concern ourselves with the definition, be good enough to busy yourself *solely* with its application—not to the community, not to some individual whom you happen to know, but to one whom you happen not to know very well—yourself.

To say *anything* against anybody, without a good reason for saying it, is evil speaking. To speak of one's natural or moral deformity—of his faults or misfortunes—or to ascribe to any one these things; to say or to intimate, by word or look or tone, what would wound his feelings if he were present, or may lower the respect or regard in which he is held; to make a statement, or utter a 'report,' or breathe a sentiment or opinion, that tends to tarnish his good name, or weaken his influence; to do thus without a good reason for so doing, a benevolent or christian motive for it, is evil speaking.

This definition covers a great deal, and so it should; for the "commandment" of God is "exceeding broad." In saying that what is so common and so little condemned is nevertheless the sin of evil speaking, we appeal to no authority but the "golden rule." Our assertion hangs upon the royal law of love; they stand or fall together—and they may be perverted or lost sight of together.

Our position needs no attempt at justification—for it commends itself to every conscience; but we cannot forbear calling your thoughts, reader, to one simple view of it that is apt to be overlooked. The rule of right requires that all human beings regard one another as of one family, and such is the spirit of the gospel. You *ought* to be—you *are* not it is true, but you *ought* to be—as careful of the honor, standing, or repute, of every individual, as you are in regard to your own brother or sister when you speak of him or of her among strangers. Such is pre-eminently the obligation of those who have entered into a religious fellowship; yet it is an obligation resting upon the whole human family. Now in all that you say to mere acquaintances respecting your near relatives, you surely do acknowledge no standard lower than that which we have now pointed out; and as you must acknowledge one and the same rule for the regulation of your conversation respecting all men, you will admit that this standard, as it has now been appealed to, is not too lofty nor severe.

Let us notice this definition a little more particularly.

To say *anything* against anybody, without a good reason for saying it, is evil speaking. Let us remind your here of what was said substantially in our last article. Your statement may be a lie or a falsehood or a truth, and still if it be against anybody, and you have no good and sufficient reason for it, you are guilty of this sin. The sentiment or opinion you express may be sincere and sound and just; still *your expression* of it may be this sin. It is true that your lying must be always worse than your telling the truth; but where it is your duty to hold your peace, your telling the truth is a sin to be confessed and repented of and abandoned. When an individual becomes the subject of a conversation in which you are engaged, you may pursue three different courses in regard to him; you may speak in his favor, or speak nothing of him, or speak against him. If you cannot conscientiously adopt the first, this is no reason why you should adopt the last. If you have no good and sufficient reason for adopting the last, your duty before high heaven is to say *nothing* about the individual in question; and *whatever* you do say against him is evil speaking—though it be as *true* as the Bible, though you

say it from "the best authority," and though you employ very courteous or guarded phraseology.

"Any thing *against*"—one would think this a very plain as well as comprehensive expression ; and it is plain enough to be sure, except to an individual who happens to be engaged in evil speaking. Suppose that he is setting forth at large the indiscretion of an absent acquaintance, and you suggest to him the impropriety of such discourse. It is most likely he will answer, "I am saying nothing *against* that man—he means well I doubt not—but I say *he* is indiscreet." Now so soon as he shall have time to forget his own answer, tell him that a certain person made the same remarks about himself, and listen to him while he charges that person with a spirit of opposition, a readiness to depreciate him, a disposition to hurt his influence ; for he has no doubt now that to charge one seriously with indiscretion is to speak against him ; he acknowledges the design and use of the weapon so soon as he feels its point. Not only that which imputes peculiar criminality to a man is against him, and is thus in a common use of the word, evil ; but whatever takes from our respect for him, or our complacency in him, is against him. The evil spoken of respecting him may be moral—that is it may be sin, and this certainly is always of most consequence ; or it may be natural—that is, it may be misfortune, and this is of consequence enough. His fault is surely something against him ; so is his *foible*. Thus if you charge a lady with lying, without a good motive for making the charge, whether it be true or not, you speak evil of her ; this must be agreed on all hands ; but if you charge her with vanity, as a *weakness*, this too is speaking *against* her, or speaking evil of her ; and if you charge her with the misfortune of having naturally a weak understanding, you are guilty of the same sin. In these instances you are guilty of evil speaking whether what you say is as true as the Bible, or as false as the Koran, because, without a sufficient reason, without a benevolent motive, you are saying of a fellow creature, of a sister in the great family of mankind, what is calculated at the best in some degree to lower her standing, to diminish the respect she might otherwise obtain, or to impair her influence. When you talk too against her domestic management, blush for your own most unmanageable tongue—repent rather. We cannot forbear adding to these instances another—a queer one you will say—yet not in kind uncommon. When you insinuate without a benevolent motive that a certain lady's shoulder is deformed though her dress *hides* it very cleverly, remember that though you ascribe to her only a natural deformity which is no sin, you are indulging in evil speaking, and *this* is a moral deformity—a sin.

But notice another feature in our definition. The sin of evil speaking is saying anything against anybody *without a good reason for saying it*. There occurs here a distinction of this kind ; it is not enough that you have a good reason for what you say, but a good reason also for your saying it. If a bit of paper were blown to your feet and you read upon it the assertion, "A. B. is a man of no principle," you might demand no better reason for the assertion than its simple *truth* ; but if *you speak* thus of A. B. your conscience requires of you a good motive for *telling* such a truth—a good and sufficient reason not only why the assertion may be *believed* if made, but why *you should make* it.

What then constitutes a good reason for saying anything against anybody? What may shelter it from the charge of evil speaking?

This question has in fact been answered already in the use of these phrases; "a good and sufficient reason"—"a good motive"—"a benevolent motive." Benevolence may be said to require whatever it allows, where the happiness of our fellow men is involved; and it may be confidently asserted that unless it be necessary in self-defence, you have no right to say what is *true* against any individual, if benevolence does not *require* it at your hands. Your only good motive, your only sufficient reason, must be good will either to the person *of* whom, or the person *to* whom, you say it. Suppose a case.

You see a friend or acquaintance entering into pecuniary dealings with a man whom you know to be a villain, cheat, and swindler. Go to your friend, and say, "That man is a worthless fellow;" and your are doing your duty; for good will to the person endangered not only allows but dictates such a course. To do so is not the sin of evil speaking. Suppose another case.

The same villain comes into an unsuspecting community, holding up pretences that he may use them mischievously, borrowing money that he may squander it, winning confidence that he may abuse it. Tell every man you meet, all that you know *against* the masked destroyer—for telling it is not evil speaking, but the wholesome instruction which the community needs and which a regard for the public good requires of you and of every deserving citizen. Your good will here seeks the public good, while in the last case it sought an individual's good. But suppose another case.

If A. is ill-tempered and B. is intemperate, beware how you tell *either* what you know of the *other*; but speak against A. *to his face*, and tell him how irritable he is in order that you may *correct* his irritability; speak against B. *to his face*, and tell him what a drunkard he is in order that you may correct his drunkenness. Here you speak to an individual *against himself*, for his *good*; and how can you act for a better reason? Nobody ever called this evil speaking.

These three cases may be found to illustrate nearly all. There is really however no need of illustration to enable us to see clearly on any occasion whether good will to the person ill spoken of, or to others, is or is not the possible and actual motive or reason for what is said. It is perhaps of more importance that we notice certain common inducements under which people are wont to defame one another, which are so far from constituting good and sufficient reasons, that they involve the criminality of all evil speaking, being the deep and living roots of Slander, Censoriousness, Defamation. Observe for yourself three or four—mark their commonness, and their emptiness or rather wickedness; and you can lengthen the list at your leisure.

It is no justification, for your saying anything against anybody, that you do not *seek* his injury; for most probably the reason is not a true one, and if *true* is surely insufficient. Because you have not the worst *possible* motive, is your actual motive therefore good and sufficient?

It is no justification, that you do it *to gratify yourself*; for such self-gratification is essentially wrong and abominable; it is nothing less than feeding misanthropy, malevolence, envy, jealousy, or irritated pride.

It is no justification, that you do it to gratify the *individuals with whom* you are conversing; for this is feeding these same hellish passions in their

bosoms, as well as in your own ; and you might as well serve the Prince of Evil in any other way in order to *please* his Satanic majesty.

It is no justification, that you do it because you have *nothing else* to say ; for if that is the case say nothing at all, and if it be hard to hold the unruly member still, and evil speeches "come crowding up for utterance," rather than let go be content to burst.

Remember, that you have no right ever to say or intimate anything against anybody except in necessary self-defence, or for his good, or for the good of the individual to whom you say it.

Now let it be considered what an amount of guilt rests upon every community, every church, every family, before that God, whose own word condemns, and whose wrath kindles upon, evil speakers and evil speaking ! Never was a mere man innocent in this matter. Moral and worthy and amiable persons—professors of religion—ministers of the gospel—all are so guilty here that it would seem the Holy Dove must have already taken his flight from earth offended, or may soon take it grieved, because none will 'let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from' them, 'with all malice.'

But let it be ever considered too, that while all are guilty, in a degree, of evil speaking, though all cannot be called evil speakers, it is the part of every individual to consider his own case ; and, patient reader, if you will take a due care of yourself, and guard the door of your heart's 'abundance,' the more in consequence of these hints, you may thank God that you ever took the Microcosm.

Two lessons more—then a parting word—and our school is 'dismissed.'

Be content often to have no opinion about the characters, habits, and conditions, of other people ; or if you must have one be content often to keep it to yourself. There is a question fashionable at all times and places whenever an individual is mentioned, which a reflecting man must allow to be a disastrous question, inasmuch as it is likely to be answered. "What do you think of him ?" "How do you like her ?" The question is ordinarily bad enough ; the answer is ordinarily worse. Suppose you make it a rule, when you cannot answer it favorably to the person thus introduced, to say, "I have no particular thoughts on the subject," or, "*He* has not asked me yet for my opinion." You may thus, and in no other way, without entire silence, save yourself from a vast deal of evil speaking.

The second lesson is this ; if the vice in question is to be successfully struck at, and especially if it is to be extirpated, it must be done chiefly in the young, and it becomes all parents to be sure that it is not bred in their own families by their carelessness or their examples. It is not difficult to find whole families in which the spirit of detraction is a *family trait*. The domestic circle is infected and defiled throughout, so that it may remind one not improperly of a nest of vultures, where the young ones are trained to find a delicious repast in the faults and foibles and misfortunes which they greedily gather from the neighborhoods that Providence mysteriously allows them to infest. Mangled reputations, chilled respect, tainted affections, wounded spirits made to fester ! these are the trophies and the fruits won by such domestic life and conversation ; and such a family obtains, for its own secret bosom, its appropriate reward—even wormwood and gall.

Now if we could find an orator who would dare thus to address them, we

would ask him to assemble all the readers of the Microcosm, all the people of this city, all christian churches, and all christian families; and to say to them something like this, and as much more as they would bear. "O intelligent and worthy ones, be fair enough to talk about others as you would have them talk about you. Professors of religion, be religious enough to love one another, and love one another enough to bridle your tongues. You who have time and opportunity and inclination for saying a great deal, say *nothing* against *anybody* unless you are convinced it is your *duty* to say it. You public-spirited ladies, upon whom cometh the care of all the ministers, to say nothing of all the churches, be more merciful—that is less talkative—where you can say nothing in behalf of your victim. Know ye all that gossip and tattle and reports and scandal, are poor nourishment for a soul, nay, are rank poison. Dare not spend one moment, one breath, in this abominable work of evil speaking, lest you hear a voice saying to you out of heaven, Hold your peace!"

O.

For the Microcosm.

"TIS FOR HOME."

STRUGGLER with ocean's foam,
Wherefore upon the wild and stormy deep,
Where the wind spirits their rude pastimes keep,
Dost thou all lonely roam?
The sailor's eye gleam'd 'neath its lash damp with foam,—
'Tis for those whom I love in my own calm home.

Wand'rer on foreign strand,
Why art thou there, scathed by the hot Simoon,
Fainting with chill of night and glare of noon,
Far from thy fatherland?
The step of the wand'rer grew light on the sand—
'Tis for lov'd ones of home in my own green land.

Warrior in battle hour,
Whence is thy kindling eye—thy lip of pride—
Thy stately tread—when death roams wide
In his withering power?
A swift flush softened that stern dark brow—
'Tis for home, my free home, I am warring now.

Haunter of learning's cell,
Pale, wasting by thy taper's sickly light
Thy life's fresh hues—whence is thy spirit's might
In long deep thought to dwell?
The gifted one turned from his ancient tome—
'Tis for those whom I love in my own glad home.

IONE.

EDUCATION FOR THE MARRIED LIFE.

EDUCATION is every day receiving new impulses from the aims and efforts of its champions. The importance of adapting education to our condition, as moral, intellectual and social beings, is felt and acknowledged ;—and to a greater extent than formerly, acted upon. Yet with all that has been said and done in the cause of education, one vast field of immense importance, seems by common consent to remain untouched. This field includes our dearest interests, and is more concerned with our happiness or misery than all besides :—and why that alone, in which so much is involved, should be neglected, is difficult to comprehend. While all are ready to acknowledge that marriage is the most important event of our lives, involving our temporal and perhaps eternal destiny, its duties and responsibilities are scarcely ever alluded to, by those who are engaged in training the young for the important stations they are to hold in society. The interests and duties of the conjugal relation, are reduced to a jest, when presented to those not yet engaged in them. They become after marriage any thing but a jest—and those who can cajole the heedless and unthinking into these duties, unprepared, are usually the first to turn spies and informers of their unfaithful or unsuccessful fulfilment. No wonder that marriage has been called a “ Lottery,” in which the timid adventurer runs his chance for a blank or a prize :—and in which, like all lotteries, the prizes are much talked of, but seldom seen.

The indifference and apathy manifested on this subject, form one of the strangest records in our social history. The world is ready enough to decant upon the errors and failings of the married life, and to aggravate its many cases of unhappiness ; while no effort is used to discover the cause of the evil, or to seek out remedies for removing it. From the studied reserve maintained on this subject, its destined candidates become afraid themselves to inquire into the duties of the station, and marriage becomes at best a blind-folded and doubtful experiment. Instead of the few happy matches furnishing a ground of complaint or wonder, the marvel is, under such a dispensation, that there are so many.

When parents know by experience, that conjugal happiness depends upon the right views and principles with which that life is commenced, how can they lose sight of this object, in forming the characters of their children. They are solicitous enough to make them complete in outward accomplishments, so as to secure them admiration and respectability in society—while they make no provision for their own private, personal happiness. How seldom do we see parents combating those principles of selfishness, self-will and distrust in their children, which will unfit them for that confiding companionship, which constitutes the true marriage-bond. How few parents teach their daughters that self-indulgence and self-love, heedlessness and indolence in youth, will make a wretched foundation for future happiness and usefulness :—and cultivate gentleness, self-control, and self-denial, because caprice and petulance will never make them good wives or agreeable companions. How seldom do we hear parents check their sons in the indulgence of severity or violence of temper, on the same grounds. They surely might be taught that selfishness and passion, and a domineering spirit will make them tyrants rather than guardians :—that by an habitual disregard

to the cares, feelings and wants of others, they are preparing slavery and sorrow for those dependent upon them,—and are laying the foundation for future disunion and indifference, where should be mutual sympathy and assistance. We do not mean to say that these faults are not often reprov'd and check'd in children ; but they are seldom or never reprov'd, with a reference to their future characters as husbands and wives. We would have this object held up as a motive for overcoming infirmities of disposition and temp'ér. In the formation of character from early childhood, those principles are to be established which constitute a firm ground of reliance. We believe our youth might be so educated, as to make the happiness of the marriage relation more secure than it now is :—so that even the cautious and the prudent, might not be so fearful of entering its magic circle.

If parents will not educate their children for happiness in the married life, it becomes their duty to supply the deficiency by educating themselves—even at a late hour. Disinterested benevolence must be the foundation of conjugal happiness. No one who is supremely selfish, can be happy in the married life. The happiness of that state consists in each regarding supremely the good of the other ;—and where all is demand on one side, which ever side it be, neglect and disappointment must be the portion of the other. One great source of unhappiness is found in the ideal perfection with which the parties are invested before marriage. No allowance or provision is made for imperfections—and on the discovery of them (for none are perfect) each party takes refuge in censuring and condemning the other, and searching for defection there, without any regard to his own state and condition. It is no part of a good system to build up one side by pulling down the other—especially when both are equally essential to a complete and perfect edifice, and must stand or fall together. There is fault on both sides. The causes of disaffection and unhappiness are about equally divided—while each with the peculiar sensitiveness and extenuation belonging to *self*, imagines them chiefly chargeable upon the other. If individuals will examine carefully to find in *themselves* the causes of unhappiness, it will be a great step towards removing them. Like every other reform, amendment here must begin by individual reform :—though marriage can never be what it should be, until both parties are united in mutual forbearance and mutual improvement, as well as mutual affection.

If there is any thing in this field to terrify, or render it unsafe, perhaps by exploring it cautiously and faithfully, the monster may be brought to light and cast out of the fair domain. We would recommend to a phalanx of those brave young adventures, who pride themselves upon fearing nothing, to enlist in the expedition—and either bring back the report that all is safe, or bring out the hidden intruder and slay him.

“ Our own faults are the last which we make our preceptors.”

For the Microscopist.

MARTHA, &c. &c.

BY REV A. REED, AUTHOR OF "NO FICTION."

WE really wish we were able to review this book,—so as to do it justice,—but in true feminine phraseology, we can only say—"that it is one of the sweetest books we ever read." This is almost as bad as the young lady, to whom we once lent "Paradise Lost," and who, on returning it, said "It was very pretty"—or as one, who when asked what were the subjects treated of in "Bennet's letters," replied, "They were all to Lucy." We however will not plead guilty to such ignorance of the contents of this interesting volume, however awkwardly we may express our opinion of its merits; but we feel in regard to it, somewhat like the little child, who in his affectionate simplicity, wants all his brothers and sisters to listen to the same beautiful bird that has sung so sweetly to him.

And yet there is nothing in this book so very remarkable—It is the history of an amiable, pious young lady who died early, and was scarcely ever twenty miles from London. There is not much variety, and less incident in it, and her story is told by her brother, after she is laid in her grave. She is not described as being wonderful for genius, or wit, or beauty—but as a humble, retiring, sincere christian.

But the *charm* of the narrative, (and charming it certainly is) consists in the *manner* in which it is related. In the first place, the love which subsisted between this brother and sister is peculiarly ardent, and delicate;—so much so, as to throw a sort of romance over the whole story. Somebody once said that we Americans did not know what natural affection was, in its most elevated, refined state:—that our enterprising, migratory habits forbade it—and to judge by the devoted, lover-like tenderness breathed through these pages, the remark seems in part just. There may be in America many such brothers and sisters, but, we confess we never saw any. The defect may be in our circumstances,—but we fear, more in our manners, our *every day* manners. The style of this writer is of the same character with his feelings—tender and full of touching simplicity. His allusions are varied and yet beautifully in keeping with the rest of the picture. All is nature, and truth, and love—and he delineates his beloved portrait with a hand so sure that we feel it must be a good likeness, and are full of love to the original; and when at last the dying bed is brought before us, we almost imagine *ourselves* bereaved, and that a dear friend is gone forever. We will only add, that this volume is not merely descriptive—it is highly practical, and calculated to be very useful:—for it shows us, how a solitary invalid, without wealth, or influence, could make herself "eminently useful," and *that* even from a bed of sickness. Read it, my young christian friends, and delay no longer to become active and energetic in the cause of the Savior. See what good was accomplished by this unassuming female, even under the greatest disadvantages, and endeavor in your sphere to imitate her kindness, and her active benevolence. If you win no earthly applause, you will obtain what is far better, the approbation of your own consciences, and the favor of your Heavenly Father.

F. A. C.

For the Microcosm.

I HAD DREAMED OF A HOME.

THERE'S a spot, that my heart, in its fanciful dreaming,
Has pictur'd in beauty and fill'd with delight ;
And sometimes I thought that in loveliness beaming,
The vision all real would burst on my sight.

I have wander'd where earth in its freshness was glowing,
And dream'd I had found in some sweet little bower,
That spot so desir'd, but where roses were blowing,
A serpent lay coil'd 'neath the loveliest flower.

And where'er o'er the world my footsteps have linger'd,
In search of the fabric my fancy had rear'd,
Scarce the hope of success had with rapture bewilder'd,
Ere the viper's dark coils round the pillars appear'd.

And I've found that the earth in its beautiful seeming,
Bears not on its surface that one blessed spot,
Where amid joyous hopes in their radiance beaming
This peace-blighting reptile's dark influence is not.

But oh, there's a *home* where rivers are flowing
From a Fountain of love and rapture divine,
The roses of Eden on the borders are growing,
And sin 'neath the leaves may ne'er secretly twine.

Then should the lov'd home that thy bosom hath cherished,
Be bereft of the joys that most fondly you prize,
And the flowers be destroy'd, that fairest have flourish'd,
Oh seek you a home that fades not in the skies. A—

ADVICE TO A MOTHER.

NEVER punish a little innocent for any unintentional accident or fault ; or for good-humoured noise or folly suitable to her age ; but, on the other hand, never let a lie, or ill-nature, or spite, or cunning, escape. Begin early, nay, as soon as they are born, to teach bairns to be obedient. For if it is not begun early, it will never be begun at all : and if you can't make a six month old baby obey you, how will ye command it when it is six years ! and if the oldest bairn be spoilt, all the lave will be spoilt in spite o' you. Secure your bairns' happiness and your own, by laying in their young hearts the firm foundation of religion. Teach them thankfulness to God for all their mercies, for their health, their sleep, for every meal, for their little pleasures. While the Bible tells you to believe in Christ as the only Savior, it also tells you to love the Lord with all your heart and mind and strength, and your neighbor as yourself. Teach these great commandments to your children. Never let them be forgotten, and never let them forget that, after serving God, they must love

their brethren, and that the end and evidence of all true and acceptable religion is a good life. So impress all such useful and important truths on the hearts of your little ones, and, depend upon it, God will bless your pious cares, and bless your children, both in this world and in the world to come. For, has He not said, that altho' he will visit the sins of guilty parents on their children to the third and fourth generation—an awful consideration to you and me!—He will show mercy to *thousands* of them that love him and keep his commandments? That mercy may not be shown in making them rich or great in this world; but to live under the blessing of the Most High is our true wealth and welfare and happiness here, and will be our glory hereafter.

What are we that we should dare to expect perfection in our bairns, or in any other? No, no! We maun aye bear and forbear in this world, and just strive as seldom as possible to rub ony o' them against the grain. Ane o' the advices I learned was, to keep my bairns as much under my own eyes as I could,—that, sore torment as it might often be to be deaved wi' their din, it was better to make their father's fireside the place where they enjoyed the most peace and pleasure, than by growling at their innocent frolics and noise to drive them out o' my sight, where I could never know what mischiefs they might work, or what ill companions they might fa' in wi'. I'll no deny, that mony a time when they were young, and I was maybe fashed, and no very weel, I've thought my very head would burst wi' their rippets and daffin.' But I aye keepit in my heart that I would reap the happy fruits o' my patience when they grew up,—and so it has been! I got acquaint, from their very infancy, wi' a' their different dispositions, and amang a' there's no twa like ither,—and I got acquaint wi' the weanies, their bits o' companions, and I only encouraged about the house them that showed gude dispositions, and gude up-bringin'. When John cam hame at e'en, he used often to lay their noise wi' playing on his sma' pipes to them, and whiles they wad dance and whiles they wad sing, and that was a noise ony body could endure. Some o' the callans took to learnin' the pipes and some to the fife, they could a' skirl and play on something, and baith lads and lasses could sing. So you see, what was first a sore plague was at last a pleasure, and as I had, just in a quiet way, gradually rid the house o' the nightly visits o' the young cratures that I didna approve o', I was easy in my mind, though I began to see mair than a bairnlie affection growing up amang them that remained. Puir young things! they've a' married as we could have wished, and that has been the reward I received for following good advice, and making my ain fireside comfortable to them a' to the best o' my power." "Well done, thou good and faithful wife and mother!" you have had ten talents bestowed on you by your Lord, and worthily have you fulfilled your trust! A thousand mothers like you would be greater riches to Britain than ten thousand Wellingtons, or Nelsons, or Chathams, or Pitts,—they can only, like skilful doctors or surgeons, cure or cut off its diseases, but such mothers as you keep it wholesome and healthy, and sound to the very core.—*Selected.*

Several interesting communications are necessarily reserved for the next number.

THE MICROCOSM.

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PARENTS SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN ALL THAT INTERESTS THEIR CHILDREN.

THOSE parents involve a great error in their system, who begin by withholding sympathy and interest from their children in their joys and sorrows, their sports and labors. We all need sympathy—and when children do not find it in their parents, they will be driven to seek it from other sources :—from companions and friends, whose influence and sympathies are in danger of being employed to mislead and corrupt. Some parents, who are ‘careful and troubled about many things,’ make their attention to the severer domestic duties, an excuse for neglecting those gentle and soothing influences which shed peace and joy around the household hearth. When the little child comes for assistance in its innocent play, or with some story to be explained or perplexity to be unraveled, it receives perhaps the cold and repulsive answer, “go-away !—I am too busy now to be troubled with such nonsense.” Five minute’s attention, with a mother’s gentle voice and cheering smile, would have sent it back with a bounding heart—its little difficulties all settled or its joys complete.

Habits of severity and fretfulness are probably often indulged in unconsciously ; and may arise from the very diligence and carefulness of a provident parent, impressed with a sense of the value of time, and the importance of domestic duties. Still they have an injurious effect upon the characters of children, in whose minds aversion and prejudice are created toward those necessary duties of life, which are thus inevitably associated with harshness and constraint.

We have known parents who appeared to take no personal interest in the employments of their children—either of duty or of pleasure—but would appoint masters to superintend the one, and evince no sympathy in the other. Again other parents, after imposing severe duties and irksome tasks upon their children, will frown upon their moments of relaxation and enjoyment. Their play is embittered by reproof and marked disapprobation. At such times they are always reminded of the wickedness of mis-spent time—and the height of their hilarity is checked by being told how much better it would be for them to be at their studies or their work. Children need play as well as study—it is befitting their age and temperament—and when the time is duly apportioned between study, labor, and play, we would like to see parents show as much interest in the sports of their children, as they do in their studies or their work. The whole course may thus be made delightful and consistent. We would not advocate the real waste of time—“that precious

material which life is made of." Children should have and know their hours of duty as well as their hours of diversion ; but we would see them play as heartily when they play, as we would have them faithful when they study.

Children cannot be expected to share fully in the cares and labors of their parents. The early years of life are wisely and mercifully exempt, that vigor and strength may be gathering for future use. Care will come full soon enough, with its iron fetter—and when too early pressed it breaks down the life and the spirits. Here again, some parents err from over-tenderness to their children ;—letting them run to waste in listless inactivity—carefully blinding their eyes to every hardship and trial of life, while they themselves carry cheerfully a treble portion, to save their children from the dutiful participation which is wholesome and invigorating. This is mistaken kindness—for when the old column totters and falls under its sole burden, the weight coming suddenly and unexpectedly upon the delicate sapling is liable to crush or break it down at once ; when by gradually adapting the burden to the growing strength of its future supporter, it will be borne not only without injury, but under a conviction of its fitness, and agreement with the end for which it was reared with so much care.

For the Microcosm.

INFLUENCE OF DOMESTIC EDUCATION IN THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

To an attentive observer of human nature, there is nothing, perhaps, so striking as the diversity of character in the individuals by whom he is surrounded. He sees one eagerly desirous of becoming distinguished for knowledge, pressing onward in the path of learning—while another is content to remain in the lowest depths of ignorance, and to live unnoticed and unknown. One actuated by a noble spirit of love to his country, willingly devotes his life and fortune to her service—while another, seeking only selfish gratification, betrays that country for gold. Some devote themselves entirely to the benevolent object of relieving the necessities of the suffering and the poor—while others, regardless of the welfare of their fellow creatures, look with cold indifference upon their wants, and make no exertions to alleviate them.

It is interesting to trace this diversity of character to its origin, and to inquire into the causes which produce it. Such an investigation will show, that in almost every instance, this difference is owing to the circumstances in which men were early placed, to the precepts which swayed the opening mind, to the intellectual, moral and physical training of the child. The Newtons and the Franklins, the Wilberforces and the Howards, the Washingtons and the Bonapartes, all underwent a rigid process of early domestic training. While yet in their infancy, in the circle of domestic influence, some passion was formed, aroused or cherished, some principle implanted, or some secret springs of action were touched, which directed the

whole strength of the after man, in the paths which lead to greatness. So frequently does fact confirm this observation, that many distinguished authors have ascribed to education *all* the varieties of human character. But perhaps so broad an assertion as this, may be considered as unwarranted. We may however affirm, without fear of error, that there is nothing which operates so strongly in the formation and development of character, as the bias which it receives while yet in the infancy of its powers. The youthful mind is in a wonderful degree susceptible to impressions, and the influence of early associations, and the force of habits formed in childhood cannot entirely be dissipated, even in a life of varied incidents and of protracted duration. Who can tell how many of the gifted, the wise and the good, owe their greatness to the principles instilled into their minds in the domestic circle? In that family group, collected around the rustic hearth, reciting the oft-repeated tales of "ghost and goblin grim," or of dark times of war and bloodshed, there sits a boy, listening with eager eye and parted lips. I fancy him some youthful Shakespeare, imbibing the elements of his future character. Here is a family circle where the virtuous parents are instructing a son in the beauty of honest and upright conduct, and instilling into his breast, by precept and example, the pure principles of patriotism. I fancy him a future Washington, destined as his country's deliverer to receive a nation's gratitude, and still more as a perfect statesman and upright man, to receive the homage of a *world*.

On the other hand, how many there have been who might have risen to eminence, and become distinguished among the great men of the earth, had not the germs of their greatness been crushed by the injudicious management of their parents, or had not those early sprouts of a vigorous intellect, which might have flourished in beauty and fertility, been turned aside from their upright growth, by the corrupting influence of evil example in those whose duty it was to "train them up in the way they should go."

The impression formed upon the youthful mind by early domestic associations, and by parental example, is indeed deep and permanent. Whose dispositions do we find most refined and elevated,—who are kinder and more benevolent in their intercourse with their fellow beings, than those who have been under the mild and chastening influence of a well regulated domestic life? Under the genial rays of happy parental example, the seeds of virtue take root, spring up and flourish, and the youth goes forth into the world, armed against its temptations and seductive allurements, prepared to breast its storms, and to co-operate with the good and enlightened of his race.

Domestic intercourse tends directly to elevate and refine the character. Home is the place where all those kind and benevolent feelings are fostered, which tend so greatly to advance a person's comfort and happiness through all after life. Here are nourished, and called into action, all those virtuous emotions of the heart, which during the hurry and bustle of business, are so apt to be neglected. Here we learn to estimate the true value of friends, from a comparison of their worth with that of those by whom abroad in the world, we are surrounded. There, how numerous the instances of faithlessness and inconstancy; how often do we see deceit masked under the guise of friendship; how often do those whom we thought to be our truest friends, fail us in the hour of need, or even prove to be our enemies. Wealth may have her admirers—affluence her parasites, and these, in the hollow ceremo-

nial language of worldly fashion, may be called friends; but let the billows of misfortune sweep away our treasures—let disaster open a way for these friends to prove the sincerity of their attachment—adversity has made them *strangers*. But at home, in whatever circumstances a person may be placed, he will find those who will love and respect him. Is he in prosperity!—they will share with him all his comforts. Do the dark clouds of adversity gather around him?—they will sympathize with, and console him in his misfortunes. Has his character been calumniated, or his motives misrepresented by his enemies?—from the frowns of the world he may turn to the peaceful quiet of the domestic circle, where he will find those whom no prejudice can blind to his real character, and he may bid defiance to the scorn and neglect of an unfeeling world, secure of the friendship of those whom he loves.

In contemplating the effects of domestic education on the enjoyments of private life, well may we exclaim with the poet,

“Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!”

Such being the nature of home, and such the friends there to be met with, how can it fail to arouse and cherish all those feelings which tend to make man a happier and more social being. But its benefits are not confined to individuals. Its influence, when widely extended, stamps its impress upon *national* character. Our Country—the object of our anxious solicitude—will assume a rank respectable and useful, in proportion to the culture and intelligence of its citizens. When light and knowledge shall pervade the land, and christianity, science and literature, distinguish us as a people,—then indeed may we point exultingly to the home of our nativity, and justly style it

“A land, of every land, the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o’er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole:
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man, a patriot?—look around,
Oh! thou shalt find, howe’er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy *country*, and that spot thy *home*.”

In an intellectual point of view, a home education affords some very superior advantages. Where else is there so good an opportunity afforded for discovering inborn genius, awakening the dormant intellect, and calling every faculty into life? If the proper training is not applied then, it may afterwards be applied in vain; and who can say, that many a genius which might have dawned in light upon the world, has not been obscured, and lost, for want of this early culture.

Nor is its influence less striking upon the moral and religious character. Parental instruction and example produce a powerful impression upon the

mind. Precepts from the lips of a pious and virtuous mother, sink deeper, and affect more forcibly the heart, than if issuing with all the thunders of his eloquence, from the mouth of a Tully or Demosthenes. The impression thus formed is not easily effaced. It continues to influence the conduct through all after life ; and though for a time it may remain latent—though for a time it may be obscured by a course of vice and profligacy, yet it will eventually burst forth into a pure and steady light, and exercise its benign influence upon the character. How unhappy the condition of those, who in early life, have been deprived by the hand of death of the instruction and example of pious parents. For them there is no guardian eye to watch over their future conduct, no protecting hand to shield them from the allurements of vice, and to lead them on in the paths of virtue, but they are thrown on the bosom of a cold and unfeeling world, unprepared to breast its storms, and to resist its temptations.

In the retirement of home, separated from the follies and vices of the world, the mind acquires a taste for those pure and noble pleasures which spring from moral sources. Here, in the enjoyment of the greatest of all earthly blessings, that of sincere and devoted friends, every virtuous mind must be raised in gratitude to that Being, from whom this and every favor is derived. Yes, there is something in the character and circumstances of a virtuous home, aside from parental instruction, which tends to produce in the mind the most elevated and refined emotions,—the purest and holiest feelings, and which raise it to the contemplation of a better and a happier home in a world beyond the skies.

For the Microcosm.

ERINNA.

In "the book of the Graces," is a picture of the Greek poet Erinna, accompanied by some lines by Miss Landon. Will you permit one, who has passed the hey day of life, to offer to the readers of the Microcosm some few desultory thoughts on this "Cynosure of neighboring eyes;" though not precisely in the strain of L. E. L., or very intimately connected with the pleasures and duties of a part only of our sex, the wife and the mother.

BEATRICE.

A WANDERING raylet from the sun,
Had lost his father's image bright,
And fixed on twilight's mantle dun
Gave softer beauty to the night.

Erinna's soul, untamed by sleep,
Poured to the star her vestal vow ;
While thoughts, for mortal ken too deep,
Paled her bright cheek, and blanched her brow

"Hail to thee, lost one ! Hail to thee,
My only hope, my fancy's dream !
Bright child of beauty, be to me
Ever the same untwinkling beam.

"This aching void within my heart,
My bosom's foe and conqueror still,
Which laughed to scorn man's selfish art,
Thy heaven-born influence shall fill.

"No more shall mortal passion press
This brow, now consecrate to thee,
I'm thine; thou'rt mine. Deign heaven to bless
Our vows of mutual constancy."

Her pencil fills the Poet's fingers,
Along her neck one ringlet lingers,
Her rounded arm a bracelet covers,
While o'er her beauty's spirit hovers.

There is poetry in the above lines,—but while we consider the *poetry of life* as forming a large item in our 'bill of fare,' it will hardly do to make it the ground of a contract for the whole. Exclusiveness is not a part of our system—and we would advise our friend Beatrice to seek out more substantial objects of affection than stars and sunbeams :—unless the terms are used as *metaphors*—when there can be no objection to them, either as titles or parties in a treaty !—Ed.

For the Microcosm.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

"The cheerful supper done, with serious face
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
The big *hall bible* once his father's pride."

BURNS.

SOMBER, ponderous, well-worn folio !—Thy very covers invoke contemplations of the past, and every mark has a pensive history. Reverently let me repose thy weight upon this antique table and pore over thy reminiscences.

Here deeply etched upon thy thick binding is some of my own handy work,—strange that it should remain so distinct. 'Tis years since these scratches were made, while the scene and recollections of that hour, are fresh upon my memory as these upon the book.

It was Sunday—the day's public devotions were past—and the tea table, disencumbered of its paraphernalia, stood in the centre of the clean kitchen whither all the family had assembled, it being the largest apartment in the house, for evening prayer. On this identical old round table, lay this musty volume !

The good grandsire had just concluded a chapter, and stood confronting a high-backed mahogany chair, at earlier date one of the parlor aristocracy, but yielding to more fashionable rivals had descended, after a course of years, to the keeping room—and was finally, in company with a black walnut clock,

degraded to its present sequestered station. Yet still that carved *settee* maintained its dark dignity, and still the tall time piece, stared grandly from a corner, and clicked away with reproving fidelity. Around stood, or kneeled, our little band, and the grey haired man lifted his voice to heaven. I was a child then,—would I were such again,—and as Saturday night according to the moral code of our puritanic forefathers, was consecrated, and our family, like most of the sect, held on to virtuous old customs, I had no play from sun down on the said day, to the twilight of the succeeding Sabbath. Well, the sun had set but my grandsire's prayer went on. I looked to the old clock, and the grim-visaged moon, now on the ascendant, looked at me. I had often been reminded of the visible example of that ever busy orb—and following the injunction at the wrong season, it occurred to me to note down with a pin, which I accidentally held in my fingers, the passing minutes of devotion. I did so, and here are the ten marks. Ten minutes, was that all?—it seemed longer—besides I had time sufficient to tie the cat's tail to the table leg, for which in boxed ears I obtained a summary reward.

What wide minutes they had then! what concise ones, now! How obstinate is time, slow when we would have him fast—quick when we would expand a minute to eternity. I have been a traveler since then, and in various incidents experienced the verity of this observation. "*In ten minutes*," said the master, looking on his chronometer, as we were bounding among the shallows of Cape Fear, "we shall make the open sea or dash upon yonder barrier of sands." The wind howled through the cordage, like a ravening fiend—the waves rolled like young Appennines and smote the ship in thunders as with creaking mast and tightened canvass, she gullied in the waters and scattered the white foam, in cold showers along her decks. What a ten minutes was that! 'twas an hour—yes a day—but, she held her own, and we were rescued.

He was my friend, so similar in mind and feelings—that mirror like, he became my test for every grace and sentiment. We had been separated for years and now he was about passing through the place of my residence. I met him at the stage house, we embraced, we hurried over our past lives with the wing of lightning and the eye of a bird—we were allowed ten minutes,—the stage returned—so soon? nay it was even beyond the time—and we bade a mutual and long adieu. Did ever ten minutes concentrate so much of exquisite enjoyment? It seemed the fleetness and brightness of a meteor—it was the sun-light in a lens, a rainbow in one drop.

But to the old Bible—carefully let me unclothe thy pages, thou aged counsellor, thou staid pilot through danger—light-house of the soul—chart of futurity,

"There's records of the past in all thy leaves."

Affliction and joy—the young convert—the withered christian have all left traces along thy stained and ragged margin. Here is a spot, it may have been a tear—here is a text, and a pencil mark—and here is a leaf turned down—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Trembling with years, shaken with long disease, my aged grandmother received the tidings of the death of a dear daughter, in a foreign land, by a fierce disorder. Her loss was only to be regretted, her exchange incomparable.

My grandfather flew to his favorite sciences, to history, to the bold spirits of antiquity, and concealed his sterner sorrows, among the splendid fabrications of the classics. But my grandmother, took her low rocking chair and her spectacles and opened the sacred comforter. Here is the promise that she found—the tear she shed—the very, very leaf she folded.

With hand unnerved by emotion I turn the pages to meet with something, whose mute appeal has dimmed my eyes too, and makes my heart beat quick, and my cheek grow pale. It is a simple tulip—spread wide between the leaves and almost colorless—quite dry, and scentless. A sweet child placed it here—a dear little girl, with blue eyes and fine, light hair and a face beaming intelligence, and a voice of untaught music. Yes she plucked it from the garden—here extended it smoothly, and patted it down, with her delicate and miniature palm. Let it remain sympathizing reader—move it not from its place for all the world! She was my little sister! There is a stone in the grave yard—go read the story which I cannot tell.

I pass on. Here then is the family record. The hand which made these inscriptions, will write no more—and another shall sketch his tale. Yet he led a good long life, he stood while most of the companions of his youth, one by one, like leaves of autumn fell away. Strange faces met him every where, strange customs thwarted his notions, paltry fashions superseded ancient utility, a city overspread the green fields of his boyhood—tall buildings shut out the pleasant light and clear sky, innovations stole in till he scarcely recognized his own mansion—his partner had been long since laid in dust—and his “old world” looking-glass, reflected a white-headed, wrinkled old man.

He stood as a hoary pillar in a wilderness, from whose base the feeble sands are fast disappearing, while the tall capital looks upward to the sun, and thus awaits the hour of dissolution.

He died as we all must—and while adding to the list of departed relatives his first name, let me keep his memory green, as his tomb, his fame spotless as his marble.

And now pensively will I close the holy relic, and replace thee, in thy grotesque, and dingy book-case, so long thy station, and sober receptacle. Nor in vain have I communed with thee, if I have gathered one hallowed aspiration from thy script; or, reminded of the dear, bosom-shrined departed, shall be induced to struggle up their path of light, and share, as awhile on earth, their society eternally in heaven.

J. W. B.

New Haven, 1836.

“The true end of education, is, to fit a thinking being for the part he is to perform in life, as the true end of life is to prepare the same being for eternity; so that merely to be well informed is not to be well educated.”

IMPROVEMENT THE REWARD OF EFFORT.

THE rising standard of education and dignity to which women are urged, while it constitutes the 'day-star' of their destinies, may have a tendency, in some cases, to dismay and dishearten by the importance and responsibility of its claims. When the truth of woman's influence is presented in various forms,—as that of the mother, moulding, in the early character of the child, the future man to good or evil;—in that of the wife, sharing, sustaining, almost creating the character as well as the happiness of her husband;—in the companion, making the path of life a flowery or a thorny way;—winning the brother to gentleness; encouraging the sister to confidence;—presiding over the social destinies of nations, the acknowledged refining genius of society;—swaying the empire of fashion;—adding great momentum to every moral reform, and aiding every benevolent enterprise, as well as superintending all the minute and trifling wants of life, which would otherwise escape attention and discharge;—rising in the scale of being to share in all the immense interests of human existence, and after faithfully discharging the duties of time, such as have kept the word of faith, looking forward through the redemption of that Savior who never uttered a harsh or condemning sentence against a woman, to share in His presence and favor a glorious Eternity. When we have seen all this array of might and power (with much more) brought through various channels to bear in individual application, we have feared lest some should exclaim against the tide of duty—and be tempted to give up the effort to do what they can, in consequence of what remains undone. We would rather urge them, in view of the glorious end, not to faint at the greatness of the way. We would have them awake to a sense of the dignity and importance of their station, when rightly appreciated and duly sustained, and feel the vastness of the interests which they are called upon to serve. Without an exalted standard, no great effort will ever be attempted.

"He who hath highest aim in view,
Must dream at first what he will do."

Though prejudice arrays itself against them in various ways, though they have to contend with limited and contracted advantages of education, still it is true that nearly all of life's comforts and joys are purchased through the influence and exertions of women. Place a world of men alone by themselves—either young or old bachelors—and although they may live, and live very quietly, their world would probably resemble the board of the "Automaton Chess-Player,"—and even he could not get along without his "Queen." Prejudice must be overcome by wise and patient effort. The defects of education must be felt and supplied by the individuals who suffer from them. The ostentatious display of superficial knowledge, has in part created, and only serves to increase the evil. Physical science forms but *one branch* of education. There are greater sciences than any comprised in lines and angles—brighter gems than any mined from the lexicon of the philologist. If you can have but one, choose these. Seek for the hidden springs of action which move the world; examine into the motives as well as the conduct of mankind. Search out the deep things of the human heart—the mysteries of creation, of providence, of mind. You can pursue these studies "by the bright

lamp of the southern skies," with only Nature and nature's God for instructors. You can ponder them in the house and by the way—amid toil and sorrow and privation. Store the mind with *these* natural sciences (and to gain these must be the individual's own will and work)—learn to think, and judge and weigh—approve things excellent, try things that differ, holding fast that which is good, and no one will complain of your limited education. Those who express the opinion that to know how to read and write is enough for a woman, will discover no deficiency;—and may thereby be led to give their confirmation to the fact, that to read and write is *enough for a woman*. We would not be understood as depreciating human science—we would only supply the want of it with better.

We might glean much food for honest pride, in the harvest that is expected from *the grain of mustard-seed*, were it not much better to find a reward in the consciousness of faithfully discharging the duties of so responsible a station. Every great and noble motive urges women to a higher standard of life and character. They have many friends and champions among the wise and great and good, who sympathize in their trials and their wants, and are ready to forward every consistent plan of improvement. So that it is, and must ever remain, their own fault if they pursue a giddy, trifling career, which stamps upon the mind a littleness that is contented with a gilded butterfly existence. They must rise above the jealousies and rivalries which bind down the soul—

Wasting its powers, to feed
That wretched vanity, which clings
To life's debasing, paltry things."

Improvement brings its own reward with it—and with every advance in improvement, women will be less disposed to complain that too much is required of them. They have more reason to bless the liberal spirit of the present age, and to regard those who would direct the mind to higher aims and loftier efforts, as their truest friends and greatest benefactors.

[From the Ladies' Magazine.]

COQUETRY.

May a lady accept the attentions of a gentleman, when she *knows*, as well as she knows any thing, what the drift of them is—and then laugh at him with impunity? Should not ladies have consciences as well as gentlemen? A gentleman cannot retreat with honor after having made advances—why is a lady to consider herself an exception to the rule? Don't say that ladies cannot know the drift of a gentleman's attentions, nor ask how they can refuse before they are asked:—they do know it—much more likely to know too soon than not soon enough—and they *can* refuse before they are asked—every woman can do it,—and every woman knows she can. Not actively,

not by words—but passively. Let her keep her smiles to herself, when she knows they are working mischief!—let her keep her pleasant words to herself, if she knows they are giving encouragement and growth to a passion, which she intends fully to blight in its blossoming. A man will respect her the more for it. He will know what it means fast enough—he will know that she intends to spare him future pain, and if he is not a fool he will not misconstrue her. A lady, in my opinion, is committed, if she accepts lover-like attentions. She has no right to do so, if she does not intend to return the attachment. I do not say she is committed to the world; for custom has reserved to her the right to refuse—but to her own mind, and in the eyes of her lover, she must stand convicted of heartless coquetry.

But while I say this, I do not judge alone with severity, the coquetry of women. If they are rightly condemned for exercising their prerogative unworthily, what does not a man deserve, who to gratify his own vanity, can trifle with the heart of a woman.

For the Microcosm.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY READING THE INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO
THE MEMORY OF MARTHA DAY.

You would not wish that those you love
Should wander here at close of day,
And think of thee o'er whom they rove,
As dwelling only with decay:
Then gazing on this marble pure,
Emblem so perfect of thy mind,
Wilt thou to Heav'n our hearts allure,
Our Savior and our God to find.
'Twill then be sweet to linger here,
At early dawn, or close of day;
And think without, a sigh, or tear,
Of her, whose spirit far away,
Still hovers round her much lov'd home
Where she but lately shone so bright;
Rejoicing now with saints to roam,
In realms of Beatific light.
We'll think not of her vacant place
At home, or mid the youthful band;
But call to mind her much lov'd face,
Beaming with joy in Spirit Land.
A guardian spirit watching o'er
The friends she lov'd on earth so well,
A ransom'd soul, who would no more
Consent beneath the sky to dwell.
Whose seraph voice if we might hear,
Would tell us of a Savior's love;
And bid each youthful friend prepare
To join her in that world above.

For the Microcosm.

SONNET

TO THE SUMMER NIGHT WIND.

COME to my chamber night wind ! I have long
 Waited thy coming, worn and wearied much
 With the day's irksome heat and irksome throng,
 And longing for thy cool and balmy touch,
 As thirsty traveler for running streams ;
 Wave o'er my feverish cheek thy fanning wings !
 The silent stars are up to light men's dreams—
 Earth's scenery is dim, and living things
 Annoy me not ; it is a winning time
 For childlike slumber, if thou wilt but hover
 About me, as the bee about the thyme,
 Or maiden round her wounded warrior-lover ;
 Ruffle my curtains—wanton with my hair—
 Then to the sky ! in dreams I'll feel thee there.

L. M. N.

For the Microcosm.

IMPORTANCE OF CULTIVATING COURAGE IN FEMALE EDUCATION.

"Do ask the driver to stop and let me get out ! I cannot ride down this hill ! We shall upset ! Oh dear !" and my wife looked as if she was suffering all human nature could endure. I could not have her appear so silly, as she must, to all our fellow passengers, had I complied with her request, so I tried to quiet her. She whispered, "*You don't care*, but you don't know how I am suffering—I am afraid"—and closing her eyes with a pitiful expression, seemed to say—how cruel ! No one else was alarmed ; why should this lady be ? I felt hurt—hurt that my wife should possess so little self-control—that she should torment herself, and mortify me ; and hurt still more that she should accuse me of cruelty in not regarding her unreasonable fears. If ever man devotedly loved his wife, and sought her comfort, I profess to be the one. *I have done it*, and I delight still to do it. But I cannot bear to see her fluttered and thrown into a tremor at the least appearance of danger ; and feeling that this is a prevailing error in education, I desire all who read the "*Microcosm*," to educate their daughters to bear common events *with composure*. Then may they hope to see them endure great trials *with fortitude*. Why should a lady run from a spider, start at a cat, if it enters the room where she is, or be in an agony if going down hill in a stage, when there is no unusual danger ? In the instance referred to above, we were safely carried through all the dangers incident to descending "*Bolton Hills*." Johnson refers this weakness to education, and I quote him that all

mothers may begin with their daughters when young, learning first to control their own fears, then to prevent the forming such habits in them.

"Will not that Power that formed the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves
Forgive these fears that shake the tender frame?
The weakness we lament, ourselves create;
Instructed from our infant years to court
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble at the dark,
Till affectation, ripening to belief,
And Folly, frightened at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul."

NEMO.

For the Microcosm.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

WHILE the Microcosm contemplates the means of brightening the fire-side of life by scattering rays of reason and truth around it, the limits of its pages, while they are open to every kindred topic, seem to forbid elaborate discussions: and this is an advantage, so far as the reader may escape fatigue, and even so far as courtesy exempts contributors from assuming the task and the formality of a treatise. Still it must not be forgotten that this Miscellany is perused by ladies who do not look for mere entertainment,—who justly exert an influence on society, and have their opinions on all that is passing, of general concernment to their country, wherefore it was deemed *not out of place* to mention in a preceding number, *another of the few practicable plans* of that vast benevolence which the moral enterprise of America is proposing in the abolition of slavery.

It was therein remarked, that the African race were capable of becoming good *tenantry* in a southern climate. Their emancipation must depend on public opinion at the south; and many planters entertain the belief that the free should not remain among the enslaved. Laws to this effect have been made. Admitting that this state of things must exist for a number of years; and that however useful, to some extent, the colonies on the coast of Africa, they evidently are too distant to afford that provision which a much nearer district of country might. As therefore, the lands of the Texas are thrown open to purchasers, it was thought that there more immediate settlements might be formed. It is proposed now to complete the outline of this *middle plan*, without meaning to express opposition to the others.

Our argument is founded on the established fact, that *free negro* labor is more profitable to the planter than slave labor; and that this is more especially true of those who live in northern latitudes. That it would be good economy for their owners to free the blacks at once were this the only point. But they have not yet been educated for freedom, and the safety of families forbids the relaxation of control. The southern people, whatever their sen-

timents as philanthropists, must take care of home. They would else be worse than infidels. They cannot be expected to compromit the safety of society. Even the National Government is bound to preserve the peace of the country. Besides, it seems necessary to the common welfare of the slaves themselves that they should not feel their bondage more from disadvantageous comparison. The most earnest friends of emancipation must necessarily consider what is practicable under existing circumstances as well as what is desirable.

If it be true, as experience seems to show, that the negro cannot in a cold climate become a prosperous farmer, it follows that on being freed he wants a southern country adapted to his physical nature, where he may be even superior to the white man as an agriculturalist. But there is no such district within the United States; unless it were the Arkansas—too far for commerce, too expensive to reach. But the fertile and salubrious province of the Texas, the nearest province of Mexico, is open to purchase, and is under mild and liberal government, and no prejudice exists there against the African race.

Were this to be the voluntary home of the free it would not indeed be the imaginary gratification of a return to the land of their ancestors, (though in reality on that vast continent it would be hard to say where that country was) but they would not be far from the country of their birth—nor far from their friends, nor from the influence of institutions of religion, education and civilization. They would be quite as well off as the yeomanry of New England who emigrate to the west. They would form a community much more within reach of public opinion too; and have great motives to *deserve* to be thought well of, individually and collectively. The good and the talented men among them would be known as such; and the mechanic arts as well as agriculture would divide the labor—and there would soon be merchants, physicians, lawyers, school-masters and divines in due proportion. In time, if preferable, the district might be purchased and annexed to the United States. At all events the ties of commercial interest would bind them to this country though they should pay the light taxes of citizens of Mexico.

The accessibility of this province when the rail road across Georgia and Alabama shall be opened to Pensacola, and the regular packets from thence to the Colorado, about two hundred miles, will make the removal cheap and convenient, and the good influence of their friends easy to maintain by personally visiting them.

But a previous question is, *how* these emigrants shall be emancipated? No doubt many owners of slaves and men of real benevolence are ready to free them as soon as they are assured that they will be provided for. There are however many who cannot or may not decide to afford it. Many must own nothing but their plantations and the people upon it, inherited of their ancestors. This may be the case with widows and female children of deceased planters. And this kind of property, possessed by their ancestors before the revolution, was secured to them by the Constitution. How then shall their interest be reconciled with philanthropy? They must retain their land, but without capital it is of no productiveness. Their capital is now in slaves, and how shall it be changed into other means—the means of hiring laborers and buying oxen and implements. Who will provide this

vast capital for all the southern states at once?—not even the United States with its vast resources can be expected to do it. But yet there is a resource—as productive of moral profit as of money. It exists in labor: in the labor of the very people it is proposed to emancipate.

Were it established by law in all the southern states, that every African now held in bondage should be free on paying the price set on him by the magistracy of the country—or by the Legislature, and that his labor for his owner should be certain hours, and the rest of his labor by the hour at wages, but optional, and this extra labor should be placed to his credit, and when the amount equalled his value *he should thereupon be free*, a moral power would be awakened within his breast. Hope would be changed to certainty. He is already a free man save the debt he has contracted to work out. Now industry, order and fidelity become *his interest*. Now the avenue to liberty has been thrown open assuredly though prospectively. The danger of insurrection is past—instruction is safe. He is now learning the art of agriculture for himself. He is soon to emigrate to a similar country and have his own plantation. He admits the justice of his master's claim. He had brought him up—nourished him for fifteen years before he could be profitable. The prospectively emancipated now sees that freedom depends on himself,—on his subordination, and that idleness will but prolong his apprenticeship. While on the contrary it may be shortened by diligence and skill. Hope and faith have infused new life into his frame. His real character now develops and he becomes a different man. He now daily works for himself; and a habit of industry is formed.

His labor may also emancipate his wife and children. Her industry co-operates with his. If not so soon effected as his own, he will by his *new character* have acquired *credit*, and her master may safely trust him to pay the rest of the debt for the whole family from the produce of the fertile prairies of the Texas.

It is thus only, it would seem, that policy, philanthropy, and justice can be reconciled, and private rights be respected, while the public good is promoted. We do not in New England take even an acre of the wildest land for public uses without a fair compensation; and we should be glad to see millions of the public money annually employed in this great branch of internal improvement—emancipation.

But on this plan, if any prefer to remain as *tenants*, there would be less objection than at present, because there is no longer that difference between the free and the bond. The bond are conditionally free.

And this middle plan comprehends still another moral feature that brings it within the scope of the Microcosm. The father and mother of a family, would now see their children with paternal affection, as their own, and no longer their master's little brood for the market. They are to accompany them to their new home. They are to assist them during their minority, and then to settle near them. They now begin to feel an interest in their characters and qualifications, and desire to have them instructed. They treat them now with unwonted care and kindness; a new happiness springs up in their hearts, before hardened by their common calamity. They may now venture to love their children and allow the tendrils of affection to twine around their hearts, fearless of their being riven asunder. Thus to ameliorate the condition and the character of the daughters of Africa, to open to

them a consciousness of maternal and moral responsibility, would be a truly generous and christian enterprise. The blessings of freedom are surely no less important to the women than the men. To recover millions of these children of nature and their children from a very low grade of intellectual and moral condition, and to open to them a way to happiness far higher than they have ever known, is to be done by providing for each, her own "Little world of Home."

THE WAY TO ESTABLISH OBEDIENCE.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

CHILDREN should discover in their parents a kind, reasonable, candid, firm, determination to be obeyed in all their requirements. Those parents who pursue such a course as to manifest all this, are thus far, training their children wisely: and they are laying a foundation for all those other instructions which are necessary to make their children wise, virtuous, and happy. One reason why very many fail in learning their children to be obedient is because *they so frequently give commands without enforcing them.* The child soon learns that the command of the parent amounts to little or nothing; that the parent is not really in earnest: and he heeds it not, or holds it in perfect contempt. He believes from former and frequent experience, that he can have his own way notwithstanding the command, and he pays no regard to it; or else peevishly, or madly, and impudently declares that he will not obey. If punishment is threatened or promised by such a parent, the child heeds it not. The parent has so often failed to fulfil such promises that the child considers the threat the result of fretfulness, and not of firmness and decision; and he judges correctly in this. In reality there is no decision, firmness, or good government in such a parent; and it is to be feared the child will be ruined, both for time and eternity. Another frequent reason of failure in government is, a want of agreement between parents. It frequently occurs that one of the parents has good ideas of government, and attempts to train the children to obedience; but the other parent for want of knowledge, or from a false tenderness, is led to oppose the proper course, and that too, in hearing of the children, and perhaps at the very time when, on the other hand, assistance is most needed. And often the refractory child is thus strengthened in his obstinacy, and allowed to go unsubdued in his own disobedient ways. Such a course is very wrong, and very ruinous. If one parent disagrees with the other, as to the proper course, it is rarely, if ever, right to let the children know of this difference of opinion. These matters should be talked of only in private between the parents; and that parent which has the best faculty of enforcing obedience should be allowed to take the lead in managing, and training the children, and the other should lend all possible aid.

N. Hamp. Observer.

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DUTY OF CHRISTIANS WITH RESPECT TO VISITING IN PARTIES.

MUCH has been said at all times, and under all circumstances, of the duty of christians with respect to giving and attending parties. The question is one of great importance ; and it is therefore important that just and consistent views should be entertained respecting it. The general tenor of remark on this subject, is that of total condemnation ;—but in these sweeping denunciations is there not less discrimination and judgment than the case demands ? That much evil is, and has ever been, connected with large parties and fashionable society, no one who looks upon the world with the eye of a christian or a philosopher can deny. The immense expenditure of time and property, employed in ostentatious display both of dress and entertainment—the pride and vanity that have been fostered—the envy, jealousy, and strife engendered in these scenes of dissipation, cannot sustain a defense. They should be condemned wholly—but in rooting out the tares, let us not pluck up the wheat also. Condemn the extravagance and excess—the vanity and emptiness—reprove and condemn the envyings, the emulation and strife—they cannot be censured too severely—but spare and leave us the social intercourse ! We were made social beings—we must have social intercourse, or become useless, misanthropic aliens from our race. “ As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.” Distinction should be made between the abuse of our blessings and their grateful appropriation. No one denies that society has claims upon us—and these claims are to be met and sustained by reciprocal offices of kindness and courtesy. The customs that appear quite superfluous in one place and situation, may be indispensable in another, under different circumstances. In a retired village where the inhabitants are well known to each other, we can readily see that social intercourse may be conducted in a more intimate informal manner than in more populous places. But in large cities, persons who have a large circle of acquaintance must be debarred from seeing their friends at all unless they can see them together. Many individuals whose station and duties demand much of their time and attention, cannot give up every other evening, or even one evening each week or month, to see their friends in groups of six or ten. And this system in the end would involve a much greater appropriation of time and means, than that of seeing the whole once or twice a year. Yet many who are loudest in denunciation, on being questioned with regard

to their objections, make the head and front of the offense to consist in the numbers who are associated for a few hours. "Why, sixty were there—or, one hundred and fifty!" No account is made of the character of the guests. They may be cordial friends—the majority professors of religion—many of them clergymen—all persons of high moral character and principle—yet it is made a terrible sin for them to meet in such numbers. We dwell on this point because so many make it the whole point of objection. Ten or fifteen may meet, and there is no harm in it—perhaps twenty or thirty, and still all is right—but let the number rise to eighty or one hundred and it merits utter reprehension.

Now what is the sin of large parties?—it must be acknowledged there lacketh not sin in them. Our present subject of discussion has not so much to do with parties in general, as with those given and countenanced by professors of religion. There has been cause of condemnation in the extravagance and expenditure of these occasions—in the devotion to dress and parade—in the vanity and ill-feelings excited,—and in the trifling and empty not to say mischievous character of the conversation often indulged in. We have heard it asserted, both as apology and justification, that no one is expected to talk sensibly at a party, or introduce a grave or profitable subject.

We believe that parties may be purified of these abuses, and so reformed as to become literally 'a feast of fat things' to those who are made partakers. Let the object be brought out distinctly as one to lighten the path of life by the cheer of association and sympathy—to relax the severity of labor in a degree that will conduce to more vigorous effort. Let the conversation be profitable as well as varied and enlivening—while 'temperance in all things,' shall reduce dress and entertainment to that degree of simplicity, which will prevent an unreasonable encroachment upon the time properly belonging to more important duties. Above all, the occasion should be sanctified by the presence of the Gospel spirit of purity, peace and love. The christian should let his badge of discipleship be seen and felt every where. We are such slaves to custom that while we acknowledge the right and feel the wrong, we are afraid to differ in the least particular from the fashionable world. Yet we have known christians in the habit of giving and attending large parties, who dared act up to their principles, so far as to consecrate this with all else to their Master's service, by prayer and sacred music:—thus drawing out those who could participate in the service, and letting others see that they were not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Without the general exercise of this spirit, will the time ever come when "holiness to the Lord" shall be written even upon "the bells of the horses?"

The great occasion of reproach seems to consist in the merging of the christian and the fashionable world. The line of demarkation is lost. The enemies of religion look on the scene, and so far from adding as the result of their observations, "see how these christians love one another," after the most severe scrutiny, they turn away with the taunt "what do ye more than others!" Professors of religion have erred by running to extremes, in letting down their principles to the standard of the world and displaying no religion at all; or by making their intercourse wholly reserved, solemn and sanctimonious, exciting aversion and disgust:—either degrading their profession, or holding it up as a repulsive, unlovely object. We have known more than one tribute to the union of piety and courtesy, from those who judged

only by observation, in the strange compliment, that such an one laughed as heartily, and was as affable, and entertaining as if he had not been a christian! If any one has reason to be happy it is the christian,—and in sharing and dispensing this happiness, the injunction is held up to him as a christian duty, “whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things.”

On no one point so important in its bearings and effects as the question of duty with regard to social intercourse, have we been left without light or instruction from the scriptures. Nor have we on this. While revelings and excess are forbidden, hospitality and courtesy are enjoined as christian graces. We are furnished with many regulations for our conduct in all our intercourse, while the duty of such intercourse is never questioned. Pride and arrogance are condemned and the desire of recompense. We find it written—“If any of them that believe not bid you to a feast, and *ye be disposed to go*, ask no questions for conscience sake”—but we can no where find a command forbidding us to go. One of the most frequent reproaches which the Savior himself encountered from the self-righteous Pharisees, was that ‘he was gone to be a guest with a man that was a sinner’—that ‘he received sinners and eat with them,’ &c. We hear of ‘a great feast’ being made for him—and on one occasion find him rebaking his entertainer, for the omission of those attentions and honors, which were supplied by a weeping penitent, who was at that time and place ‘forgiven,’ because ‘she loved much.’ True he never lost sight of his mission, and his Father’s work—nor should christians ever forget their circumstances and obligations, as dying, redeemed sinners.

It has been said that we should do nothing upon which we cannot ask the blessing of God. The rule is a good and safe one. If social intercourse was conducted on the true principles of love and good-will, there is not an occasion in life which would call forth more fully the gratitude of the heart, than to be surrounded by those from whose words, looks and presence we could gather happiness, sympathy and improvement.

HOME.

There is more of spell work about the home of our fathers than he who has never been a wanderer imagines. Ask the poor exile on a foreign shore, what visions flit across his bosom, and enchain his fancy, and call forth the deep drawn sigh, as he gazes silently and lonely, on the sweet midnight moon, and he will tell you in the fulness of his heart, they are the visions of his early home. Though ambition lead him into foreign lands, or fortune tempt him into the world of business, he will often pause, even when success has gratified his wishes, and linger whole hours over the memory of days gone by as they steal in the language of the Bard of Morven, “like music to the soul.”

*For the Microcosm.***CONDOLENCE.**

ALONE I strayed abroad one solemn eve,
 With downcast head and eyes in tearless grief,
 Lamenting earnestly a friend departed—
 Beloved too dearly and too early lost,
 And leaving me alone, half broken-hearted.

I walked regardless of the world about,
 Of all save him who was not at my side
 But high among the burning stars above me,
 And ever and anon I thither gazed,
 For who around me here was left to love me !

But grief, like pleasure, hath intrusive guests ;
 I saw a bare acquaintance to mine eye,
 A stranger to my spirit, toward me coming
 With look of happy ease, and as he came
 Some idle strain of common music humming.

I would have shunned him, but he knew my grief,
 And grief will strangely lure a curious eye !
 And suddenly he checked his idle ditty—
 With cold propriety of mien drew near,
 His visage grave and long with labored pity.

" Afflicted friend," in solemn tones he said,
 " I feel for you ! " I thanked him with my lip,
 And turned away. Such words were only filling
 My bitter cup, and from his 'vantage ground
 Of better fortune sympathy was chilling.

Oh, let the wounded heart alone ! for who,
 Although a bosom friend, with harmless hand
 May touch its chords yet quivering, nearly riven ?
 The storm awoke its strain of agony—
 Then leave it to the milder breath of heaven !

O.

April, 1832.

*For the Microcosm.***PHYSICAL EDUCATION.**

ONE of our admired poets has said—"Trifles make the sum of human things." But is not this more poetic than true ! We live in a world of cause and effect, and continually ' witness the great matter which a little fire kindleth.' We see life itself lost by a trifling unseen exhalation from some small neglected source of miasmatic poison ; or some little bad habit insensibly

become second nature undermining the constitution, or some ill advised treatment in infancy implanting seeds of misery.

Hence small things are of weight—as cyphers make the sum of aggregated millions : they are nothings alone, but placed in connection with something—the least positive number, they express an aggregate of good or ill of fearful or exulting consequence.

We had rather the poet had said there is *nothing trivial* in life, but all is *serious*, even to sublimity to the thoughtful. And who but the thoughtful are safe and happy. It is they only who feel that they tread the vestibule of the Temple of Being ; the place of struggle for entrance into the ‘many mansions’ where Faith who keeps the door has said pleasures too high for our present mental powers to conceive, await the just made perfect by charity and love.

But what is it to be just ? Does not this virtue comprehend duty to children ? and are not sicknesses among those trials which belong to this state or stage of our existence ? To prevent these evils which so weigh upon the moral powers as to deprive some of the conscious blessing of life’s opportunity, must be as much a duty as to cure diseases. And hence the importance of Physical Education, which means the use of rational means to develop the form and strengthen the constitution and possess health : the key to every enjoyment.

The loss of health casts a gloom over all this fair creation. To the sick eye the landscape of this world, with all its springs of joy, is covered with the mist of a chill morning. But when health is restored, its return seems like the sun’s rays, pure warmth, the verdure the bloom are all revealed to the eye, and the bright, smooth stream as it winds its reluctant way, reflects the azure sky reminding the reviving soul of heaven. The soul of the healthy man rejoices in its moral existence, as the animals rejoice in their physical well-being—and whatever his employment, he goeth forth to his labor with a cheerful and grateful elevation of mind—knowing that God is no respecter of the outward condition of men, but looketh on the heart—for the same poet says “an honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

This sentiment no one disputes—it is true. But how often dishonesty springs from weakness of mind caused by weakness of body—the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. It is then just, dutious, charitable, kind, and christian-like to do all in our power that our children have *sound minds in sound bodies*. This is of more value to them than fortune, or accomplishments : and hence the importance of Physical Education.

We do not propose however to burden the limited pages of the *Microcosm* with a treatise on gymnastics or even the elegant art of calisthenix. It will be more consistent with its object to allude to the principle on which these arts are founded : the reasons why they are needful. Nor will affectionate mothers through a false delicacy deem facts in physiology unsuitable to the argument.

It seems impracticable to draw a line any where across the path of life and say, here should physical education begin. The *rights of infancy*, may be a new claim, but it is evidently real. To inquire what is best for the man we must consider him as first a child. We must go back not only to the morning, but to the dawn of our days. Nor let it be thought that the *Nursery* is an apartment too small and obscure for philosophy to visit. It may not indeed

be the *sunniest* and airiest in the house, as it ought to be, but it is the abode of innocence, of sweet children, such as the Savior, that great physician, received to his arms and blessed. The more elegantly furnished and duly attempered drawing room may be pleasanter, and the customs of society demand the presence there of the mistress of the family, but, where the treasure is there will the heart be also; and that the treasury of affection may be saved from too often being a scene of distress we venture to speak of unusual, but yet of *topics* that belong to the subject.

Gratitude is said to be sweet to feel, as well as to receive; but, this refined sentiment cannot be felt by children, but comes late to the bosom when it realizes in dutious vigils, how much must have been done for oneself: and perhaps philanthropy, in the possession of science, can never be better exerted than in alleviating the cares, sorrows, and fears of young mothers. They would no doubt welcome from abler pens lessons of practical wisdom from the volume of nature.

They have often much to learn that would be availing. We all observe with admiration the birds instinctively teaching their young to fly—and their task is soon accomplished and recompensed in its fulfilment, while the mother has not only to teach her child to walk, but how to go forward in rectitude: to impress the first lessons of justice and truth, and to see that he has proper food and exercise that his growth be strong and the seeds of future suffering not sown.

This great blessing must have its first growth while in arms. The earliest claim of the child is never denied by a mother's *heart* although too often it is so by an enfeebled *constitution*, for the want of early physical education. Yet, how can a claim exist that cannot be made? It is made in the language of that tearful eye—the sad expression of that cherub face, the semblance of her own:—it pleads for *congenial* nourishment:—and could the soul but speak out for itself, would it not desire earnestly not to be *estranged from that bosom* to which it will owe duty; ever made sweet by affection.

The temper, it is thought depends very much on the quality of the *earliest nourishment*—and since the faculties of the mind are found to be exerted by mental organs, it is rendered extremely probable that the early observers of human nature had a deep meaning in the fabled nursing of the twin founders of Rome, by a wolf.

In modern times we have no need of fiction to explain the formation of irritable fractious tempers. Infancy has the language of *fretfulness* to express sufferings from indigestion—caused by excess and improper food and the want of *air and exercise*, as necessary to their well being and cheerfulness, as to grown persons.

There is well known to be in the human constitution a power to resist morbid influences so that some persons live in the midst of infection untouched, at least for a long while—but this defense is weak in children. Why do the bills of mortality present us so large a proportion of its numbers from those under a year old, but that they are very liable to suffer more from like morbid causes than older children? And what are these causes? Whatever they are do they not reach the children of the poor *least*? and have not these the immediate care of their mothers? and are they not always in the free air?

But it is the privilege of opulence to *hire labor*:—true, but it is the duty of leisure to superintend it: to understand the principle of the operations and

services performed and direct what it has a right to command. The necessity of employing another is no doubt a painful one to the affectionate parent; but this does not render it unnecessary to see that the nursing is treated judiciously and kindly. It can hardly be expected that one hired away from her own, will feel animated with maternal solicitude for another's child—or will be very solicitous to labor in giving it exercise. It may indeed be fortunate if it escape narcotics. She will never think the child can bear the fresh air when it is not agreeable to her own feelings.

Indeed, mothers delicately brought up, are apt to think, being themselves very susceptible of the cold, that tender infancy must be more so; not aware, perhaps, that he whose care of all is manifested in the downy covering of the sparrow, has not neglected the offspring of his rational creatures in giving them defense against the low temperature of the atmosphere: which is, notwithstanding its coldness, the great store-house of heat. To infancy he has given the power of drawing in more of the oxygen of the air than to grown persons. The healthy pulse of a child is 100 beats per minute: that of an old man 60.

The exquisitely delicate structure of the lungs even of the adult warns us against depriving children of it, in its natural density. Those travelers who have ascended lofty mountains have found the tenuity of the atmosphere such as to take off so much of the external pressure as to allow the outward pressure to cause bleeding of the ears and lungs. This tendency must exist more or less in very warm rooms. The air is made thin by rarefaction as well as found so at great elevations.

The innumerable air cells of the lungs being only separated from the blood vessels by a thin membrane permeable to the oxygen gas, this vital part of the air passes through it, giving to the blood its warmth and brightness, as seen in the vermillion of the cheek of youth and beauty, especially when animated by morning exercise.

The nursery should be regulated by a thermometer rather than by the feelings, and a fire of wood injures the air less than coal.

If boys were to have their breasts and necks and feet daily washed, like their ruddy faces, with cold water, they would be able to take their exercise in the open air, even in stormy weather, if a part of the play ground were covered. Every class should go out after its recitations. Earnest play for a few minutes would prepare them well for the study of the next lesson. In cold damp weather exercise is of more importance than when the sun and air are bright, warm and elastic.

All sports and plays should strengthen *both sides of the frame equally*. Girls should be permitted such plays only as keep the form erect, and strengthen both shoulders alike. They are else in danger of having the spine of the back bent out of its natural line. This column supporting the head and chest being composed of 24 pieces, with intermediate cartilages—which are elastic to permit its bending, and being kept erect by the equal force of the muscles on each side, acting as antagonists—if one side becomes the stronger, the others cannot resist them, and at length the spine assumes a crooked shape from which it is very difficult to recover,—though those who are placed in a machine for the purpose do sometimes regain their health in about a year.

The exercise therefore most proper for young ladies, (next to those of good

housewifery) is the flying hoop—the spring board and dancing. The main objection to the latter is that it is usually practised in crowded rooms, but it is also often a domestic recreation in the course of a long winter's evening. Not to know how to dance is to be deprived of one of the means of health.

For boys, *foot-ball* is the most favorable of all plays, as its *contentious struggle* for the victory gives animation to the mind, and cultivates courage.

But to some lazy boys it may be necessary to explain why exercise is every day necessary to their health and proportionable growth. They are soon intelligent enough to understand the subject of nutrition.

The secret operations of the stomach have been providentially revealed; and they afford us sure rules of guidance to health. A young man in the army was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a gun. He was standing very near to it, and the charge after tearing away the muscles and breaking several of the ribs of his left side penetrated the stomach. This severe hurt was however cured by the skilful care of D. E. Beaumont; but in healing, the sides of the wound so adhered to the contiguous parts as to leave a permanent opening into the stomach, of more than an inch diameter. For a considerable time it was closed only by the bandages, but at length nature kindly let down a curtain for the purpose, from the folds of the internal coat, operating like a valve when pressed on by the food; so that when the man lay on his side it could be depressed—and food introduced for experiment, thus ascertaining what was the most digestible, and suitable for sick and well. The doctor's interesting publication affords us some new arguments for temperance as well as exercise applicable to this occasion.

We now know that the *digestive process* is on *chemical principles*,—that it is effected by an agent secreted in *exact proportion* to the wants of the body,—and to the quantity of food proper to be taken at one meal—that this fluid agent is derived from materials in the blood and deposited in many little receptacles just outside the stomach, into which it is led by ducts, which open through the *velvet-like* coat of this organ, and issuing stand like *dew drops*, till they trickle down its sides—that this fluid issues when the food taken stimulates the nerves and muscles of the stomach, to give it out,—and thus induce this truly chemical process to begin. The food thus presented to its action, whatever the kind, is converted into a *new* and uniform pulp, in the course of three hours; when the lower opening, which is quite high on the right side the stomach, opens and the contents are gradually propelled into the duodenum, where it meets the bile, which is another chemical agent to effect the process of refining the aliment to be now drank up as it flows along, by the lacteals which convey it into the blood.

But if too much is eaten, the excess is not digested: it remains over and the lower orifice not allowing it to pass, it produces much irritation of its very sensitive valves, and this causes the liver to secrete and pour more *bile* than it ought into the duodenum, when it rises into the stomach and thus the ill feelings are produced denominated *bilious*. The disturbance is then extended, and all the train of ills denominated *dyspepsia* follow with reaction upon the brain, with diminution of the mental powers—and in students bad scholarship.

We not only see in this state of things the reason for the *ancient maxim* to rise from a meal with an *appetite*, but that children as well as adults may eat too much and be injured in the same way. If a youth has self command

enough to leave off *before satiety is felt*, the *remaining hunger* is soon found to *cease*; because the *receptacles* before mentioned which are the *seat of the sensation of hunger*, become gradually empty. The digestion accomplished, the stomach empty, remains two or three hours tranquil and at rest. In this beautiful arrangement for *successive periodical meals*, we see wise and beneficent intention.

The infant living on food of the *easiest digestion* requires to receive it oftener. But the same principle will apply—and it would be *cruel*, when an infant is fed on *cow's milk* to feed it as often as if it nursed. Such treatment will be sure to spoil its temper. What! Temperance to be practised even by infants! Yes, surely, do not trifles make the sum of human things!

Perhaps it has been shown that it is necessary to the preservation of health and the formation of good constitutions, to consult in *this early and minute manner the dictates of nature*. The *lungs* will not then fail to do their part in giving a generous warmth to the blood, and the whole frame will grow up well proportioned, light and strong; competent to sustain the action of a vigorous mind; which is according to a modern science, dependent on organs, which in their turn are dependent on the due development of the frame—till the soul, mature, and rejoicing to be free, lays down this instrument to assume one, which, St. Paul assures us, will be a far more glorious body.

All we have said is equally applicable to the health of our daughters—they must be nourished—and they must be taught to avoid the causes of ill health; and they must have their full share of oxygen. But unhappily the female world is under another government. When America threw off the yoke of *Colonial dependence*, Congress was able only to emancipate her *sons*—her *daughters* remained subject to the empire of Fashion: a European power as infallible as the Pope, but changeful as republicanism. Those *silken fetters* have ever since been voluntarily worn to an immense amount of tribute money to London and Paris. But there is now some hope of relief from Greece. This rising power which our fair countrywomen have so much *aided*, may in return emancipate them from the domination of the monstrous impositions of French fancy, misnamed taste,—by sending over some of their beautiful sculpture in drapery of simple elegance, suitable also to the faultless forms of the American Fair, when not injured by shackles; and favorable to the play of the organs of respiration, and to the benevolent expansion of the *heart*.

Therefore, ere long, we may see the present veil of drapery withdrawn, when there will appear a morbid narrowness of the chest, and a servile roundness of the shoulders. Beauty passes away. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. But soon the next wave of life will bring up its thousands, rising like *Venus* (the Grecian personification of beauty and grace) from the sea, to be the new subjects of a rational reign. But anticipation trespasses on the rights of the despotic queen, and see, she comes throned on a gorgeous cloud, changeful with all the hues of light,—and beneath broods her magazine of portentous blackness,—she calls a flash of lightning from it to her diamond eyes, and waving her peacock sceptre, frowns from her presence the presumptuous

SHADE OF HIPPOCRATES.

For the Microcosm.

A COMMON PREJUDICE.

Among the sources of radical error, none is more prolific than the prejudices which parents inculcate in "the little world of home." There are many subjects on which young people feel and talk, about which they are not in the least capable of judging—therefore their opinions must be derived from others.

One prejudice which children are *taught* to cherish, we especially wish to notice:—that is, *against stepmothers*. We often hear young people, who have made no observations on the management of such persons, very decided in their remarks, about what *they would do*, if under their care—and *what they would bear*. Point them to a kind, faithful person, sustaining this relation, and they consider it an *exception*—and after all, these even, *would not suit them*. Now we have little doubt, that a *cruel, selfish stepmother is an exception*; and that *far the greater part are the best substitute orphan children could have for a Mother*. Many parents however feel differently and inculcate feelings of hostility in their children, toward such.

One child we heard, declaring that its mother had made it promise that "if ever its father married again, no peace should be given him—he *should be plagued to death*"—and other like sentiments were instilled. Should that mother be called hence, to leave her young family, would she prefer having them under the care of strangers, who felt no interest in them—and perhaps scattered—to being united under the control of their father, and such a mother as he would choose for them? Methinks such wives pay their husbands a poor compliment. If they had judgment enough to *select so well* the first time surely confidence in their second wise choice should be implicit.

Little Sarah says to me, "is aunt Mary uncle Daniel's *real wife*?" Real wife, what do you mean, my child? "Why, Mrs. Toby says she is only *half a wife*, because he has had a real wife and she is only the second one." This was a new idea to me. I had supposed the same vows which were taken in one instance, were as fully taken in the other. But it was a difficult matter to eradicate from this young mind a dislike to her excellent aunt—a want of respect for her station.

Many go farther than to represent stepmothers as deserving of less respect than other wives—they represent the whole as *unkind*. How rarely are they so, when compared with their number. How much more rare are such instances, than even cruel treatment from mothers. The treatment many mothers give their children would not be borne from stepmothers—public opinion would not bear it.

A gentleman lost his wife, and married again. Some years after, a neighbor said, "Mrs. Riggs does not treat Lydia, as well as she does her own children"—"she does abuse that girl, and that is *always* the way with stepmothers." If she had inquired she would have found that the predecessor of Mrs. Riggs left no children, and the abused Lydia was her first born—her only daughter. Is not much of the ~~prejudice~~ prejudice existing against this class of persons as well founded?

Will not mothers be careful how they form, and cherish such ideas, on this subject, in the minds of their young people, as may be productive of not only great unhappiness, but absolute ruin to them. For should children thus educated, be placed under ever so kind and judicious a woman, they would dislike her, and resist her influence. Many such unfortunate families there are, where but for this deep rooted prejudice, all might be comfort, and love, and confidence. How ~~our~~ family connections are the cause of trouble we attempt not to say—our business is with “the Little world of Home”—but let *them*—let *all*—say nothing—if their feelings are such, they cannot speak justly. And when they see such a wife, doing all that her kindness and piety can devise, for those committed in this trying relation, to her care, let them “give honor to whom honor is due.” NEMO.

EDUCATION FOR THE MARRIED LIFE.

To the Editor of the Microcosm :

In a late number of your paper, I observe a short article on education for the married life. A great subject truly, and your correspondent has entered upon a field so wide and so neglected, that we hope every part may be explored, until it is made to bud and blossom like the rose. It is a theme of universal interest, for Cælebs himself must have deplored his condition, had not his parents been duly qualified to live happily and usefully in the only state in which he ever knew them. To get ready to be married! why, it means every thing. Such a combination of perfections is required, that we instinctively shrink from the great undertaking, and yet one simple direction faithfully observed, both in letter and spirit, will insure us as perfect success as can be attained in this fallen world. And now let no bachelor or maiden who has taken upon himself or herself the vows of perpetual celibacy through discouragement or cowardice, think to avoid all responsibility with regard to this part of their education, by giving up matrimony; for to them our simple advice is of the first importance. To them and to all then I say, would you be effectually educated for happiness and respectability in the married life, qualify yourselves perfectly to live single. In making this preparation two fundamental principles, viz. self denial and self control are of prime importance. Let every parent begin early to inculcate and cultivate them. These seem at first glance to be very much alike; and the one to include the other. But in the common use of the terms we shall see that they have a distinct signification. Persons may be very self denying and yet occasionally break out into fits of violent passion, or be habitually petulant; and on the other hand they may control their tempers and their desires to a great extent and yet frequently exhibit great selfishness and an entire disregard of the happiness of those around them. Consistent excellence is

rare. The truth is we are sinful, fallen beings, and at the best but a mixture of good and evil. Christian education is the appropriate remedy for these evils, and must be begun very early; and parents must in dependence on the Spirit of God aim at the early conversion of their children. By this I do not mean merely that every child should be able to say with confidence and precision, on such a day I obtained a hope of my salvation and gave my heart to God. Those at all acquainted with the operations of the human mind and the difficulty of aiming at definite results even in adult years, will place but very little confidence in such statements from the mouths of their children, without the most striking evidence in their daily conduct of the renewal of the heart. The religion which we want to see in children is the subjugation of their evil tempers and the establishment of sound principles, and this we do believe will take place if parents are faithful in their efforts, humbly relying upon the promises of the Bible for the aid of the Spirit. All parents must prepare the hearts of their children as far as lies in their power for the reception of God's grace; nor rest until the great work is thus consummated. Here you may perhaps say, all this we knew before. If our children can become christians they are fitted in a sense for any station in this world, and certainly for happiness hereafter in Heaven. Piety is the first thing to be secured. But stop gentle reader, do you not know many persons whom you believe to be really pious whose natural tempers are such that you would be sorry to be compelled to dwell with them; who are not happy themselves and consequently cannot make others so. A gentleman once applied to an eminent clergyman for the hand of his daughter in marriage. The old gentleman in great faithfulness told the young man that her temper was so bad that he was afraid he would not be able to endure it. But sir, you think your daughter is pious. I hope she is, replied the father, but know, young man, the *grace of God* can live where *you or I* cannot. Here was an instance probably, where parental care had not from the beginning been exercised in preparing the child for the reception of grace. Many parents inculcate the soundest religious doctrines while they suffer evil passions to gather strength and leave the heart untouched. They seem to feel that they have nothing to do themselves in making them amiable, but that the grace of God will ultimately do all;—hence selfishness and every evil passion becomes so deeply rooted that if they ever become subjects of God's grace it takes a long life to enable them to gain the victory over them. But it is asked, is there nothing necessary to qualify us for usefulness and comfort in the married life but those moral qualities of which you have spoken so much? I answer yes. Men and women must be trained to habits of industry, frugality and good order. Parents must cultivate in their children perseverance, punctuality and fortitude: not that passive patience which makes us prefer to endure evils rather than exert ourselves for their removal: and here we would refer our reader to our two leading principles, self denial and self control. Let these two little words be thoroughly analyzed and they will be found to be very comprehensive. It has been our lot to be conversant with many families, and almost all the happiness which we have remarked between married people of correct moral habits has arisen from trifles. Something so small that either would have been ashamed of it as a matter of altercation, and that never could have become such had the parties been

accustomed to prefer the happiness of others to the gratifications of self will; or been early accustomed to that mental discipline of which we have been speaking. "My dear," says a lady to her husband as they had seated themselves at the breakfast table, "let us have that shutter closed while we eat." The husband having got snugly seated finds it easier to parley with his wife than to get up, and there is no servant in the room. He replies, "why do you wish it shut." "Because we are accustomed to having it closed and it is more pleasant." Here is the time for the husband to show that he is more anxious to gratify her than to indulge his love of ease. It is a little thing,—let him get up, and as he rises, cheerfully say something to manifest his pleasure in obliging her: the very repetition of such words, will make him forget all trouble. But no, he must enter into a long debate with her upon the folly of wanting the shutter closed; for his part he prefers it open, and it is only a whim of hers which he is not disposed to indulge. The wife feels that he is unkind, and instead of controlling her own feelings and keeping it to herself by maintaining perfect cheerfulness and self-possession, she accuses him of always opposing her wishes, weeps, and perhaps refuses to eat her breakfast; and thus all domestic comfort is gone for that morning. Habitual cheerfulness in the heads of a family are of prime importance not only to the happiness of its inmates, but to the good management of all family affairs, and yet who can be uniformly cheerful in such a changing world as this without constant self denial and self control. A continued interchange of kind offices with those with whom we daily associate serves greatly to mitigate the trials of life, and yet few persons are actively kind who are not habitually cheerful; for the very plain reason that a gloomy mind is almost perpetually engrossed with itself. A gloomy husband does not affect a family as powerfully as a gloomy wife. On her devolves the internal regulation of the house. If she is not cheerful, she is perpetually yielding to discouragement. The husband is disheartened, for men have less fortitude in domestic life than women; the children see that their parents are unhappy, and even the buoyancy of childhood will not sustain them under such a trial. The servants feel it and their work drags heavily. Such a family is not pleasant even to the passing stranger. The poison is in the fountain and every stream is impure. Imagine a lady who is pious, sensible and discreet, in every thing but this; she has never felt as she ought her obligations to be cheerful; she was not trained in early life to control her feelings, and though she does not indulge in violent ebullitions of passion, she is often disgusted by trifles, and manifests it by a gloomy face and deportment. She is beloved and perhaps admired *abroad*; but *at home*, where cares press upon her, and the opinions and wishes of others come in collision with her own, she is rarely cheerful. Why? because her own wishes are not always gratified, and she cannot control herself sufficiently to bear it with cheerfulness. Now if this lady had remained single, she could not have been happy. She would have had in reality fewer sources of enjoyment; and if she had never felt the pressure of domestic cares, the care of promoting her own selfish desires, and the habit of consulting her own comfort, rather than that of others, in a world where there is so much to thwart our wishes, would never have ceased until a querulous repining old age had made her a burden to all about her.

And now let me say to my youthful readers, this is no overdrawn picture. Real life furnishes us with so many such characters, that when I see old age pleasant and happy, I say to myself that individual has laid up a stock of cheerfulness for the winter of life by the constant exercise of self denial and self control; and this you may be assured is the only mental discipline which will make us happy or useful whether married or single.

A REVIEW.

(Communicated.)

"ANY thing from the mail to day?" "Yes, a Microcosm for you—and I see it is the 12th No. You have had a variety in it the last year, and this comes to close the series."

Our readers have had a variety of subjects presented to them in such style as we could offer. The "Introductory Appeal" was not in vain, and our hearts have been cheered to know that many are interested in the continuance of this effort.

Hints to "Young Wives," and the way to fit those at home for filling this station without disappointment, have been interspersed with remarks—on the "Education," "Management," and "Government" of children. Duties "to Apprentices" and "Servants" have been touched on but much more needs to be said on these subjects. That old doctrine of "Conjugal obedience" has been brought to light, when it was well nigh forgotten as a *Divine command*, though sometimes obeyed from affection.

Some common evils we have meant to destroy by striking at their root, and we trust have so thoroughly convicted all our readers of "evil speaking" that they will need no second lesson to effect a reform. Nor have we left the young ladies in our "little world" to feel satisfied in trifling with the *attentions* of gentlemen, even where they profess not to be trifling with their *affections*—we hope they feel both to be wrong.

The remarks of "a Mother" on the last page of our 10th No. are worth the price of the whole, and we hope the many valuable hints it contains will be acted upon fully in the management of many happy groups of children.

Our occasional "poetry," too, will please those who love to see truths in a new and engaging dress, and delight in communing with their own imaginings.

In short, reader, we trust you have been profited by the little work in your hand, as a reasonable being should be, by such subjects—are you ready to receive the next numbers with a teachable spirit. Will you consider all the truths they may contain as important to you—and let their influence on your heart be seen in your daily practice?

Nemo.

For the Microcosm.

I AM A STRANGER IN THE EARTH.

"I am a stranger in the earth." Psalm cxix. 19.

And thus it is—from spot to spot,
Our weary footsteps go—
By few beloved, by more forgot,
And homeless here below.

No spot so calm—no scene so sweet,
That we may linger there ;
Our stay is brief, our pleasures fleet,
For we are strangers here.

The friends that aid our toilsome way,
And cheer its deepening gloom,
Too bright for earth, pass day by day,
Before us to the tomb.

While robb'd of rest, condemned to rove,
We tread life's weary path,
We raise our fainting eyes above,
As "*strangers in the earth.*"

By ills beset, by dangers press'd,
By fearful tempests driven,
Our cheering hope is promised rest—
A HOME prepared in Heaven !

J. D. T.

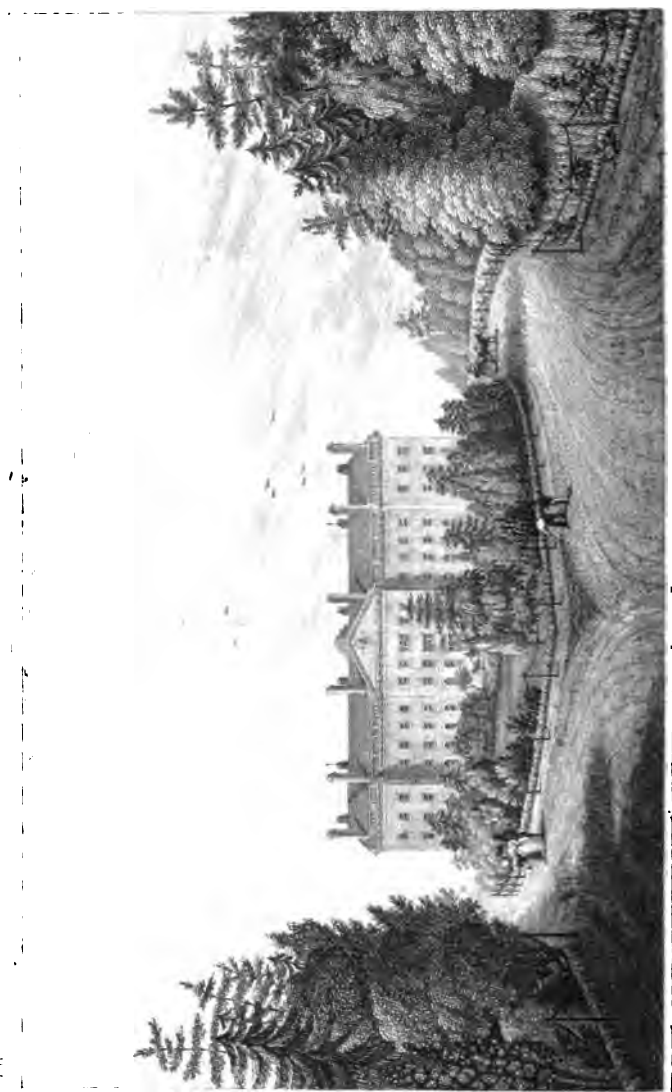
TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS OF THE MICROCOSM.

It is with peculiar feelings of interest, pleasure and gratitude, that we address the readers of the Microcosm as a company of *friends*, made acquainted by communion of mind and thought, and in bringing our year's labors to a close, thank them for their kindness, their courtesy, and their assistance. The relation of Editor and Reader becomes one of intimate and confidential bearing. We fancy ourselves acquainted with the principles and tastes of our readers—we judge with confidence of what will please them—and in sending off our monthly message, trace its arrival among our many *subscribers*, as well as our many *personal friends*, with the feelings attending a private epistle. While we return our cordial and hearty thanks to these friends for their generous and disinterested efforts in behalf of the Microcosm, we venture to cumber our benediction with another appeal. We

have a specific request to make—viz. that each subscriber and reader of the *Microcosm*, will get us *one* additional subscriber. We of course can have no objection to as many more as they may please to send; but if each will procure *one* it will be the means of doubling our subscription list—which can well bear doubling. Every body surely has influence enough to induce *one* among all his acquaintance to look with interest on this little pilgrim—especially when it comes with so humble a claim as a *one dollar* bounty. They would not probably hesitate ten minutes in a decision for ten times the sum in relation to a fashionable article of dress, to last a less number of weeks, or by the attraction of a jeweled ornament. True, we cannot promise them any thing so brilliant as the sparkling gem—nor perhaps so varied as the proteus arts of fashion,—but we can honestly and confidently say we have endeavored to set forth the value and beauty of that “*while stone*” which shall be given to all who in singleness of heart seek to know and walk in the path of duty. We have aimed at something better than mere entertainment for the thoughtless and indolent. We have labored to show the dignity of our natures, and the importance of our stations, as designed by the creation and ordinances of God. We have desired to lead the mind to a discovery of the happiness and blessedness of our *home circumstances*—so often unknown and unappreciated, if not destroyed by our own perverseness:—while over all and through all, we would preserve the fair and bright and beautiful things so plenteously bestowed by the hand of our Creator. We can promise too, by the character and talent of our correspondents, much that will be worth the attention and consideration of our readers. We are proud and happy to number among our contributors, many of our most talented and popular writers;—and we still hold in reserve the promised assistance of many others. While we respectfully solicit the continuance of their interest, we trust their efforts in the cause of the “*Little world of Home*,” will never prove a thankless or unproductive labor.

It is important that the names of new subscribers should be put in the way to reach their destination by direction to the publishers or the Editor, and the address given with precision and accuracy. All will be considered subscribers for the second volume who do not give directions to the contrary before the third number is issued.

The “*Little World*” was established in its “*revolution*,” from motives of necessity; and the same necessity demands its continuance. We have engaged in the enterprise unaided and alone—except in the voluntary and grateful assistance of friends and correspondents—and the Editor finds *herself* not enough of an *ATLAS* to support even a “*little world*” without the continuance of that favor and patronage. We would not say a word to constrain one to follow us through another year unwillingly, but if any are disposed to take leave of us, we hope they may also be disposed to consider our request in transferring their interest to some other person. We would remind those who have forgotten to forward the amount of their subscriptions, that while the sums individually are so inconsiderable as to escape their recollection, they constitute the “*miles*” which go to make up “*all the living*” of those dependent on them.







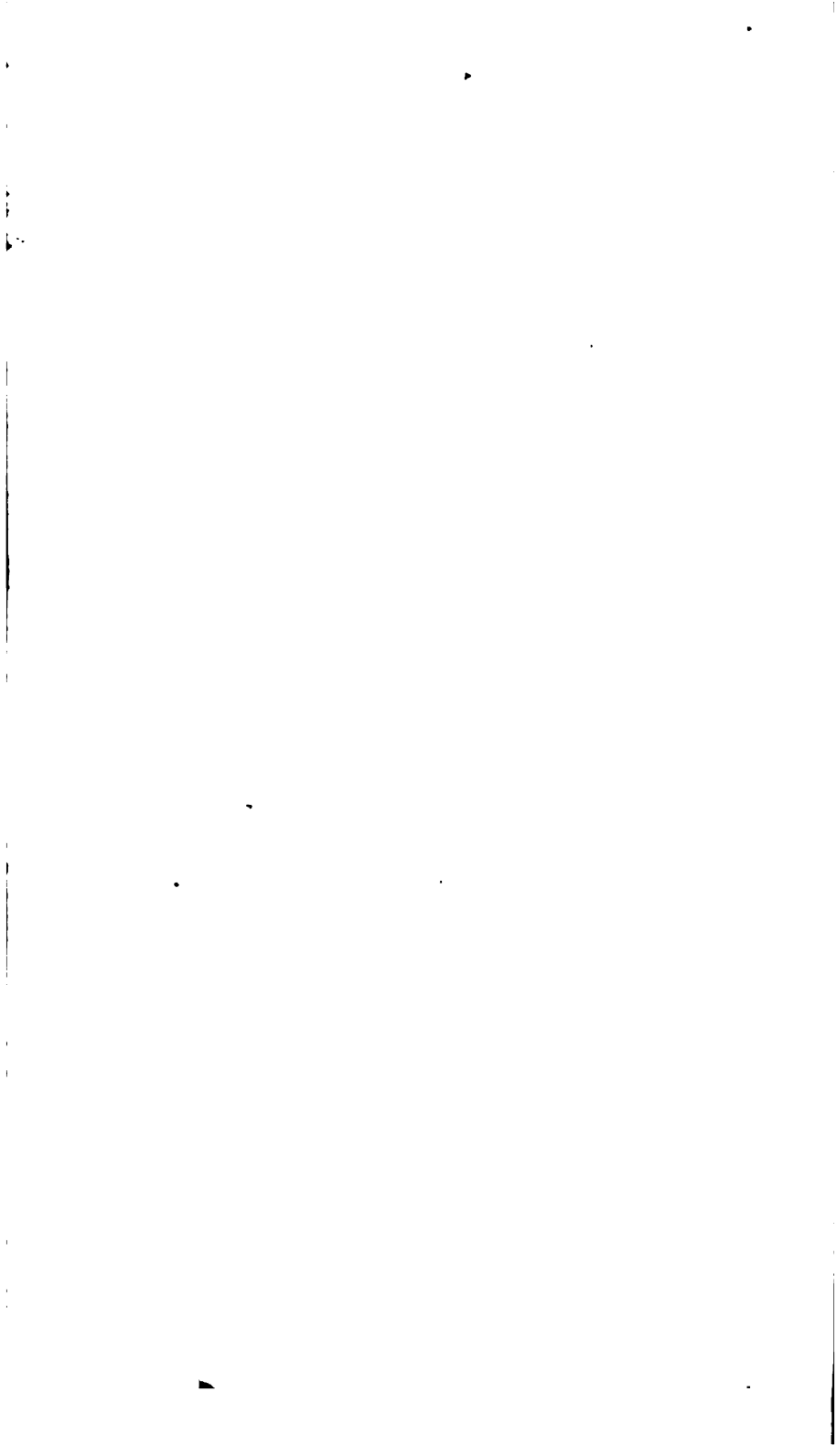
THE
MICROCOSM:
OR,
LITTLE WORLD OF HOME.

“ Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall !
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee ! too infirm,
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup ;
Thou art the nurse of virtue ; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.”

COWPER.

VOL. II.

NEW HAVEN :
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY P. B. WHITMORE.
1836.



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THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1835.

No. 1.

For the Microcosm.

ALBUMS.

WHY are Albums now banished from the social circle? Time was when they were as numerous "as Autumn leaves in Valambrossa's vale;" no parlor was complete without them; no lady—no friend—was satisfied without some memorial by which in after years to recall past scenes of pleasure to her mind. But now "a change come o'er the spirit of the dream." Some boarding school Miss perhaps, extracts long rhapsodies on friendship or on love—borrowing both words and thoughts from Moore or Byron—into a tinselled and bepictured thing; inscribes her name among some score of others, and then the pretty gewgaw is forgotten.

This is not as it should be. I would have Albums revived. I would have them purified from the dross by which they are now enveloped, and the pure gold exposed to every eye. I would have these loadstones of friendship again attracting kindred hearts to hearts. There is no place, however, in which such mementos of the past are more cheering; indeed I may say more necessary, than in our own beautiful city. Our society is ever changing, ever new; we bind our hearts in closest sympathy to a friend, and perhaps the next season's change bears the stranger forever from our sight. Like a beautiful bird from a southern sky, forced far from her accustomed limits by some freak of fortune; she has found a home among the green foliage and the embowering shades which encircle our own dwellings, and the wanderer is at rest. Her nestlings riot in the pure breath of our summer breezes, and carol their matin lays and match their tender wings with the loveliest and the fleetest of our own feathered songsters. But distance of time and place makes her own native orange groves look more and more inviting; she is gone, and hearts which have beat in unison perhaps for years, must now turn to memory's tablets for all their consolation.

My album is one of my own invention; to each of my friends I give a card, on which to inscribe her name, and place some memorial of herself. These are my jewels; on these I anchor my affections. They recal to me, and to me only, the friends of my youth, the companions of my riper years. To me only,—for over this treasury of the affections, this storehouse of friendship, I keep an eager and exclusive watch, as a miser gloating over his wealth of gold and silver.

Some—no matter how many—years ago I had an Album—on its blank leaf, one of my friends—my friend —, scratched with a *pencil* a few stanzas—they have since been my text book through life. We had known each other long and well, but our still and quiet scenes, our rocks and shades, our wealth of woods and waters, could not satisfy his more stirring spirit. He was a devotee to Ambition and struck boldly forth from his native shore, in pursuit of the empty bubble of reputation. Toil and unaccustomed hardship were too much for a frame already enfeebled by application; he sank beneath the dart of the destroyer, and the wild, rank flowers of the prairie now wave and rustle o'er his head. Why do I give these stanzas to the winds? Why do I search with keenest probe the festering wound which has hitherto been so closely veiled from view? 'Tis to "break the bondage of the mind," to "pluck from the heart its rooted sorrow."

*****'s ALBUM.

INVOCATION.

Entwine my cup with flowers,
And fill with sparkling wine,
Let music try her powers,
And Cynthia o'er me shine;
Come fancy to my aid,
And clothe my thoughts in verse,
While I for thee fair maid
Thy album's fate rehearse.

RELATIONS.

*Affection's choicest treasures!
Their names, this book shall gather,
Who share in all thy pleasures,
Thy sisters, and thy father,
And there's one name still nearer,
Thy own beloved mother,
Than whom, to thee, none dearer;
To these will join thy brother.

FRIEND.

Affection's loveliest token!
Thy less thy more than sister
Thy friend; while hearts are broken
And tears her bright cheeks blister,
Shall here enshrine her story,
Her farewells here shall falter,
While she devotes, before thee,
Her heart on friendship's altar.

LOVER.

Affection! thou'rt too fleeting
Too apt to wax and wane,
To shadow forth that meeting.
"We part to meet again;
"But ere I'm left alone,
"Ere my farewells I falter;
"Thy Album's claims I own
As love's own votive altar.

FINALE.

These lines I've just been tracing
So slightly o'er thy page,
Will bear much more defacing,
Will live to riper age ;
It fears me, than will linger
One trace, within thy breast,
Of him, whom Fate's dread finger
Now beckons towards the West.

B.

EVIL SPEAKERS AND EVIL SPEAKING.

To the Editor of the Microcosm :

WE are happy to see that one of your correspondents in two recent numbers entitled *evil speakers* has taken up the subject of *evil speaking* generally. The papers are worthy of the attention of all your readers but as ladies are at the close especially addressed, we think that your author would insinuate that they are most in fault. Let your female readers take the subject home at once and with their characteristic frankness confess at least to themselves that the implied charge is just and as their influence is *very great* unite in putting down so evil a practice.

The question was once asked why the Lion, so noble a beast, was always painted as being led by a man ? The reply was, "Because man is the Painter."

Now Mrs. Editor though the two papers alluded to possess inherent evidence of being written by a gentleman we would not by the above quotation mean to intimate that females are thus accused because man is the accuser—for this would seem like an attempt to parry the truth. We will admit the fact, women are more inclined to evil speaking, generally than men. Why is this ? Are they less amiable ? No. In general they may be regarded as more gentle, more kind, more affectionate than the other sex. While then we attempt to solve the mystery, let it not be thought that we are endeavoring to excuse, or palliate, our sin, but merely to account for it. Then having admitted the fact, and given the reasons for its existence we shall be better able to take appropriate measures to eradicate the evil.

We have seen that the cause of our censoriousness is not to be found in the infirmity of our natural qualities : we must then seek it in something extrinsic wholly apart from our moral characters. Nor is this any attempt at extenuation. We are free, voluntary agents and as much to blame for yielding to temptation as the other sex. Man's temptations are more from the world. Woman's sphere of action is *home*. Her battles are by the fire-side and with herself. Here she is to fight and here obtain fresh conquests over self—"compared with which the laurels which a Caesar gains are weeds." In reflecting upon this subject we believe that most of the evil speaking of women may be attributed to two general causes. Their minds are not subjected to the same severe exercise as those of men, and having so much leisure for conversation, and so great a demand for social intercourse

within doors, the conduct and general characters of their acquaintances are inadvertently discussed, until the habit becomes too pleasant to be easily relinquished. Again women are more discriminating with regard to the minute shades of character than men, and more delicately alive to the proprieties and improprieties of those with whom they associate. They are more fastidious. A woman is so much disgusted with that which a man perhaps entirely overlooks, that in the fulness of her displeasure she instinctively communicates her thoughts to the first friend she meets, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak. As a sex they are fond of characterising and this habit leads to censoriousness. This too may be attributed to the circumstances in which they are placed and not to the fact that they are more censorious at heart than men. But to whatever cause the evil may be attributed, the fact itself is an appalling one, and we would unite with the author of the essays in your paper in imploring a reformation. If there be a cause actually found in our outward circumstances, or if the evil in question arises from the want of sufficient mental occupation we are furnished with a powerful inducement to cultivate our minds in the highest possible manner. Nor will we any longer plead the want of time or opportunity. Facilities at the present day abound, and if time for mental improvement is wanting, let morning calls and evening parties, and all unnecessary feminine employment whether of the needle, pen or pencil, be relinquished.

There is one species of evil speaking to which your correspondent seems to imply that we are particularly prone, viz. that of criticising the performances of the ministers of Christ. This is not a fault exclusively feminine. All, all are guilty here; and sermons are a sort of public property so that those who dare not assail the private characters of ministers feel that they have a right to say what they please about them in their official capacity. A preacher is cold, or he is zealous, he is spiritual or worldly, he is a good speaker or a bad speaker, lazy or industrious, he writes in good taste or bad taste. So commonly are these remarks reiterated from week to week that one would think it was the business of each returning sabbath not to worship our Heavenly Father, and secure our salvation, but to discern the perfections and imperfections of those who come to us as ambassadors of Christ to beseech us in his name to be reconciled to an offended God. And do our sex stand first in this work of destruction also? If so let us consider that in destroying or even impairing the influence of ministers we not only wound and injure private feelings but we are actually preventing the public good, we are retarding the renovation of a world lying in wickedness and destroying souls for whom Christ died. The evil must be stayed. The sin is universal, for who can be found who is free from its contaminating influence? We could even wish that Heralds might be sent forth from one end of our country to the other to represent the prevalence and enormity of this sin as they have done those of intemperance until all, especially christian females, should banish it from their conversation, abroad and from their firesides, as they have done the intoxicating cup from their tables. If the reformation is to be a thorough one public sentiment must be secured. Let every one begin with himself or herself, setting a strict watch on the door of the lips, and whenever a defect in another is discovered let the offender be dealt with as the scriptures prescribe; let the heart be lifted up in prayer to God in

his behalf, and if the fault be too insignificant to authorise such a course, remember dear reader that it is so small that it may without inconvenience be concealed in your own bosom.

CATHARINE.

OBEDIENCE AND HAPPINESS ESSENTIAL TO THE FORMATION OF VIRTUOUS CHARACTER.

WE once asked the venerable mother of a large family, whose members had grown up with characters and principles forming the best possible commendation of her system,—wherein consisted the secret of her uncommon success in training her children. She replied, that her intercourse with them had always been governed by sincerity and candor :—that her first care was to establish implicit obedience and the next to make them happy. The happiness of their home was the shield in which this mother trusted to guard her children from the dangers and temptations without ;—while confidence in their parents, and obedience to their injunctions, formed the restraining principle which directed and regulated their conduct.

We have been led to think much of the importance of these two principles, happiness and obedience, in the formation of upright and decidedly virtuous characters. The child who has never been taught to yield his will and submit his heart to the claims of duty, in obedience to rightful authority, must necessarily be the victim of self-will, and the slave of passion—tost about with every wind of danger and temptation :—while he who has been accustomed to submit to lawful and judicious authority, is invested with a panoply of tried armor. The wisdom and benevolence of God are strikingly exhibited in the institution of family government, as a miniature representation of his own great plan ; and the parent who faithfully establishes respect and obedience to his own authority, is laying the best foundation for the submission of the heart to God. The child who habitually revolts under parental government, has made rebellion his leading principle of action—and when the claims of God to love and obedience are presented, the same principle of rebellion is arrayed against them.

But obedience alone will not constitute a perfect character. The social and generous qualities of the heart must be drawn out and exercised. We do not believe the child can grow up consistently virtuous who is not made uniformly happy. God has indissolubly united innocence and happiness—and as children possess much innocence they are naturally blessed with much happiness. When the circumstances of their early lives counteract this native happiness of the heart, its place is filled by discontent, repining or moroseness. All those amiable, ingenuous qualities which go to make up a benevolent, influential character, are crushed or perverted. An unhappy mind is constantly turned with pity upon itself—and as an inevitable consequence becomes selfish and complaining. The effort to devise and promote new sources of happiness at home, is probably one of the wisest to which the mother's attention can be directed. What a safeguard do those

children possess, who after testing other scenes of enjoyment, return like the wandering dove to that loved ark, finding no other resting-place to compare with it. In making their home the happiest place for her husband and children, the wife and mother most effectually promotes her own happiness. There is no joy like that of contributing to the happiness of others. It is realizing the blessing implied in the promise—"he that watereth shall himself be watered." We have never seen the family conspicuous for happiness, that was not also conspicuous for virtue and high moral principle.

The more parents aim at perfection of government the more will they find *self government* to be the most important and difficult part of their duty. "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city." Complaint, petulance and reproach are often the means of undoing a long course of laborious effort. Scarcely any thing is more discouraging and injurious to children than to be reproached by the disheartened parent as incorrigible. Habitual fault-finding and fretfulness wear upon the young spirit—and it either droops or becomes callous under their application. In either case as a common resort it flies from home for relief. Parents are often discouraged by the delayed results of their efforts. They expect too much from their children. They fix their eyes upon some desirable point of attainment, and then grieve because their children do not reach it at once, without going over the intermediate ground. They wish to see them act at all times and under all circumstances, just as they would themselves act, with all the advantage of tried principles and long experience:—forgetting that it is the business of education to form such characters. There is much wisdom in many of the old sayings respecting the inconsistency of expecting "old heads on young shoulders." PATIENCE may be ranked as a cardinal virtue in those who would train the young to usefulness and happiness. While every motive to diligence and watchfulness is presented to the parent, the harvest is in prospect. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand"—and the result is secured by the promise—"in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not."

For the Microcosm.

NEW HAVEN.

WRITTEN IN JUNE, 1835.

YE glowing spires and dark embowering shades
That like a leafy crown bedropp'd with gold
Wave o'er the graceful Bay :—Ye giant forms,
That on yon columns of eternal rock,
Lift high the mace and guard these beauteous seats :—
Bright land-marks hail !—I know thee by these signs,
Sweet classic Queen ! I tread on honor'd ground,
And hail thee by thine ancient name, Red-Mount.

Oh what a soft variety of shade,
From the dense thicket, to the graceful bough,

That loose and feathery, scarcely breaks the sun,
Broods o'er these lovely seats!—The garden-town—
City of bowers and blossoms! See how far
These rich umbrageous colonades extend
Their intermingling boughs, while rayless shade
Spreads its dark cloth beneath:—The plummy race
People these shades and pour their rural strains
Of soothing sweetness o'er the city's hum,
Calming the troubles of life's tossing wave.

How green these parks! How reverend these elms
That hang their distant foliage in the sky
And drop soft whispers from each bending bough!
Hark! hear the gathering music downward pour
Through yon dense avenue,* whose pillar'd walks
Stretch far away, and like the long dark aisle
Of some vast *Temple* seem—great Nature's shrine.

How rich these gardens, whose out-breathing sweets
Surcharge the morning dews and load the wings
Of every wind, scattering the fragrant shower,
With a free breath o'er busy Art and Trade!

Oh, where shall Taste and Genius, wanderers long
Find such sweet home as this!—Here Learning sits
Upon a sylvan throne, and bends her wreath
Of interwoven leaves, to every breeze.
Here every *Science* owns a favorite bower
And every *Muse* a haunt. The loftiest minds
Spread their strong wings amid Arcadian charms,
And in these peaceful alcoves, freely draw
Pure water from the crystal wells of Truth.
The woodland deities have wandered forth
From their deep solitudes to grace these halls
And mingle with *Minerva's* holy train.
E'en natural objects seem imbued with thought.
The gales as they pass onward, softly breathe
A mystic harmony:—the branches wave
With a deep meaning, eloquent and sweet,
And every mossy bank is study's chair.

Taste, Inspiration, Science, holy Thought
These shades are yours!—Here too celestial *Peace*,
Spreads her soft silken curtains o'er the soul;
And *Happiness* the lover of green shades,
Shows her bright form, nor heeds the city's noise.

See where *Nocturnal study's* glimmering lamp
Beams o'er the midnight page! Visions of fame
And dreams of glory, round these breezy halls
Hover as numerous as the fluttering leaves.
How many lofty plans have plum'd their wings
And broke like bubbles here! How many hopes
Wax'd warm and bright, that never found success,
Chill'd by an early frost! How many hearts,
Warm with aspirings, lofty as the stars,
Pour'd hence into the world, and quickly dropp'd,
Leaving on earth no vestige! Every wind
Is laden with the vain and fruitless schemes,

* Temple Street.

Of minds that feebly soar, and only gain
A shadowy glimpse of greatness!—Such the notes,
The floating atoms that all sun-beams show.

But here are nobler spirits—whose large thoughts
Explore the highest heavens, and deepest mines
Where *Truth* may be discover'd, free as light,
Scattering o'er all the earth the gems they find.
With keen discernment all disguise they pierce,
Expose pretension, subtlest knots unfold,
Disperse the dim mysterious mist that clouds,
The heavenly features of Philosophy,
And gather in their glowing urns, the light
Of Time and Science :—in these green retreats,
Nursing the spirit's meditative power,
And breathing every thought through the rich mould,
Of Hebrew grandeur, and Athenian grace.

Behold yon woodland seat !* How deep, how grand
The shadows of those groves !—The graceful home
Where he, the bard sublime, reviver bold
Of high Miltonic music, feeds his soul
With visions high, and solemn soothing thought.
Methinks I hear, breathing from those dark shades,
The loud resounding echoes of his harp,
Too long at rest, or only by the wind
Or chance-alighting bird, touch'd into sound.

Oh what a charm does intellectual light
Cast o'er the works of nature ! To these bowers
These forest-walks, it gives a ten-fold spell
And adds a soul to every lifeless form.
It mingles with the echoes of these woods,
A blast from the last Trumpet, and invokes
The dark magician from his Syrian haunts
To stalk amid these glooms—a troubled'ghost.

This is the magic secret of thy shores
New Haven !—'Tis the homeless regicide,
And that old sermon in the oak's gray shade,
'Tis Academic glory,—thy lov'd Dwight,
Thy legends, and the congregated blaze
Of mighty minds, that gives to these fair plains
Their mystic beauty, and their wondrous power.

This lends a holier lustre to the Moon,
As its chaste beams lie trembling on the ground.
It graces every walk, gilds every stream,
And gives a magic cadence to the sighs
That murmur mid the elms. Romantic charm !
That binds this spot close to the enthusiast's heart.
The idlest stranger feels its mystic power,
And deems it sweet amid these dreamy shades,
And classic halls, to waste the line of life

Sweet city ! who but leaves thee with regret,
Admiring, oft returning, lingering still,
Longing to put the stole of learning on,
Access to these her inmost shrines to gain ?

How sweet to woo and win her favors here !
Beneath the shadow of heaven-gifted souls
To dwell, and drink the life-bestowing stream
Bubbling from Truth's eternal fountains, mid
The loveliness and grandeur of these scenes !

F. M.

For the Microcosm.

FAMILY RELIGION AS IT WAS.

LEST I should give offence to the "Spirit of the Age," who seems to be a very jealous personage, I would premise what I have to say, with the humble tribute of my admiration for the times in which we live. Undoubtedly we are in the focal point of whatever is wise, good, and great. The scattered rays of knowledge which gave a dim twilight to our ancestors, are now gathered in one harmonious whole, and poured in full glory upon us. Such is the voice of "public opinion," and who shall dare to gain-say it ! I shall not venture it. With most profound obeisance, therefore, to the "Genius of the Nineteenth Century," I would beg leave to indulge myself in a few recollections of former days.

It is a singular fact, that notwithstanding the great improvements which have been made in the religious order of families, my mind still dwells with peculiar fondness on the antiquated methods which were in fashion at the opening of the present century. Doubtless, it is a weakness which I should not have been troubled with, had I been born a few years later, or had I been less tenacious of early feelings and habits. But however that may be, it is something which no influence has been able to subdue. Even to this day, I think of those times with fresh interest, nor do I find it in my heart to wish they had been essentially different. His Majesty, the "Spirit of the Age," will pardon me, I trust, for this strange partiality. No offence is meant—it is only a trick of the affections, which in my own case, have always had a most unaccountable propensity, when once attached to any thing, to hold on and never let go. It is with the utmost difficulty, that I can make them keep pace with these "march-of-mind" days—they are continually in the rear, clinging about some useless, forgotten, mouldering relic of other times. And when I would urge them forward to join the main body of his Majesty's troops in their progress to conquest and glory, they will lift up their voice in the lamentation of Eve,—

"Must [we] leave thee, Paradise ! thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Where [we] had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of [our days !]"

No doubt they will in time get cured of this sickly fancy, and consent to be guided by common sense and the "Spirit of the Age." But for the present, I must confess my fondness for the religious customs of former days. I love to think of a New England sabbath such as it was in my childhood. It is purely a picture of memory, for the reality has long since passed away.

The Lord's Day, according to the custom of my father's house, was ushered in not without preparation. The setting of the sun on Saturday evening was the signal for general cessation from labor and play. At least, but little was done after that hour, except the putting of things in order for the sabbath. The children were forbidden of their usual sports; if they played, it was softly, and by stealth. Well do I remember the feelings with which I once heard myself reprimanded for a misdemeanor, and informed that "the morrow was the sabbath of the Lord!" I began to realize that it was a serious thing to be so thoughtless on the eve of God's holy day. Nor did that impression soon wear off. Many a time has the thought, "to-morrow is the sabbath of the Lord!" associated as it is, with the parental look and voice, checked my untimely mirth, and directed my mind to more appropriate exercises.

My parents felt, and endeavored to make their children feel, that the sabbath was a *great day*; and it seemed to them not exactly proper to approach it as carelessly as we should approach any other day. They watched its coming from afar; they hailed the signals of its dawning with reverent joy; and hastened to put their shoes from off their feet, knowing that the ground wherupon they were to stand was holy.

They had an idea too, (perhaps it is exploded by this time) that the mind cannot put itself to the right-about at any instant the will may see fit to give the word of command. After being engaged for six days in secular labors, they found, or thought they found, a little too much of the world clinging to them, to be shaken off in a moment. They had the old-fashioned habit of sitting down to the sober contemplation of the great truths of revelation, and the appropriate objects of faith, hope, and love, as the necessary means of withdrawing their minds from the world, and preparing them for the approaching festival. They seemed to think that the heart could not be driven, but must be drawn into love. Hence their notion that some *time* was necessary to bring their hearts into a right state towards God—hence they set apart Saturday evening for meditation on the "things of the kingdom."

The observance of the sabbath itself was in character with this preparation. All was grave, solemn, affectionate. The idea that this is a very holy day, a day to be regarded with great reverence, was fully impressed on our minds. However irksome it might have been to our volatile spirits to keep within doors and behave ourselves with becoming sobriety, we were obliged to do it. For the improvements in family government, which have been made in this enlightened age, were wholly unknown to the guardians of my youth. They verily thought that God had invested them with real authority over their children, so that instead of politely *suggesting* to them the propriety of doing this or that, they undertook to *command* them. And we, simple souls, not knowing that all men are *born* free and equal, and therefore as children, have a right to elect their own governors, and do what they please, verily supposed that we were under an obligation to *obey* them! We were taught that obedience is a duty even though *we* could not see the reason of it. Accordingly, though at first it might seem a very useless, not to say cruel thing, to be shut up all day and kept still, yet such was the will of our parents, and *that we could* understand and obey. They had received a tradition from their fore-fathers, and believed it to be true, that children, even very young children, should be made to feel that there is a very great difference between

the sabbath and other days. This might be done, it was thought, even before they were capable of understanding the nature of that difference. It was believed that in this way a habit of reverence for God's holy day, might be formed, which would become, as it were, ingrained with the earliest development of their moral nature. Such were their notions, and such their practice.

No slight cause was allowed to detain any of our number from the house of God. Nor did we feel at liberty to amuse ourselves while the minister was preaching; for if we felt no personal interest in the subject, we knew that an account of the sermons would be required of us at the close of the day. My parents supposed that this had a tendency to make us attentive hearers. And thus, since "faith cometh by hearing," they hoped to see us yielding our hearts to the power of divine truth.

The services of the sanctuary were followed up by the instructions of the domestic fire-side. These consisted principally in the catechetical exercise, then almost universally practised throughout New England. My honored father regarded the Westminster Assembly's Catechism as a most excellent formula of christian doctrine. Dear, good man! little did he think what improvements were to be made in theology even in his own day. They say that the good old catechism is quite too antiquated for these times. It might have been suitable enough to the circumstances of our fathers—but we must have something better. Ah, well! it may be so. I am a simple minded man, and do not profess to understand these high matters. Perhaps it only becomes me, as a humble individual, to be aware that I live in a great age, an age of great light, of great wonders, and that while every other department of knowledge is undergoing such vast improvements, it is to be expected that theology will come in for its share. It may be so. And yet,—and yet,—shall I say it! it cuts me to the heart to think that it is so. My spirit sinks within me, when I see the venerable pillars on which our fathers leaned with all their spiritual interests for eternity, thus condemned as unsound, and laid aside to make way for something new. At the present rate of reform I fear we soon shall have nothing left by which the present may be connected with the past; and our ancestors will be forgotten for the want of some visible memento of their existence. I suppose it is a great privilege to live in an age in which all things are created new, but still I confess there is something in the yet standing monuments of past greatness that stir my soul,

"As if a breeze were there
Sweeping [her lowest] depths."

And *must* the Assembly's Catechism be given up? It grieves me to think of it. But I suppose this glorious reformation must go on, cost what it may. The mind of man has been able to improve almost every thing, why should it not improve Christianity? And so if the catechism is found wanting, nothing remains but to cast it aside. Well! it has had its day. And a good day it has seen too. For many generations, and in some of the best portions, and happiest periods of the church, it has been received as a true expression of scripture doctrine. Thousands and tens of thousands have recognized in these doctrines the voice of Holy Writ, and of their own experience. Multitudes have been built up, comforted, fed and nourished by the truths embodied in this catechism. Christians after the stamp of Brainerd and Ed-

wards, Mather and Elliot, Shepherd and Robinson, were formed on the basis of these doctrines. How much better they would have been if they had enjoyed the light of the present day, it is impossible to tell. If however they lived according to the light they had, we ought not to complain of them, if they did not quite reach our own standard of holiness. Receiving as they did, so much that modern wisdom has discovered to be error, or at least, a corrupted form of the truth, it is not to be expected that they would develop the graces of the christian character, so fully and harmoniously as they are developed by christians of this enlightened day. If truth is the soil of piety, and they held less of it than we, of course, other things being equal, they would not be so humble, so prayerful, so full of faith, hope, joy and love, as their more exemplary descendants.

But my father (may he possess his soul in patience !) knew nothing of all this light which was to come. He knew that the catechism was the work of men ; but then he believed, for so he had read, that they were the wisest and best of their own age, and inferior to the divines of no other. He thought too, he could see and feel the truth of the doctrines himself. And as I have said, believing this to be the best formula of the christian system then extant, he inculcated it from sabbath to sabbath on his children. Most of us were able to understand what we learned, and if some of us were not, still we were included in the exercise. It may seem very strange, but my father imagined that it would be of some service to have such a body of divinity at the tongue's end in after life when it *could* be understood and appreciated—and he supposed too, that it never could be committed to memory with greater facility than in early youth. He thought it was a fact moreover, so far as he had observed (and in this his opinion coincided with many others) that those christians who had been taught the catechism in their childhood, were far more intelligent, stable, and consistent in their faith, than those who had not been so instructed. For these and other reasons, the catechetical exercise was continued until the object of its institution was supposed to be accomplished.

The evening of the Lord's day would always find our circle *together*—around the fire-side, if in winter—each with some religious book, or all listening to one of their number. Oh ! those family scenes ! They are forever embalmed in my heart. How fondly does memory linger around that well-beloved fire-side, pause before each familiar face, scanning every feature, then hovering above them all, view the whole group as one ! How calm ! how peaceful ! How softly do the "fair humanities of old religion" steal into their hearts ! I will not change the scene—I cannot. Let us leave them there in the light of their cheerful fire, and amid the sanctities of their family retirement. Memory shall preserve the picture as a sacred trust, lest I forget the lessons of my childhood. A few seasons more, and if such be the will of God, I may be left to contemplate it as something never again to be realized on earth. Yes, and so all the friends of my youth, and the scenes that I have loved, are passing away. One by one they

"Glide to thy dim dominions"

"Thou unrelenting Past !"

and "are bound." Soon wilt thou have

"My better years,

My earlier friends—the good—the kind,

Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind."

Aye ! but not forever.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield them up at last ;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable past !

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall yet come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet ;
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat ;

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again ;
Alone shall evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign."

B. L. D.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

DR. WATTS advances a theory under the above title, which at least furnishes an amusing ground of speculation, and may not be wholly unprofitable as a subject of consideration. His doctrine is founded on the orthodox principle that "*matches are made in Heaven*;"—and he asserts that every soul is provided with a suitable and congenial partner ; but owing to the confusion and perversion of every thing here below, by reason of transgression and rebellion, matters and things have become so confounded and *mixed up* as to make it the most difficult of all tasks for one to find his appropriate fellow-pilgrim. Hence the occasion of the "*few happy matches*." Once in a great while some lucky mortal finds his legitimate helpmeet—but far the greater portion of these parted souls, are wandering about the earth in quest of the other half of themselves, and in the search, multitudes get *yoked* without being *matched*—to which circumstance he attributes all the strife, bitterness and dissension in the conjugal world.

In taking this theory for our text, we do not intend to offer any elaborate arguments to bring our readers over to the good Doctor's peculiarity of belief ; but we think the subject may be *improved* to individual advantage.

We regard it as an imperative *duty*, in all who are searching for a companion for life, to search for that congeniality of character, together with those qualities and principles which will afford a reasonable ground of future happiness. The union that will meet the demands of the heart, must consist in a similarity of views, tastes and principles. We do not mean a mirror-like resemblance which shall make one the perfect transcript of the

other ; for such a likeness does not exist, and if it did would not probably conduce so much to enlightened happiness as the varieties and peculiarities of character which we often see united. It is not uncommon to see a happy combination of resolution with timidity—of cheerfulness with despondency—of caution with impetuosity—supplying the deficiencies of the one, and tempering the excesses of the other. Neither does this likeness consist in a similarity of habits, education or disposition : but it is found in a unity of aim and purpose ; in agreement on the great leading and governing objects of life. How can one who is domestic, social and unambitious, be happy with a partner who lives only in excitement, applause and vain display. Both are more alone in their several pursuits, than if they were wholly disconnected.

Is it irrational to expect the decisions of wisdom and judgment in this great question, equally with subjects of less importance ? Is it alone in matters involving all of our earthly happiness that custom forbids to pause and consider ? A correct understanding of the character and principles is absolutely essential to future comfort and happiness—and must be formed before partiality has blinded the eyes. Let not this discretionary step be considered a cold-hearted measure to begin with—it is better to fore-see the evil than to be overwhelmed by it. If every failing and defect is hid to the lover, let the same mantle of affection conceal them in the husband or the wife. The business of courtship seems to be to close the eyes to every fault and imperfection—and the business of life, after marriage, to search them out with lynx-eyed observation and severity. Now if the tables were turned, so that the scrutiny should come first and the confidence afterwards, it would be arriving at just the result to which we are aiming.

An impartial estimate of the character is not to be founded on the conduct of the parties to *each other* ; but in observations on the principles which govern their intercourse with those around them. If he or she is in judgment and demeanor towards others, habitually kind, gentle and forbearing—benevolent, disinterested and charitable—then may you rely upon these virtues as *security* for a continual supply in the more intimate relations of life. To these must be added self-denial, patience, order and diligence ; or the duties of life will be unfulfilled, while cheer and prosperity fly far from the *comfortless* dwelling of the mistaken adventurers. Did these qualities exist on both sides, the sympathy and mutual aid afforded by their exercise, would disarm life of half its asperities, and lessen the occasion on either side for self-denying and forbearing efforts. Where these qualities existed on both sides, disappointment or unhappiness would become almost a moral impossibility ;—for although they might not purchase exemption from the incidental trials of life, affliction would fall on the prepared soil like the rain upon the fruits of the earth—to ripen and bring them to greater perfection.

Is beauty of person, or fascination of manner the sole ground of preference and admiration ? Let it be remembered that these will lose all their charms unconnected with beauty of mind and goodness of heart. They become sources of pain, even, when contrasted with moral obliquity :—*while the absence of all that charms the eye, has been made beautiful by the light of the encased jewel shining through the casket.*

For the Microcosm.

"CAN THIS BE DEATH?"

As I stood beside her in the moonlight she died as suddenly and as gently as though it were but a fainting-fit."

LADY, the light is pale upon
Thy dim, bewilder'd eyes,
And pale upon thy marble brow,—
Arise, fair lady, rise!
Or let me lift thy languid head,
And wipe away the dew
That chills thy cheek, and speak again
As thou art wont to do.
Speak to me once, for it would grieve me
So pale and beautiful to leave thee.

The light of life is fading fast—
The shade of death is near;
Thy lip is still—it asks me not
To linger fondly here.
Yet I will linger, for the pulse
That thrilled with love is slow,—
It falters—yet again it throbs—
I will not, cannot, go.
How like the dead! but it would grieve me,
So pale and beautiful to leave thee.

Her lip was tremulous—the soul
Hath passed it in her flight;
Is this thy struggle, death! is this
Thy agony—so light!
Now let the moon thy vigils keep,
And let the 'sweet south west'
Thy requiem breathe, till heaven dawn
Upon thy hallowed rest.
Thou'rt fallen asleep—why should it grieve me
So pale and beautiful to leave thee!

L. M. N.

Jan. 1880.

For the Microcosm.

FORBEARANCE.

No. I.

"How would you be,
If He, who is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that!
Forbearance then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."

Shaks.

Do not frown upon us, friendly reader, for selecting a theme so trite and forbidding. We have no sympathy with that mind which finds nothing to admire but novelty, or which invests moral truth with the sombre garb of melancholy.

Moral truth, like the beautiful and grand in nature, has always a freshness and charm for the devout and contemplative. But it must meet with something more than cold unthinking assent, or it will have no personal or permanent interest. It has been well said that "Truths of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they loose all the power of truth." But in order to produce its legitimate effect truth must not only be seen, but *reflected* upon with direct reference and application to our personal relations and duties.

If we mistake not, the duty of forbearance has an importance at the present day which though admitted is not sufficiently *felt*. Had man continued in his original state of innocence, he would have dwelt with his fellow-man in peace and harmony; mutual offices of love would have sweetened all the joys and blessings of life, and the duty of forbearance never have been known. But sin has broken the brotherhood of humanity, and introduced hate, discord, and strife among men.

The elements of these evils are found in every human heart, and demand the best efforts of every friend of man, to counteract and destroy their influence. How shall it be done? We answer one of the best means, is to promote a spirit of forbearance under all the provocations of life.

We propose in this and a future number, to offer to the readers of the *Microcosm*, our views of the nature of forbearance,—its influence upon public, social and domestic life—and the importance it demands in the early stages of education. To the last mentioned topic, we intend to devote our more particular attention.

Genuine forbearance is the exercise of kindness and benevolence under circumstances calculated to excite contempt, reproach, or revenge. It not only holds in check every malignant and vindictive feeling, but calls into action the benevolent affections and tempers every movement of the mind with gentleness and benignity. It wears not the stern visage of authority, or the withering look of retribution; but the gracious and winning smile of reconciliation. In the life of our benignant Redeemer, it shone with a luster divinely mild and beautiful. It is the means which our Creator has chosen, as best adapted to allure his wayward children to himself, and bind them forever in grateful allegiance to his throne. Did this forbearance universally prevail, it would—like the law of attraction in the physical world—sweetly control and harmonize the turbulent passions and conflicting interests of men under all the exciting circumstances of life.

R. S. D.

"Adversity is like the period of the former and of the latter rains,—cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from thence come the flower and the fruit, the date, the rose, and the pomegranate."

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No. 2.

For the Microcosm.

A BROTHER AND A SISTER'S LOVE.

I have thought

A brother's and a sister's love was much.

I know a brother's is, for I have loved

A trusting sister.

Willis.

THERE is no influence, not even that of the parent, which produces a greater or more lasting effect upon the feelings and habits of the young, than the mutual working of their own minds one upon another. The children of one family thrown as they are by their relationship, their mere juxtaposition into constant companionship must of course feel the application of this principle to an unusual degree; but under no circumstances is its influence more apparent than when two of different sexes, brother and sister, throw themselves body and soul into each other's arms, their thoughts, their views, their actions similar, and every emotion of the mind engendered and directed by one pervading feeling of unison and of love. Love as a passion is pre-eminently selfish. It is not the good of the object we desire as unconnected with ourselves; their perfect happiness, their freedom even from anxiety and pain unless we ourselves are the exciting cause, is a source to us perhaps of bitter anguish. Look at that band of youth—young men and maidens—on whom all eyes are turned; they stand before the bridal altar and those hands which are now joining, those sacred rites which are now repeating only throw the sanction of our holy religion and the majesty of the law over a tie which has already swallowed up every ennobling as well as every degrading feeling of their natures, and made them—alas how often only for the moment—but breathing statues of love. Could wealth or power, the homage of surrounding nations, the syren voice of pleasure add one beat to the convulsive throbbing of that maiden's heart? Could earth's poor treasures increase the rapture with which she meets, aye, and answers too, her husband's first salute. Yet in that distant corner, mark the agony which jealousy inflicts upon that prostrate form. And yet he loves her; nay, 'tis the very depth and fierceness of his passion which causes all his agony.

"This serpent 'tis that eats his heart away,
While she sits smiling at his cruel prey."

Even the parental relation, hallowed as it is by some of the kindest emotions of our natures to a certain extent, is liable to the same objection.

We love our children as we love ourselves. Their success in life, the very qualities of their minds, are so much under the guiding hand of the parent, that the disobedient and headstrong girl, the riotous and dissolute young man, seem almost equally to condemn themselves to eternal death, and to rain down curses on their parent's heads. In our children too, we love those qualities which we admire in ourselves, or for which we have been distinguished. As the young hunter of the wilds strikes down with his mimic instruments of death, the songsters of the grove, or pursues with deafening yells the young fawns or foxes through the forests, and returns with their mangled plumage, or even their bleeding scalps, dangling from his belt; how does his proud father's heart exult—how does he grasp his own murderous weapons, and count over the gory and reeking evidences of his own prowess;—thou too, my brave boy, shalt become a warrior and a chief of thy nation. Thou too shalt become a terror to thy enemies, as thou now art to the denizens of the wilds, and the name of the swooping eagle shall still be the watch word for victory to our tribe, and for destruction to our foes.

Look at that still beauteous mother as she gazes with swelling bosom and overflowing eye, at that more beauteous image of herself. Is the emotion which swells that matchless form, is the tear which starts from that flashing eye, dimming it for a moment only to render it more beautifully dazzling; as clouds veil the face of the sky only to usher in with more startling effect the incomparable beauties of the bow of promise;—is envy, let me ask, the cause of all this emotion? Does she fear that the bright being before her will steal away her laurels? Is it that single grey hair even, which, in spite of all her efforts, still keeps its place among those clustering locks, which presses on her heart? Envy! fear!—'tis joy, deep overwhelming joy, which riots o'er her heart—for in her child the mother sees herself.

Even in our friends, we love not so much the creature of flesh and blood before us, as some ideal standard of perfection, which wields its sceptre in our own minds. We reverse the practice of the painter; it is ever the same drapery that we admire, the lay figure we change at will. The man or woman lose their place in our affections, and we whistle them down the wind a prey to fortune. They fail to come up to our ideal standard, and we cast them off. But we soon find another object whom we enshrine with the same qualities—whom we invest with the same perfectibility—and we are happy. 'Tis but another automaton which we have clothed in the drapery of the first. Nor is friendship proof against rivalry in love, or even in any of the walks of life. We cannot love a mortal as a friend whom we feel to be either greatly superior to us, or far beneath us. Your true friend is your only true republican—for decided and open inequality at once severs the bands by which he has hitherto been bound. Let no one suppose that reference is here made to the inequality produced by riches. The man who could make that his standard, even in the most insignificant action of life, does not deserve to be called a man. How much less is he to be esteemed who severs the ties which bind the heart, because forsooth, his brother's dress is coarser than his own.

"The clothes are but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

I speak of the inequality of the mind.

But none of these views—none of these remarks, apply to the affection which should subsist between a brother and a sister. Neither envy nor malice, neither rivalry nor ill-will, can have any influence on so gentle a tie. Can the brother be ignorant of the qualities of his sister's mind? Can a sister be surprised at the world's discovering that excellence in her brother, of which she has always been cognizant? Can praise of a sister's beauty rouse aught but emotions of pleasure in a brother's breast? Can even the overpowering love which the brother feels for the wife of his own bosom, excite a feeling of jealousy in the heart of the sister? If there is a tie which binds God's creatures together with more than mortal power, it is a brother's and a sister's love. If there is an emotion which swells o'er our hearts in an unbroken tide, it is excited by praise of a brother or a sister on a stranger's lips. Here is no selfishness; here all is nature undefiled—here all is harmony and peace. This is our theory. But are we supported in it by facts? Do we find in the common walks of life, brothers and sisters such as we have painted them? By no means: nay, we will admit that one pair, such as we have pictured, would be as hard to find, "as for a camel to thread the postern of a needle's eye." Our object is not so much "to hold the mirror up to nature," to reflect back objects as we find them there emblazoned, as to display a model, to erect "a serpent in the wilderness," which all may see, to which all may direct their course, and by which all may be rendered more and more happy.

What then is the influence under consideration, and how should it be exerted? It is chiefly in polishing the brother's mind and manners, that the sister's influence is discoverable. It is in strengthening, sustaining and supporting the sister, that the brother's power is shown. It is the shaft trimmed with her own plumage which drinks deepest of the eagle's heart's blood; so 'tis our friends alone, those who are nearest and dearest to us, that can most clearly point out all our weaknesses, aye, and pierce us if they wish with the most envenomed arrows. "'Tis only diamond's self can quell the diamond's hardness,"—so mind alone, and that by long continued and arduous effort, can wear down the roughness of mind—can smooth the asperities of temper and render its possessor "the observed of all observers." Still under all these qualifications, admitting all that our most ardent opponent would require, it is not so much our own argument which is impaired, as poor human nature, which is sunk lower and deeper in the mire. The relative situation of the different parties will remain unchanged, however imperfect in practice, however influenced by selfishness, may be a brother's and a sister's love. As long as the earth maintains its due distance from the sun, what reckes the poor worm on its surface though "the proud luminary that rules our universe," itself is but the humble satellite of some mightier power.

[The above piece was handed us by a friend as unfinished, circumstances preventing its completion according to the plan of the author. In giving these thoughts to the public in their *unended* state, we can only add to them the accompanying wish,

that the deep fountain of a brother's and sister's love may *never find an end*:—while we join in the lament over the imperfect exhibition of this perfect love in our fallen world.]

For the Microcosm.

DIRECTIONS TO A MOTHER ABOUT HER YOUNGER CHILDREN.

WHENEVER a visitor is in your parlor be sure that you have your young children about you, particularly the youngest; and by all means let the most forward of them climb into his lap, especially if he is a bachelor and looks like a nervous man; for depend upon it, he would not visit you if they were to be sent to bed or kept out of the room.

If they have dirty faces, wash them next morning, but not before; for they will get dirty again if you do; and as they are, he has an opportunity of proving his politeness in kissing them.

If one of them has anything to say to you alone, while your guest is speaking, let her whisper it in your ear, that he may have room for patience in the pause; and for the sake of impartiality, let them all take turns in whispering.

Whenever they propose to speak aloud, do not think of hindering them from taking their full share of the conversation; for they may say a smart thing, and that will get a smile from him if you look him in the face; or whatever they have to say, if they are hindered they may cry.

Give him a particular analysis of their dispositions and capacities and habits, and of the differences between them, in their hearing too; for this will improve them in self-knowledge and modesty, will show satisfactorily your penetration and descriptive power, and will give him chosen food for subsequent meditation.

If they ask what they ought not to have, deny them of course; and then if they begin to cry, do not put them out of the room at once, for this may hurt their feelings, and deprive your guest of their company; but unless he has an ear for music and loves such noises give them what they ask, and that will certainly stop their crying until they shall want something more.

When you remove them in his presence do it in such a tone that they may know you cannot mean what you say; then they will not feel at all ashamed, as they would under a real reproof, and as some parents try to have them; and they will not make you ashamed by an insolent answer, as children sometimes do; and besides, your guest will not say that your fault is crossness.

If you will simply observe these rules, your children, when grown up, will be as agreeable to strangers as they are now, and your present guests will like the children as well as they will like the mother.

E.

For the Microcosm.

TO A BABE.

SWEET smiler, coming into life
As if to prove that earth is not
A scene, as said, of care and strife,
But a bright joy-uncircled spot—
Thou pourest out thy little heart
In wordless music glad and wild,
And joyous gesture's unmeant art,
Thou beautiful and blessed child !

Oh, earth hath not one happy thing
That can with thee, bright babe, compare ;
Seeming alone to want a wing
To cleave—a cherub bright—the air.
A brightner of the joyless earth—
A flower upon its hard rocks springing—
A sunny gleam through clouds broke forth—
A bird amid its desert singing.

But oh the mind will onward leap
With prophet gloom to future years,
When the young smiler's learned to weep—
The rainbow gone, but left the tears.
When woman's trembling depth of love
Shall in her bosom beat and glow
Or her rapt timid heart shall prove
The care that pales her mother now.

Then blessings on thy infant head
And blessings on thy childhood's day ;
Be on thy soul the spirit shed,
That shall make gladsome thy onward way—
Th' anointing spirit that through life
Shall guide, uphold, illumine, bless ;
An angel-guide mid all its strife,
To joy and peace and holiness.

B.

HEAR BOTH SIDES !

To the Editor of the Microcosm :

I have observed with pleasure in your valuable publication, remarks on the customs of society relative to the intercourse between the sexes. On one point connected with this subject, I have a few observations to offer—premising that though circumstances may not entitle me to animadvert on so delicate a point, yet as one of the sex in whose behalf I am about to speak, I can at least do so from personal experience of the evils of which I complain. If I am wrong, I trust I have sufficient candor to wish to be set right.

The complaint I have to make is this ;—that while a lady is allowed to entertain every possible variety of sentiment for those of her own sex, from simple endurance, through all the stages of attraction to the tenderest friendship, for the other sex she must have but two feelings—love, or hate. Nay more—if she will not acknowledge the latter, she stands convicted of the former. Let her beware how she expresses an opinion that one gentleman is an agreeable companion on a journey, and another has conversational powers of a high order, unless she wishes to be met by some smiling retort about a “companion for life,” or a “talent for conversation being quite a recommendation in a husband.” No ; a young lady must close her eyes and ears, and refuse to exercise either her taste or judgment in her intercourse with the other sex—she must not presume to discover one particle of wit, agreeableness or understanding in any gentleman of her acquaintance until he makes her an offer of his hand—nor even then unless she accepts it. In that case, she may endow him with every possible and impossible perfection, as fast as she pleases. But if she reject him on the ground of not feeling that absolute, exclusive preference which she believes necessary to conjugal happiness, while she still professes esteem and friendship,—the case is still worse. “Oh, my dear, we all know what that means—begin by esteeming him, if you please, but you will end by loving him. Mr——, is a happy man if he will try his fortune a second time.”

Nor are the other sex less forward to draw the same inferences in their own favor. If a lady finds pleasure in the occasional society and conversation of any one of them, and frankly allows him to perceive it, the modest conclusion immediately is, that she is in the technical phrase—“in love” with him, or at any rate, ready to become so. If he discovers that he had mistaken mere friendly regard for a warmer feeling, the lady is forthwith accused, tried, and condemned for coquetry and trifling with his affections. If in giving her refusal—though it be done ever so decidedly—she attempts to do it in such a way as to spare his feelings, and preserve his friendship, his own conclusion is the same with that of her female friends, that she did not mean to persevere in her rejection, and that a second trial will be more successful.

Now, is it indeed true that there is no such thing as friendship, between unmarried persons of different sexes ? Are there no degrees of esteem, confidence and affection, but that highest of all degrees which justifies two individuals in pledging themselves to each other for life ? Or is it the *manifestation* of these sentiments only which is forbidden ? In other words, a lady may think and feel as she pleases provided she will play the hypocrite, and pretend to think and feel just the contrary. Can that be a right state of society in which it is necessary to be guilty of one crime in order to escape the imputation of another ?

I appeal from the justice of the imputation. Far be it from me to defend coquetry, or to plead the cause of the coquette. I give her up to the just indignation she merits. My assertion is not that there are no coquettes, nor that they do not merit contempt or reprobation—but that this crime is often charged upon those who are innocent of it, and that it is almost impossible to avoid the charge without being guilty of hypocrisy. A careless disregard of the customs of society, or a natural frankness of disposition, which could not be schooled into deceit, may have led to conduct which has been attri-

buted to heartless vanity. Nor am I able to discover any evil which would result from according to our sex, the privilege which I demand for them, of expressing their sentiments with freedom and frankness. Of course, I would ask for nothing inconsistent with feminine modesty, nor can this privilege be deemed so unless modesty and sincerity are incompatible virtues.

One further observation and I have done. If the above remarks are true, why should the rejection of a gentleman's addresses be considered a cause for mortification and anger, or why should it interrupt the friendship of the parties? When it is considered how much fancy has to do in such cases, and how very slight a cause may lead to a preference of one individual to another, where equal esteem is felt—moreover what congeniality of tastes, sentiments, and opinions is indispensable to a happy union, a gentleman ought not to complain if all these favoring circumstances do not meet in him—in other words, if the lady tells him that she can imagine the existence of a warmer feeling than that which she entertains for him. He ought to bear his disappointment with philosophy—if he can, and with magnanimity at all events—supposing always that the conduct of the lady has been honorable.

I would not require as a proof of his magnanimity that he should continue to associate with his fair rejecter on terms of intimacy—this might be too difficult a task. I would require only that he should neither express nor feel more than a reasonable share of indignation, and that he should not discover more than a thousand blemishes in his fair one, which had before escaped his notice. I wish moreover, that those persons who lavish all their pity on the rejected, would bestow a little of it on the rejecters, who do not *always* love to inflict pain, and are sometimes quite as worthy of commiseration as those who accuse them of cruelty.

UNE INCONNUE.

For the Microcosm.

JEPHTHAH AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Written on seeing the statues of Jephthah and his Daughter, By Mr. Augur, of New Haven.

SEE how she comes, like a rejoicing bird,
With every string of her soul's music stir'd !
Life-thrilling transports through her bosom dart,
Her timbrels but the echo of her heart !
Triumph's loud shout has met her listening ear ;—
Ammon's illustrious Conqueror is near !
With duteous haste she leaves her mother's bower,
Proud to be foremost in that glorious hour.
Those who best love should be the first to meet,
The war-worn veteran's home-returning feet.
Haste, menials, haste !—your silver bells prepare,
The song, the dance, the garland, must be there.

Love, *filial* love, is glowing in her breast :
Once more on his lov'd hearth-stone, he will rest.
Once more his household lead to rites divine,
Rule in the hall, or at the board recline ;

And from these honor'd lips will drop once more,
Words richer far than Ophir's glittering ore.

Oh, what a beauteous tale of *Home*, it tells—
That joyous virgin shaking her wrist-bells !
It speaks of household duties, sweet and strong ;
Of dear domestic joys, a white-rob'd throng.
Of a fond father, bending o'er his child,—
She, like a flower, expanding as he smil'd :
Of discipline, propriety, and love,
A sovereign Eagle, and a yielding Dove.

Yet as she comes, what wrath-commission'd stroke,
What surge, what thunder, o'er her head hath broke ?
Chill'd into stone, a *statue* now she stands,
Transfix'd her feet, and mute her sounding hands.
Her father's frown, his first averted look,
His eye displeas'd,—how can the maiden brook ?
And *he*—that warrior stern, why stands he there,
Dark with the sudden shadow of Despair ?
Oh, who can tell what pang his soul pierc'd through,
When she, the lovely and belov'd, he knew !
Dread vow !—inspir'd by War, and rashly spoken,
Too terrible to be fulfill'd, or broken !

There fix'd, in meek and beautiful surprise
On him, the maiden bends her wondering eyes.
And *he*, a blasted wreck, with lifted hands,
Repentant, suffering, but determin'd stands.
Such power to *stone*, can skill and genius give,
They glow with thought, they breathe, they speak, they live.
'Tis marble all, and yet it seems to show
The living forms of *Wonder* and of *Woe*.

F. M.

TEMPER.

ON no part of the character has education more influence, than on temper ; the due regulation of which is an object of so great importance to the enjoyment of the present life, and to the preparation for a better.

An authority firm but affectionate ; decided, yet mild ; imposing no unnecessary restraints ; but encouraging every innocent freedom and gratification, exercised according to the dictates of judgment, and supported by rewards and punishments judiciously dispensed ; is the best means of securing good temper in our children ; and evinces that self-subjection on our part which is essential to its successful cultivation on theirs. This, at once, will put an end to those impulses of temper in ourselves which are the most fruitful sources of irritation to others ; for, it is surprising how quickly our own irritability will be reflected in the little ones around us. Speak to a child in a fretful manner, and we shall generally find that his answer partakes of the same character. We

may reprove ; we may punish ; we may enforce obedience ; but all will be done with double the effect if our own temper remain perfectly unruffled ; for what benefit can reasonably be expected, when we recommend that by our injunctions which we renounce by our example ?

The variations and inconsistency to which characters of impulse are also liable, are particularly trying to children. There are few tempers that can resist the effect of being sharply reprov'd at one time, for what, at another, is passed over without notice ; of being treated one day with excessive indulgence, and the next day with fretfulness or severity.

We all have our weak and irritable moments ; we may experience many changes of temper and feeling ; but let us beware of betraying such variations in our outward conduct, if we value the good temper and respect of our children ; for these we have no right to expect on their part, without consistency on ours.

If a fault be glaring, it must be seriously taken up ; but in the management of temper, especially in early childhood, much may be effected by a system of prevention. A judicious attendant may avert many an impending naughty fit, by change of object, gentle amusement, and redoubled care to put no temptation in the way, if she observe any of her little ones weary, uncomfortable, or irritable. This, for instance, will generally be the case with children when they first awake. They should therefore, then be treated with more than common tenderness ; never roused from sleep suddenly or violently ; nor exposed to any little trials, till they have had time thoroughly to recover themselves. It is scarcely necessary to add how peculiarly this tender consideration is required, not only in illness, but under the various trifling indispositions so frequent in infancy.

Children ought not to be, unnecessarily, thwarted in their objects ; which, at a very early age, they pursue with eagerness. Let them, if possible, complete their projects without interruption. A child, for example, before he can speak, is trotting after a ball ; the nurse snatches him up in a moment, to be washed and dressed, and the poor child throws himself into a violent passion. Whereas, had she first entered into his views, kindly assisted him in gaining his object, and then gently taken him up, this trial would have been spared and his temper uninjured.

We should avoid keeping children in suspense, which is often done from a kind motive, though with ill effect. If a child asks his nurse for cake, and she can give it him, let her tell him so at once, and assure him that he shall have it ; but, should she be unable to grant his request, or know it would be improper for him, do not let her hesitate ; do not let her say, " I will think of it, we shall see," but kindly and decidedly refuse him.

If he sees his mother going out, and petitions to accompany her, it will be better she should say " no," or " yes," at once, for he will receive with ease an immediate, but kind, refusal : when, probably, he would cry bitterly at a denial, after his expectations had been raised by suspense.

When a child is to go to bed, we ought not to fret him for the last half

hour, by saying every few minutes, "I shall soon send you to bed—Now, my dear, it is time to go—Now, I hope you will go"—but let him be told that, at such a time, he is to go to bed, and when that time arrives, no common excuse should prevent it.

We ought also to be guarded against attaching too much importance to trifles; from this mistake, many an useless combat arises in most nurseries. How often have I observed a nurse more disturbed, and a child more alarmed and fretted, at a torn or dirty frock, than at a breach of truth, or a want of generosity! Here the lesser good is preferred to the greater, and the primary object of education forgotten.*

By such measures as have been recommended, accompanied by a quick sympathy with the *peculiar* characters, and *peculiar* infirmities of children, much may be done towards forming among them a *habit* of good temper. But, such is the irritability both of mental and bodily constitution in childhood, that, with our best efforts, we must not expect unvarying success.

From some hidden cause, generally to be traced to their bodily state, many children, perhaps all occasionally, are prone to a certain fretfulness, or irritability, which will baffle every attempt to overcome it, and which, therefore, is rather to be borne with than opposed,—never to be humoured, but to be received with unmoved serenity and patience. In such cases, there appears to be no other method of proceeding. This, indeed calls for great patience; but, without great patience, who can perform the duties required towards children?—*Selected.*

RETROSPECTION.

"Is there a heart that delights not to cling
To the objects it loved in its life's early spring?
The glen or the mountain, the lake or the stream,
Remembered like phantoms that flit through a dream."

THE power of retrospection over the mind is too deep and strong not to have its elements in the human constitution for great and wise purposes. We love to trace in it an evidence of the soul's immortality. The same exercises of mind by which we look forward to the future in faith and hope, lead us to look back on the past with fondness or regret. The mind of man is never satisfied with the present—never contented to stand still and drink in its immediate cup of possession—and the future being all in dim perspective, the object of faith and not of sight, human nature with a tenacious

* It is much to be regretted that dress is thus often made the subject of dispute and irritation. Personal cleanliness is indeed indispensable; and children, whether it tease them or not, must be thoroughly washed. But their clothes should be so contrived as not to interfere with their freedom and enjoyment, or to require any great degree of attention. It is desirable to keep them as neat as the case admits of, but, to this, a nurse must take care that neither her own temper, nor their's is sacrificed.

fondness for *stability* turns to the past, as something that has been tried and proved:—something *real*, though no longer in possession. Again in the past we can count the links which make the chain of our existence one—connecting the beginning with the end—and as some trifling unforeseen event or circumstance calls up a host of buried recollections, we may rejoice in the consciousness that nothing is lost. Memory has only been asleep; and often presents herself without our conscious agency, self-roused and refreshed by her slumbers.

Until we shall possess the talisman which “sheds repose over memory and takes from it regret,” it is questionable whether the original gift is one most prolific in pain or pleasure to us. While living with regret on the vanished glories of the past, we are often rendered ungratefully insensible to the blessings of the present. The interest and beauty of passing events, are made tributary to the enhancement of those memories only, connected with the long-loved and the long-lost. When introduced to the happy homes of others, where peace apparently reigns in undisturbed serenity—where amid the bright scenery, musical laughter and artless mirth tell of the unbroken confidence of youth and childhood—even here, is our participation of their happiness overshadowed by comparisons of the present with the time when “*our sky was all sunshine, our earth was all flowers.*”

The influence of association over the mind is well nigh omnipotent. It transports us through all seasons, supplies the power of creation, and endows inanimate objects with thought, feeling and vitality. Did never the sunbeam which fell just like the sunbeam of fifteen summer's ago, bring back on its rays all the emotions and interests of that former time? We knew a case of this kind possessing such strange power, that we claim indulgence for the passing tribute. It was an old window-sill, which the dew and frost, the rain and sun of more than fifty years had hastened to premature decay. I could never look from that pleasant window of that pleasant house, without pausing with respect and inquiry, to gaze upon that time-worn and weather-worn sill. It was gilded with every setting sun, and seemed to smile in its ray, as if consciously rich in the experience of age, and honorable in the registry of events, past and passing like itself into forgetfulness. Personal knowledge had to be sure much to do with this deep interest. We knew the history of that house. We knew the dwelling had been consecrated by great happiness—by deep sorrow too!—it was the scene of many changes—but the setting sun and the old window-sill were tried friends:

“While he ten thousand, thousand years,
Had seen the tide of human tears
That must still longer flow”—

for half a century of those years had his light been borne through that window (resting on that sill and repaying its services with his richest smiles) to the inmates of that dwelling—steadfast amid change and sorrow—rejoicing in their joy and cheering them in their sadness. Oft-times has the eye of weariness been turned thither-ward at the close of day for refreshment, when thinking of the morrow, and of man's sad inheritance of toil and care; and happy childhood has bounded from the same window in its lawless glee. The arm of the happy lover has rested on that time-honored sill, when eyes that saw in unison together watched, from that sacred retreat, the changing

tints of yonder sunset sky,—in the eloquent silence which tells that the heart is too joyful for words.

"But the young and the lovely, on whose sunny brow,
Shone the garland of myrtle—oh! where are they now?"

All this, with much that will not stay to be told, seemed to be graven as with the point of a diamond, in the grain of that aged wood; and the concluding lesson was given to point a pathway to Heaven on the '*line of light*' which told of something more enduring than the perishable gifts of which we had made idols here.

When a sinner who had long contended with his Maker fell down in the depth of the forest at the foot of a little pine and surrendered his conflict-torn spirit to God—it was said by one acquainted with the circumstance, "*that little pine will be remembered in Heaven!*" Will not many such things be remembered in Heaven?—things which have, though trifling in themselves considered, changed the current of our lives, and given the pervading hue to our characters? Is it probable that the minutest interest of this life will ever be lost, in the world whose rewards and punishments are wholly founded on the deeds of this—where every action will be brought to light, with every secret thought.

For the Microcosm.

TO THE ABSENT.

I miss thee at the morning tide,
The glorious hour of prime,
I miss thee more when day has died,
At blessed evening time.
As slide the aching hours away,
Still art thou unforget,
Sleeping or waking, night and day,
When do I miss thee not?

I miss thee from thy cheerful door,
And every favorite room
Thy presence made so bright before,
Is loneliness and gloom,
Each spot where thou hast loved to be,
Sweet home, and house of prayer,
Seem yearning for thy company—
I miss thee every where!

FORTECRUCIAN.

*For the Microcosm.***PARENTAL INFLUENCE AND AUTHORITY.**

To mould the character and shape the destinies of man is the work of the parent. The mind, pliant as the tender sapling, susceptible alike to impressions of good and evil is entrusted to the parent's care and directed by the parent's tuition.

Nor is it at the option of parents to say whether or not their children shall be influenced by their example and their instruction. The child can no more avoid the influence of the parent, than he can avoid the impressions which external objects make upon his senses. In the school of parental instruction there are no truants—no idlers, all here are ready learners, from the lisping infant up to the mind matured and ripened into manhood. Such being the constitution of things and the arrangement of circumstances in which the parent is placed, it is no less unwise than dangerous, for him to disregard those laws of influence, which are fixed unalterably by a being higher and wiser than man.

But there is a still more powerful influence than that which is exerted through example and instruction, which the parent is called upon to exercise in training up his children in the way they should go. We refer to the influence of authority. That authority which imposes upon the child the obligation to obey. An influence without which, all others will fail of securing the desired end. One which, when wisely combined and exerted with others, is certain to produce happy results upon the forming character of the youthful mind. If then it be a fact that the future character is formed under parental influence and parental authority, who can estimate the amount of good or evil which has its source here? To neglect or pervert that influence and that authority, is doing evil upon a tremendous scale. The parent does not indeed, by his own direct act, take the property or happiness or life of his fellow being; but he opens an arsenal, and deals out arms and ammunition to an infuriated mob, and thus in a few moments does an amount of mischief, which single handed he could not have performed during his whole life. We lament eloquently the evils of intemperance, of sabbath-breaking, of vice of every description. We are struck with horror that human nature is capable of arriving at such a pitch of depravity as is exhibited in the weekly list of thefts, robberies, murders, arsons; and we establish a vigilant police, a system of laws, and court of adjudication, and thus attempt to breast the tide of crime that is setting in upon us from every quarter. But do they accomplish the object? Will they be heard when their voice cries to the tumultuous waves, "peace, be still?" Will society, agitated and restless as the ocean lashed by the fury of the storm, calm down at their bidding?

We would not be thought to undervalue the institutions of our country, her schools and colleges, her laws and courts of justice. These are all good in their place. But what has all this array of machinery, as a system of influence, to do in promoting the happiness and good order of the community, compared with parental government and the domestic constitution? The one attempts to check the current of vice and and immorality when it is swollen by the confluence of a thousand tributary streams and is rolling on with

fearful strength to the consummation of evil. The other traces back this river of death to its thousand sources and there labors to dry up the fountains whence the stream proceeds. The one is lopping off a few of the outer branches of the deadly Upas, while the other is cutting up its roots and casting them into the fire. And can we doubt which is most successful in bringing the clashing elements of society into order and harmony—in taming and subduing the corrupt passions of the human breast—in elevating man to the dignity of an intelligent immortal being? What object can we imagine so unfortunate as a youth cast off from the restraints of parental authority—a stranger to the affection and sympathies of the domestic circle—training up under the unhallowed influence of vicious men with no object before him but present indulgence, and present gratification? Would it require a prophet's vision to predict with almost unerring certainty the future course of such an individual? But to get some idea of what society would be, were parental authority annihilated, we have but to imagine instead of one such person, thousands growing up to be the subjects of human government, lawless, unrestrained, with all the evil passions of the soul pushing up to giant strength. Indeed it is not too much to say, that society could not exist without this influence. The earth might roll round its ceaseless circles, but it would go on alone, untenanted by human beings.

If what has been said of the importance of parental government be true, it may well raise the inquiry, whether the influence of that government is as strong and powerful as possible in moulding the character of the youthful mind. We are disposed to believe that there are some things in parents which tend powerfully to impair that influence, in its beneficial effects upon the youthful mind. We shall name but one, and that is *indecision*. We are no advocates of that harsh, tyrannical treatment of children, whose very look withers and cowers down every noble feeling of the soul. But while we avoid this extreme, let us not run into its opposite; which either has not sufficient energy of character to lay down those rules which the circumstances of the case demand; or if laws are enacted, connives at disobedience. Especially is decision of character demanded in the mother, whose influence is first in forming the tender mind. We do not hesitate to say that an enlightened decision of character, is of more value in a mother than all the learning and science of a Newton without it. It is this which gives direction, and tone and energy to those expanding powers which are to constitute the man. It is for the mother to say whether the child, growing up under her tuition, shall be that fickle thing that veers with every wind, or a firm pillar, on which the superstructure of society may rest with safety. Indecision is the bane of parental government. The mother sees that there are evils in the arrangement of her concerns, and the government of her family—and that these evils are every day growing with fearful rapidity—working their way into the very constitution of her beloved children, and there poisoning the fountain of social and domestic happiness; cherishing the germ of insubordination, which is thrusting down its roots deep into the human soul, and there preparing for a vigorous opposition to the authority of God and man. The evil is now small and might be eradicated. The mother heartily wishes that something were done. She feels that she would give any thing could she summon up resolution enough, steadily to pursue the course which reason marks out, and conscience decides to be duty. Perhaps she resolves, but it

is not that calm collected resolution which pursues its purpose unawed by difficulty, and which rises up elastic from defeat. A few hours, or some slight difficulty at most, is enough to dissipate all her plans. And thus she floats on down the stream of life, if not with listless indifference, yet surrendering her purpose, only to be resumed when the evils of her management stand out prominent to her view, and again to be relinquished when the excitement of the moment is past: until ashamed of such fickleness and indecision, she begins to question whether her former resolutions were wise, whether they were necessary, whether they were possible. If she still believes the change desirable, yet her case is peculiar. No other mother has had such difficulties to encounter; and she wonders how it happens that all the difficulties in the world meet in her path, and place her in just those circumstances in which she is willing to believe no other person could have acted with facility or success. If her circumstances were only changed—if she lived in some other place, or if fortune had showered her favors upon her, then every thing would have gone well. Her children would not have had such tempers, or have been so rude and ungovernable. Thus some mothers give themselves as much license to complain as if a malignant fate had of all the world singled them out and devoted them to trouble and disappointment. Instead of seizing upon the circumstances of their case, and bending them so as to fulfil their purposes, they are entirely at the mercy of circumstances. If possibly they should favor, then their plans may be accomplished; if not, they will fail. How much good is such a mother likely to accomplish? or rather, we might ask, how much evil? But while trouble and disappointment follow that parent through life, it is interesting to mark how difficulties clear out of the way of the decided mother. Does her vigilant eye discover any thing wrong in her children, she immediately sets herself at work and eradicates the evil. Does she speak, she is heard. Does she command, she is obeyed. All disposition to interrogate, dictate or banter keep at a respectful distance. Let this decision be connected with evident reasonableness so that it shall not appear the dictate of mere will, and it forms the basis of rational and continued happiness in the family circle. It at once cuts off a thousand sources of unhappiness to the youthful mind. The authority that guides him while it has all the winning kindness and tender affection of a mother, is yet firm and unyielding. The child knows that whining int^{er}rogation and stubborn disobedience will meet with a just and merited rebuke. It learns that while the assumption of command is dangerous, a cheerful obedience is happiness. And when a child has learned that lesson, it is in possession of a principle which if rightly taken advantage of and cherished, will, we had almost said, without fail, secure its interests temporal and spiritual. The turbulent passions of that child are subdued, and while it grows up ready to acknowledge the claims of civil government and submit to its laws, it is prepared to hear the claims of the divine law with hopes of conversion. We wish then that every mother and every parent would take in the measure of those consequences which are the legitimate result of that authority which God has given them. And while the intellect darts down those interminable ages through which mind must exist, let the heart feel, and every power be combined to render that existence happy. If the influence of the parent be bad, God will require it at the parent's hand. If good, they shall receive the reward of an approv-

ing conscience and the smiles of that Being whose favor is better than life. Theirs shall be the happiness of seeing their children growing up to bless and not to curse mankind. And as they wind down the declivity of life, though their eyes be dim, their ears deaf, their steps feeble and tottering with age, sight that is keen, hearing that is quick, steps that are strong with the vigor of youth, shall anticipate all their wants and hand them down gently and quietly to their graves. Theirs shall be the children who cherish in their bosoms those hallowed recollections of departed worth, which, like the mild radiance of a setting sun, calm and subdue while they cheer and elevate.

H.

For the Microcosm.

GO, PREACH MY GOSPEL.

"Go, preach my gospel unto every creature."

IDEAL splendors of the word away,
Ye mad delusions, ye fantastic dreams,
Ye cold abstractions with delusive ray
Seek not the heart with thy unreal beams.

But come, obedience to the Savior's will;
Let cordial faith, and anxious hope unite
In one vast scheme, with all the pow'r and skill
Which pious talent draws from Heavenly light.

Plant the Lord's banner on the China wall;
Behold, it trembles 'neath the Christian power;
Come ye believers, to the contest—All—
The Lord must reign on Earth—now is the hour.

Ye, who despondent, shrink from darken'd lands
And fear to venture 'mid the misty way,
Think, 'tis thy Savior, issues the command
His smile will turn the night to brightest day.

Where are the Druids? banished from the groves!
Where are thy whispering trees, Dodona—Where?
Our God with mighty arm the FALSE removes
And every idol crumbles into air.

What, if the faithful missionary sink,
Another, and another takes his place,
Each one a wonder, and a glorious link
To bind the Heathen with confiding grace.

Ye men of Christ, be faithful to the end.
Talk to the heathen heart, a human heart,
And every christian soul with hymns will blend
To bless the men who chose the better part.

V. S.

THE MICROCOSM.

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No. 3.

For the Microcosm.

EXTRACT FROM MISS JEWSBURY'S LETTERS TO THE YOUNG.

"A PERSON striving to construct happiness out of daily life, strongly resembles one of the smaller tribe of birds constructing its nest. The materials for this nest are in themselves mean and worthless—here a feather, there a straw—yonder a spray of moss—and on that thorn a tuft of wool; we despise or overlook them, but the bird, wise and patient in the providential instinct of its nature, sees differently, and confounds by its actions both man and his reasoning. It collects the small, contemned materials, arranges them, and when arranged, the feather, the straw, the moss and the wool, having lost their separate insignificance, form part of a beautiful whole, of a tiny but perfect fabric. Just so let us not despise trifles—any trifle at least, by means of which an innocent gratification may either be imparted or received,—and we shall find an aggregate of pleasure. The kind look or word, that occupies but a moment, may by its influence on the spirits gladden a whole day; five minutes' conversation with a stranger accidentally met, may embody some information that we were previously ignorant of, or suggest some valuable train of thought that might not have otherwise arisen.

A habit of rendering and of being pleased with the minor charities and courtesies of life, which Milton calls "the thousand decencies" that flow from words and actions, has a vast influence upon happiness. Every graceful observance, or yet more graceful forbearance, may seem separately as unimportant as a grain of sand; but taken in the accumulation of a whole life, they resemble the body of "sand upon the sea shore"—a barrier to the fury of the ocean. There is pride in despising to enjoy trifles when they lie in our path, and only ask us to pick them up:—there is folly too—for enrapturing pleasures come but seldom, and even then exhaust rather than strengthen the mind; and there is even sin—for the little enjoyments despised are often especially prepared for us by God. There is pride—for man regarded only in this world is, with all his boasting, nothing better than a solemn trifle himself. There is folly—for he knows not how soon sickness or affliction may incapacitate him for taking pleasure in every thing, in what he terms great, no less than in what he considers little.

There is sin—for the things disregarded are often perfect, whilst those desired are more or less alloyed. A gratified ambition cannot often arise to gratify us, and when it does, it mainly gratifies our earthly feelings; but the sudden sight of a bank of wild flowers, or an unexpected strain of music, the loving laugh of a child, a thousand natural and small delights can afford the soul a momentary triumph over its baser companion, by shedding as it were dew over feelings scorched by the world, and by exciting for innocent gladness that healthy sympathy which of itself maketh glad."

If the above remarks, so beautifully expressed, apply to life in general, with how much greater force do they so to the **LITTLE WORLD OF HOME**. The principle which they involve is one of high importance to all, who sustain the more endearing relations of the social economy. *Little things*, trifles as they are sometimes deemed, make up no small part of the sum and substance of earthly happiness. Enjoyments which like the gossamer web the light breath can destroy, help to form the mingled tissue of the "warp and woof of life." How many an instance of heart rending separations, of alienated love and of blighted hopes has originated in what might be viewed by some, as the merest trifle, scarcely deserving of a moment's attention. Misunderstandings which the concession of half an hour's time would have wholly rectified, have been followed by years of unavailing regret and anguish. The sun-shine of peace that might have gladdened the heart, has been clouded by the dark forebodings of a remorseful spirit, and the "little loves" that hovered over the scene of promised felicity, and shed down their influence within the shrine of domestic happiness; disturbed in their resting place have taken their flight and sought for other bosoms where they might find a more congenial retreat.

The husband has thus left his fireside and the childish prattle of his darling ones, to seek in other society, in the maddening bowl and in the temptations and indulgencies of unrestrained appetite and passion, that happiness which home might, but did not afford him. The wife, feeling the little neglects, and inattention to her wants, so different from the early promise of her young days; stung to resentment, has forgotten her duty and by her misconduct has wrecked her own and the happiness of her family. The ties of filial or fraternal love have been rudely snapt asunder; souls formed to move together in harmony have been set ajar, and the brotherhood or the sister-band have been divided never to be reunited, from causes, that in themselves were nothing, and which impatience and suspicion have magnified into unpardonable crimes. The historic page is crowded with incidents too slight apparently to excite an interest, but which in their happening have given birth to a long series of national calamities; and could all the domestic broils that disturb the peace of families, and the neighborhood, be traced to their appropriate origin, not a small portion, doubtless, would be found to have sprung from causes as slender; that might have been prevented or remedied by an attention to circumstances as trivial and unlikely. Were all thus unveiled to us, scarcely could we help despising poor human nature for its readiness to take offence and its unwillingness to overlook and pardon. In one respect, indeed, there is attention enough and more than enough to

small things ; but it is all on the wrong side, and the corrective which an equal heed on the right one might have applied is most strangely neglected ; if not unobserved.

There is an unfortunate sensitiveness that is ever watching for something on which to feed, that shrinks at the slightest aspect of rebuke or dislike, and if wounded it can never be healed. The arrow that was meant but for a playful shaft, and that would have glanced harmless from another bosom is deadly to such a spirit ; it sinks to the very heart's core, and there is no antidote to its poison. The work is done, repentance cannot repair its damage. Most incumbent is it then on those who are liable to err in their contact with persons of such a description, to beware how they act and speak, unless they are willing to mourn over recollected, hopeless mischief, and sigh at the thought of some life embittered and shortened by their own carelessness. We have sometimes seen the writhing of spirit in such a case, the inward torture and mental pang depicted on the visage, which too surely told that the barbed point, aimless as it might have been, was quivering in the vitals and drinking the warm life-blood of the victim. Nor is it always merely a morbid imagination which has sustained the injury. A noble and a generous soul has been bowed to the untimely grave. We may affect to despise its weakness, but it was a sensibility apparent in the first dawn of moral life, the endowment of the Creator and nurtured by all the events of after years. The temperament, texture and mold of individuals differ—some are hardier, more coarse and rough, others again susceptible, delicate and finer ; the gentlest breeze that whispers over its surface will ruffle the calm quietude in which the one has slept ; while the hoarse blast lashing in its utmost fury will scarcely heave the bosom of the other. One, Heaven's gifts with the highest reach of fortitude and self-possession, and nothing can destroy its equanimity—another is doomed from birth to be the perpetual victim of his own agonized feelings of timidity and perturbation and scarcely aught can rescue him. Of course these two individuals must be far differently treated. The smile on which one may live, the bright ray of hope to cheer him on his darkened path, is to the other no token of favor ; he needs a more distinct assurance or he is still unblest.

The application of the present course of reflection, to education and the development of the young immortal is easy and obvious. The influence here of miscalled trifles is in one breath as it were acknowledged and forgotten. But though trite it is not the less important. The training which may be necessary to rear up one tender plant into beauty and loveliness, as with flexile grasp it clings to its proper support, may be of no benefit to yet another, already shooting forth into rank luxuriance. All passion, the wayward, self-willed boy breaks out from the charmed circle, the world before him and chance his only guide. A father's counsels, a mother's prayers, a sister's urgency of love breathe in his ears but the voice of pleasure is loudest, and he hurries on to join her maddened throng. Years roll by—the echoes of those whispered monitions grow fainter still—he plunges deeper into the snares of sin and disgrace, and he only wakes from the spell when the toils begin to close upon him with a merciless grasp and when escape is no longer in his power. The earliest dawnings of irregular passion might, and should have been checked, and the spirit urged to a nobler and better course

of conduct. In yet another family, graced with the rich gifts of native loveliness, her heart beating high with the sweet fancies of anticipated conquests, the giddy daughter springs upon the stage of life, the idol of the gay and the votary of dissipation. The sigh of maternal solicitude, the mild rebuke of a father's eye and the soft entreaty of fraternal affection ask a hearing, but mirth and fashion, pride and flattery have a sweeter music and on, on she dances, in the mazy round of gayety and folly. Youth is past—beauty has faded, and rivals are triumphant, the gentle persuasions of childhood's hour are hushed in the grave that has closed over the guardians of her earlier years, and chagrined, and soured by repeated ill success, she retires to an age of self upbraiding and wretchedness, the poor favor of mortals lost, and God's approbation ungained. The love of admiration, the belief in the omnipotent influence of dress and fashion, unreprieved, as they might and should have been, when first observed, have wrought the wondrous mischief; and transformed a lovely child of innocency into the despoiled beauty, and the pining daughter of envy. She might have blessed the world by her virtues, and been an angel on high;—she has wasted life and is hopeless for eternity. What little changes in the direction of mind would have swayed the whole course of the being—"just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

It is on the mother too, especially, that from the peculiarity of her situation devolves the duty of watching, and correcting the incipient germs of feeling which ripen into habits fatal to usefulness, and enjoyment. Nor let her deem it an irksome task, or unworthy of the gentle and generous spirit of that sex, to whose forming hand man so greatly owes all that he has of worth, or true dignity. She sees the developement of mind, when the father cannot; she can win the soul just breaking forth into moral life by her unwearied assiduities, to the ennobling purpose for which it was created; and by her culturing power prepare it to be transplanted in all its many-hued loveliness, and richest fragrance from the little parterre of home, to the Eden where it may bloom and never fade. Such an employment and privilege, throws around woman, a grace, and a moral charm in which the proudest deeds of manly valor seem but dim and inglorious; for heaven will bless such a mother with a consciousness that man can never call his own, of having twined around the heart of her offspring, in her ceaseless labors of love ten thousand invisible ties by which he is brought at last to perfection and bliss.

"And if he should in Heaven appear
A mother's holy prayer;
A mother's hand, and gentle tear
That pointed to a Savior dear;
Have led the wanderer there."

Let our readers then ponder the bearing and importance of even *trifles* in every stage, circumstance, department, and rank of life, especially in the **LITTLE WORLD OF HOME.**

S. G. E.

For the Microcosm.

PENITENTIAL.

SISTER, on this auspicious eve,*
Forgive me, if, to-day
I've caused thy gentle heart to grieve,
Or chased one smile away ;
Deep on my breast the burden lies,
Nor let the sin be mine,
When thus my spirit in me dies,
To die, and make no sign.

A will perverse by fits—by fits
Irresolute I own,
E'en when my soul most lightly sits
Upon its bosom-throne.
But trouble makes it still more weak,
And tongue-tied still, with pain,
I hush the thoughts I fain would speak,
And from good words refrain.

Dear sister, had thy love been less,
How might I hope to heal
The wound these faulty lips confess,
And both so deeply feel.
If but in token of its strength,
Accept this sorrowing lay,
So night shall bring to me at length
A true THANKSGIVING DAY !

*Thanksgiving eve.

FORTEGRUCIAN.

For the Microcosm.

FORBEARANCE.

No. II.

" *Forbearance!* why it is the soul of peace :
Of all the virtues 'tis the nearest kin to heaven,
It makes men look like Gods: The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was forbearing,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

DECKER.

In a former number we bespoke the thoughtful attention of our readers to the subject of forbearance and sketched a hasty view of its nature. We now wish to fill up our sketch before we proceed, in accordance with our promise, to consider its influence upon the different relations of life and its importance in education.

We are well aware that it is difficult to portray moral perceptions, so that they shall have the distinctness, and reality of objects presented to the eye.

Yet we believe that the mind is as really adapted to the perception of moral truths, as the eye of sense is to the discovery of physical objects. Listlessness and inattention, to the objects of our consciousness, are the principal causes of this difficulty. Whoever would behold moral truth, in its freshness and sunshine, must quicken and strengthen his moral vision by the *habit* of self reflection. But to our subject. Forbearance is a relative term. Viewed under one relation, it is denominated a virtue ; under another it is called a duty, and it is sometimes spoken of as a principle of action. It is we believe, universally acknowledged as a duty, lauded as a virtue and commended as a principle of action. Yet very inadequate views prevail as to its nature and requirements. It is too often measured by the popular practice without reference to its influence upon ourselves and our fellow-men.

The object of forbearance is to produce harmony and benevolence among men, and restore them to primeval unity and peace. It may be defined the proper government of our temper and the due regulation of our conduct, under provocations to anger, censoriousness, rashness or vindictiveness. It requires meekness towards those who insult and reproach us, charity towards those whose religious creeds differ from our own, patience towards the stupid and refractory, forgiveness towards those who traduce and injure us. It calls into exercise the noblest energies of the human soul, and requires the most God-like deeds. Meekness, charity, patience and forgiveness, constitute a fair sisterhood of moral virtues, over whom forbearance presides as their guardian angel, their defense and protection. It extends its requisitions to all the circumstances of human life, and even demands the annihilation of every vindictive word, thought and look. Is it said that this is placing it upon the high ground of religion ? Be it so. It is a great mistake to suppose that religion has nothing to do with the common-place affairs of life, or that its requirements are at variance with our interest or true pleasure. True religion is chiefly concerned with the eternal salvation of men, yet like the sun, though he bestow light upon other worlds and lead the seasons in his train, does not disdain to employ his genial rays to lift the humble shrub from the earth and adorn it with blossoms and fruit.

Forbearance is absolutely necessary to the perfection of human society. It is the conservative principle which in the present system, repels evil influences and passions, and subjects all things to the laws of conscience and reason. Without it, amidst the clashing interests, the conflicting opinions, and the thousand and one provocations to anger and revenge, this world would become a scene of discord, horror and blood. To what, if not to the weakness and imperfect exhibition of this principle, are we to trace the commotions and fightings which agitate the political world ? What means the rancour, and virulence which poison our political papers ? What means the detraction and slander, with which our best men are assailed ? What means the artillery of political warfare, the thunders of the captains and the shouting ? We speak of these things as the result—not of pursuing unlawful objects—but of pursuing any object in violation of the principles of forbearance. Banish all animosity and hatred from political discussion, and you at once essentially change its nature—you substitute moderation for fury, kindness for bitterness, and charity for censoriousness.

We may also trace to the violation of this principle all the intolerance

and persecution, the horrors of the rack and the gibbet, which the historical records of the church disclose. To what else shall we now trace the broken unity of the church, the angry voices of discord and the rivalries of sectarianism? To what else the blighting spirit of censoriousness, denunciation and reprobation which infests the church? Intolerance is the opposite of forbearance, and the ever foodful nurse of persecution. It is so repugnant to reason and common sense, that we wonder it should ever have found an advocate. Much more do we wonder that the followers of the meek Redeemer should countenance a principle so diametrically opposed to the whole tenor of christianity.

Had the church cherished and exhibited the principle of forbearance, as taught and exemplified by her Lord, the robes of her divine beauty would never have been rent by schism and internal conflict. She would have hushed the voice of contention with the rebuke of holy love; palsied the hand of persecution, with deeds of kindness, and under the heavenly banner of forbearance, marched on triumphantly, the light and glory of the world. But alas, such has not been her history, and such is not her present aspect!

Turn now to the influence of forbearance on the social circle. We happen to have two female acquaintances, whose influence affords us a happy illustration of this part of our subject. They are both ladies of polished manners, good education and literary taste. In talents and intellectual acquisitions they are very nearly equal, but the *nature* of their influence upon the circle in which they move, is essentially diverse. C—, acts upon the principle of forbearance: D—, has never reduced that principle to action. In whatever company D—, happens to be, she expresses her dislike to certain individuals in the community, expatiates eloquently upon their foibles and faults, and pours upon them the bitterness of her irony. She hurls the shafts of sarcasm and ridicule at every public speaker, who perchance is dull or awkward, sneers at every literary performance which does not accord with her taste, and proscribes all whose sentiments are at variance with her own. If any one presumes to call in question the correctness or propriety of her conduct, they expose themselves to her unqualified censure, if not to her unmeasured indignation. Towards those whose religious creeds vary from her own, she is severe and intolerant, and consigns them without mercy to the blackness of darkness. By her rashness, censoriousness and bitter severity, she often destroys peace and harmony within the circle of her influence, and introduces discord, animosity and dissension. Very different is the influence of C—. She forbears to criticise any individual with severity, to ridicule his mistakes, or depreciate his performances. Sarcasm and ridicule she uses with caution. In her hand they are tempered with gentleness and aimed at *things*, not persons. She listens with reluctance to an ill report against any one, and never repeats it without a good reason. The law of kindness dwells on her tongue. Under insult, abuse, or reproach she never betrays a vindictive spirit, but is meek, patient and forgiving. Dogmatism, bigotry or intolerance, find no place in her creed. Forbearance and charity towards all, is her motto. She treats those whose sentiments do not harmonize with her own with tenderness, and readily concedes to them the praise of honesty and sincerity. Hence, her influence is ever conciliatory, and tends to produce harmony and love, wherever it is felt. We have here an illustration of the influence of forbearance and its opposite

upon the social circle. One is bland and gentle as a summer twilight, sweet as the breath of spring, and grateful as the voice of melody. The other, cold and unfriendly as the winds of winter—gloomy as the face of the storm, and fearful as the blight of the pestilence that walketh in darkness. No where perhaps, is the influence of forbearance more necessary, or the want of it more obvious, than in the domestic circle. The domestic institution was ordained by heaven to be the sanctuary of peace, the dwelling place of love, and the nursery of all the virtues. A well regulated family, mutually happy in each other's affection and bound together by the holy and mysterious bonds of kindred, presents the nearest approximation to our idea of the blessedness of heaven. But alas, how often do we see families the very reverse of this! How often do they present scenes of wrangling, jealousy and contention! Oh if there is any thing which in our soul we loath, despise and abominate, it is domestic discord—it is an angry husband—it is a snarling wife—it is a provoking brother and a fretful sister! We have sometimes witnessed in families of high standing in the community, sneers, contradictions and reproaches, thrown not very gently from one to another, with evident intentions to irritate and provoke. At such conduct we are always confounded. We know not what to say. The blush of shame burns upon our cheek, and we sigh over the unloveliness and obliquity of our nature. We know of nothing more important—except the everlasting salvation of men—than a remedy for the evils of domestic discord, and we see not how salvation can be secured while these evils continue. We propose with great confidence, *forbearance* as a sovereign remedy, adapted to all the circumstances and conditions of life. It is no new nostrum. Its efficacy has been tested for ages. Here are two families,—one is peaceful and happy—the other, discontented and miserable. What makes the difference? Has one nothing to harrass and disturb its quiet, while the other is continually subjected to disappointments and vexations? No, this is not the difference! Is one free from all provocations to irascible and vindictive passions, while the other is compelled by the force of circumstances to indulge them? This cannot be in a world where all are assailed by temptation. No; the true reason is this. One is governed by the mild and heavenly spirit of forbearance. Their mutual language to each other is,

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.

The other knows not its godlike power to tame the passions, allay animosities, and diffuse gentleness and peace through the domestic circle.

We have now briefly noticed the influence of forbearance upon the public, social and domestic relations of life. If our time allowed we should like to speak of its effects upon personal character. In passing, we would just say to all our readers, make the experiment; and especially to our female readers, for if we mistake not, it is upon this virtue that all the true graces and endearing charms of female character essentially depend. But we must hasten to our last topic, viz. its importance in the early stages of education. On this point we had designed to expand and illustrate our views at some length. But we have time only for a summary statement. The children that now prattle upon our knees, will soon crowd us from the scene and take our place.

It is our duty as parents and teachers, to educate them for the service of our country, and our God. Our government, our religion, and the dear interests of our families will soon be in their hands and at their disposal. Is it important that political peace should pervade our nation? Is it important that the broken unity of the church of God, should be restored? Is it important that serenity, harmony and love, should bless our firesides? Is it important that all men should be meek and patient, able under all circumstances to rule well their own spirits? Then it is important that forbearance should be the first, and the last lesson in the nursery, that it should be reduced to a habit in the youthful mind, and become a living principle of action. This may be done by early education, judiciously conducted under the influence of example as well as precept.

Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.
And such is man—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or floweret fair.

R. S. D.

For the Microcosm.

FEELING—TO A LADY.

"As it is necessary not to invite robbery by supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion: it is better to suffer wrong, than to do it; and happier to be some times cheated than not to trust."—Johnson.

In ancient times the valiant knight
Who pledg'd his love through visor bar,
With charger saddled for the fight,
Or castle closed for coming war;
Not more for danger stood prepar'd,
For open fees, or midnight stealing,
Than we of carpet days keep guard—
O'er every thing that looks like feeling.

And doubt, and prudence, draw the veil
O'er tell-tale lips, and merry eyes,—
And harsh formalities assail
The kindest dictates of the skies;
While hands, that friendship should have twin'd,
In gloves of mail are coldly greeting;
And souls, a generous look had join'd,
Seem ice bergs on the Ocean meeting.

My ban upon the gloomy knave,*
Who traced to mire affection's springs;

* *Recherchaux.*

He blasted with the light he gave,
 And gathered roses for their stings.
 Congeal'd to philosophic stone,
 Say, what has life the Heart to cherish ?
 It stands on alpine crags alone,—
 In rude sublimity to perish.

The reptile in his rock secure,
 In darkness sleeps a thousand years,—
 But things more transient, lov'd, and pure
 Are sun'd in hope, and washed in tears.
 The stoic bosom's untouched lute
 May petrify to age unripen,
 While hearts too feeling to be mute,
 Ring sweetly, break, and pass to heaven.

Imprison'd on the torpid seas,
 For storm, and wave, the sailor cries ;
 Invokes the biting arctic breeze,
 Or whirlwind thundering down the skies :
 The nobler spirit rather dares
 A withering moment of distress,—
 Than sternly smother joys and cares,
 To couch in mouldering nothingness.

Scorn, Caroline, the selfish creed,
 With loftier views your course control ;
 Better the pang that bids us bleed,
 Than canker of a narrow soul :
 Hope, laugh, my girl—confide and Love !
 As honest nature is thy teacher—
 And spite of frigid maxims, prove
That Virtue is no prudish creature.

J. W. B.

New Haven, Nov. 1884.

For the Microcosm.

AGE.

SWEET is the fading light of eve
 That o'er the tired earth gently falls ;
 Pleasant the creeping vine that flings
 Its shadow over ruin'd walls.

And sweet is age,—its fading light
 Over life's scenes it mildly throws ;
 Brings holier thoughts to sinful man,
 And to a day of toil, its close.

O'er faults of those we've lov'd and lost,
 Lies fading mem'ry's welcome shade,
 Making a holier thing of grief,
 Blessing the living and the dead.

CONJUGAL SPARRING.

"I wish I was a book!" said the wife of one of the literary club that distinguished the Johnsonian era, as she entered the study of her husband—"I wish I was a book, that I might claim some small share of your interest and attention." "Then, my dear, I hope you would be an *Almanac*,—which I might lay by, when done with, and pursue my favorite studies." This anecdote has been published and republished, for what is considered its wit; while the selfish, unfeeling sentiment contained in it, has passed unnoticed and uncensured. We have repeated it to show what we mean by the sparring in question;—for it is not uncommon to see the indulgence of wit and sarcasm at the expense of feeling, in modern times. There is a peculiar sort of teasing much in vogue between married people, which blinds others by its outward grace, while its sting is revealed only to those who feel its point:—a sort of sharp-shooting, which the parties imagine is witty and caustic, and sets them off; when in reality it is undermining the secret springs of the soul's deep affections. Much of the banter and apparent pleasantry of the passing hour is of this character. Not that we would suppose the direct aim and purpose of the speaker to be severity and unkindness—for many things are said in the very audacity of the affections, which were never intended to live beyond the moment in which they were uttered; but which from their nature are calculated to revive in the hour of solitude and reflection, called up in the bitter judgment of a wounded spirit.

We have not unfrequently had occasion to remark the influence of setting out aright, on the result of any enterprise. It is in the commencement of a course that we succeed or stumble. We seldom see an evening of peace and beauty that was not preceeded by a morning of promise. We turn therefore to young adventurers, in the hope of enlisting their thoughts in the importance of this subject. The severity which we have noticed as most injurious to the growth and preservation of conjugal happiness, is usually commenced with the commencement of the married life. Its inconsistency seems to give the edge and point which procures it tolerance;—and those will laugh at the dexterous use of the weapon, who go away to utter ominous forebodings over such a sharp beginning. Spectators have frequently imagined themselves let into the secret of private bickering and disunion, by some heedless exhibition of conjugal banter. It is surely trifling with sacred things to make the burlesque of the heart's choicest affections minister to the entertainment of a thoughtless circle;—and the reward is such as might be expected from misapplied treasures. These sallies are often repeated to the discredit of their authors—indorsed by the conviction that 'many a true word is spoken in jest.'

Let us go back to first principles. What watchful care is exercised before marriage over the transferred affections of the betrothed parties. How sensitively alive is each, to the feelings and happiness of the other. Now we firmly believe—while we confess that we have never seen the picture realized—that a continuance of the same care, the exercise of the same delicacy of feeling over the happiness of the other, would make the married life one long and blessed *courtship*;—one perpetual season of heart sun-shine. It is the disappointment of cherished hopes that brings a blight upon our

hearts and lives—the *failure* of that in which we trusted for happiness. Where did ever man or woman make a sober calculation to have this kindly regard to the feelings dispensed with, in a few weeks or months after marriage? We do not believe it to be a desirable result in the mind of the husband, and we know it to be the source of bitter regret and secret disappointment to the wife. Without partiality, we would specify a few of the causes on both sides, which tend to produce so much failure in the experiment of domestic happiness.

The husband too soon and too often lays aside the lover for the *master*. A short time before, all was assiduous attention, and affectionate deference; now, he is too much hurried to inquire into the wishes of his wife;—it is inconvenient for him to go this evening with her; he cannot take so much pains to get the thing she wants, any thing else will do as well—it is foolish to be so particular. This change of *manner* comes painfully to the heart—and hasty reserve, or sullen pride, perhaps, completes the mischief, and renders it irremediable. The wife, on the other hand, becomes remiss in those attentions which once manifested her anxiety to secure the happiness of the heart where she had ‘garnered up’ her own. She is careless, unconciliating and uncharitable in judgment,—while daily aggressions nurture and strengthen the root of bitterness that has grown up between them. Others can see how easily happiness might be made out of the circumstances which they are despising, or trifling with,—while the parties themselves seem alone *not* to see, not to understand their true interests.

We are far from supposing that the first remissness is more exclusively chargeable to one side than the other. Glaring facts on both, would contradict the assertion—but we believe the most *selfish* party, will always be the first to break down the fair fabric of hope and love, built of such delicate materials as to need the constant observance of care and tenderness in its support.

For the Microcosm.

THE CHRISTIAN FLOWER.

“Brindabund, a religious mendicant, among the Hindoos, came to one of the Baptist missionaries, after having heard him preach Christ crucified, and said, in allusion to the custom among the natives of presenting flowers, I have a flower (meaning his heart) which I mean to give to some one who is worthy of it. I have been to Juggernaut, but there I saw only a piece of wood, that was not worthy of it; but to-day, I have found one, that is and he shall have it. Jesus Christ is worthy of my flower.”

Not for the idol shrine this precious flower,
Not for the frightful car, this heaven-born thing;
Oh! christians, gather for the Savior's bower
The Hindoo's soul, this beauteous offering.

And there are beings crush'd by this dark creed,
With feelings destin'd for a loftier aim,
Swept to the earth, more lowly than the reed,
Lost in the depths of ignorance and shame.

And see, the mother, with instinctive dread,
Drains her sad heart of every blissful sigh ;
Looks on the baby-girl her breast has fed,
Then dooms the bud beneath the wave to die.

She says " to live as I have liv'd is death ;
I, the degraded, weeping, tortured one ;
Oh ! had my mother when I drew my breath
Dash'd me from life, ere yet that life begun !"

And must they perish, these, the flowers of God ?
These priceless wonders, breathing with his breath ;
Must their rich perfume steal along the road
Where victims superstition scattereth ?

Oh ! let this flowery wilderness but feel
The power of Christ—then earth and heaven, how bright !
Love, o'er the stars and o'er the waves will steal,
And Hindoo mother's hail the glorious light. V. S.

FINISHED LADIES.

THERE are a great many cant phrases in vogue, in the present day, which are so commonly used, that but few persons trouble themselves to think what these terms mean, or whether they have any meaning at all. It would produce a strange revolution in conversation, but one 'devoutly to be wished,' if every one was obliged to define what ideas he attached, or wished others to attach, to his expressions ; and what numberless mistakes and misapprehensions would be thus avoided ! It would be easy to mention many of these phrases, but, at present, I shall confine my attention to one of them ;—I mean that so often applied to young ladies—that 'they are *finished*.'

One might imagine a person, on hearing this for the first time, querying with himself what it could mean ; and anxiously desiring to see some of the beings thus described. *Finished*—he would say to himself, what a strange indefinite word, and yet how all-comprehensive ! Does it mean that these ladies have learned all that it is possible to learn ? that they have attained the highest steps in science ? have become conversant with all languages, and perfect mistresses of the fine arts ? and, added to this, have they acquired all those things still more needful for women, every thing fitted to make them shine in domestic life ? and do they possess, too, all the graces and refinements, which enhance the delights arising from social intercourse ? What charming creatures they must be ! Oh, how happy the parents possessing such treasures ! What stores of mental knowledge they must have gained, to be 'finished' ! With what volumes of deep, and profound, and elegant literature, they must be conversant ! What powers of conversation they must possess ! What companions they must form ! Happy the man who shall obtain one of these finished beings !

But even this cannot be all, says the rapt enthusiast ; for to merit this title, they must be endowed also with the tenderest sympathies, universal benevolence, self-denial, devoted affection, and soaring devotion. All this must surely be included in the word '*finished*.'

At length, unable to restrain the longing desire he feels, to behold the objects his imagination has thus painted, he begs to be introduced to some of these fair enchantresses. His wish is soon gratified. Several who have just left 'a finishing-school,' shining with all the latest polish they have received, are presented to his attention.

It is evident at the first coup d'œil, that whoever does not think them '*finished*,' they think themselves so ; the air, the manner, the voice, the expression, all declare that they think nothing more can be needed to make them all that is to be desired in woman. Our enthusiast is at first a little disappointed, but his mind is so fully prepared to be pleased, that he is not easily to be shaken. He endeavors to enter into conversation, but though he finds his companions abundantly gratified by his notice, and willing enough to *talk*, yet he cannot dignify their utterances by a higher title. This he attributes either to feminine modesty, or to their ideas being too profound to be easily brought to the surface ; or it may be that they have so recently left school, that they are as yet hardly prepared for general intercourse in society. He therefore changes his mode of address, and talks on subjects of general literature ; but finds, that, beyond a few novels of Sir Walter Scott's, he does not make much further way there. Again, he makes a desperate effort, and talks about the fine arts ; calls Claude, and Rembrandt, and Dominichino, and Mozart, and Correlli, in vain to his aid ; for, beyond their drawing, music, and singing-masters, their harps, pianos, and love-songs, the ideas of his fair auditors, 'had never learned to rise.'

Struck dumb with disappointment, our hero falls into a profound reverie, on the strange misnomer which had belied him into such cruel error. '*Finished*!' says he, '*finished*' for what? in what? Are these to be our companions—the solace of our homes—the mothers of our families? What do these ladies know, but what they had better learn to unknow? They have been deluded into the idea that they have arrived at the pitch of attainment, when, in reality, they know nothing. Truly, truly has it been said, that 'the first step towards a woman's humility seems to require a repentance of her education.'

Now leaving our disappointed friend to his own meditations, let us inquire, whether his complaints are not just and true? When a man is to be trained for a particular trade or business, is it the custom to make the previous teaching have no kind of bearing on what will follow? For instance, would a shoemaker be taught the use of the cross-bow, instead of the awl ; and the carpenter the use of the spade instead of the hammer? And if such a process would be considered as utterly absurd, even by a person of the commonest understanding, why, we ask, is the education of woman—that being who is to have so mighty an influence on the happiness and fate of present and future generations—to be conducted in such a manner that her chief business afterwards must be, to forget and unlearn! No sooner is she placed in domestic relationship, and becomes the pride of her own house, than all the pur-

suits to which her health, and temper, and time have been sacrificed, are at once laid aside. Trains of cares and duties succeed for which she is unfitted, and she has no longer time nor inclination for the gaudy trappings and decorations which formerly occupied her. Is not this the daily experience of multitudes? Is it not almost a rare thing to meet with a woman, who, after she has been married a little while, makes any use of those accomplishments to which hours have been daily devoted in the most precious years of her life? Nor is she more qualified to fulfil the maternal duties; for how can that woman teach her own children, who never learnt herself in such a way, as to retain what she has acquired; nay, what has she acquired worth either retaining or communicating? The consequence is, that the children are either turned over to the care of a 'finished' governess, or are sent to 'a finishing school,' and the same process goes on from generation to generation.

It may seem to impugn the wisdom of the present enlightened age, to say that 'the former days were better than these;' but one is sometimes inclined to think, that in the golden days of Queen Elizabeth, when the ladies spent their hours in deep study with their learned tutors, that they were truly 'better than these.' We even half doubt whether the days of tapestry-making were not 'better;' for, though it is true that our good grandmothers often brought on premature blindness by their close application to their needles, yet *their* work did turn to some account. It has even descended to the present generation, and gives evident proof that there was something *ordinary* in their labors. But what can our modern ladies shew compared to this? Posterity will have to say of them, indeed, that they were 'finished,' and that all they knew and did '*finished*' with them.

It is strange that those who have gone through the wearisome and grievous bondage of such an education, like to impose similar tasks upon their hapless children. But then they have never learned to think; and, 'Every body does so,' and 'Every body thinks so,' and 'Every body's children are taught so,' are such silencing arguments, that it would be presumptuous indeed to insinuate, that 'Every body' may yet be wrong. If any tried, from time to time, to get out of the magic circle which 'Every body' has drawn around them, and stood aloof, and asked themselves a few plain questions; might not the result be a conviction, that there is a higher point of attainment than that at which 'Every body' looks, and a higher authority than that which 'Every body' claims, and a more important end than that which 'Every body' sees? Now some of these queries which such an individual would propose would be,—For what did this little immortal being come into the world? Was it to learn to dance, and sing, and play? Was it that it might acquire all the useless, empty, fashionable accomplishments, which should enable it to shine? Could these be the ends for which God created it? What am I doing with it? What am I training it for? Has not God declared that the *multitude* are walking in the broad road which leadeth to destruction; and am I leading my child in any other path? Whatever may be her course through life, am I inspiring her with such principles and habits, as will enable her to bear prosperity, and which will sustain her in adversity? Have the

pursuits, in which she is daily and hourly engaged, a bearing on her *eternity*? Am I fitting her to *die* as well as to *live*? Or have I forgotten that this will soon be the end both of her and of me?

How strange! how awful! that with all the plotting, and planning, and scheming, that is continually going forward, for the aggrandizement of children, and for their advancement in the world, the preparing them to shine in the eternal world, "as the sun, and the stars for ever," is often as much forgotten, as if they were but the insects of a day—the ephemera, that glittered in the sunshine, and died at night.—*Selected.*

For the Microcosm.

DEATH.

On death, thou hast thy trophies in all time!
 The opening bud of promise, infantile,
 Childhood's gay step and pleasure-beaming smile,
 Youth in its promise, manhood in its prime,
 Life in its sober autumn day,
 And wintry age with tresses gray,
 Are victims all to thy relentless sway!

We toil intently for the auspicious day,
 Whose dawn shall crown each wish with full success;
 The toil of many a weary year shall bless,
 And every painful sacrifice repay—
 Just as its coming paints the sky,
 The darling object greets the eye,
 Death grasps the prize—'tis only ours to die!

We delve in ancient mines for classic ore,
 In metaphysic mazes patient tread,
 Con o'er the pages of the unconscious dead,
 And hoard with eager care the priceless lore.
 Then all to thee we must resign,
 For learning's treasures too are thine,
 And all her votaries, victims at thy shrine.

We court the goddess pleasure in her bower,
 List to her siren song with charmed ear,
 Pursue the phantom fame, with eager care,
 And bend the suppliant knee, to pomp and power.
 But power and fame decay,
 And pleasure fades away,
 All yield resistless to thy tyrant sway!

In the mute grave thou hidest all our joy;
 Each budding bliss doth wither in thy breath;
 Oh death, thou spoiler! grim, relentless death,
 There's nothing *earth-born* thou dost not destroy!
 The only flower of amaranthine bloom
 Is heaven-born *Hope*, it blossoms on the tomb,
 And cheers, of death's lone vale, the dismal gloom.

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For the Microcosm.

THE PAST AND COMING YEAR.

A PICTURE of the year just gone—It moves, and eloquently tells of things o'er which the past has thrown its mantle. How vast the painting and what various scenes crowd on the canvas. It is wise to summon up the memory and recall the past—to wander among the wrecks and monuments of Time—to read the epitaphs of hours and learn the moral.

"We take no note of Time
But from its loss—to give it then a tongue
In man, is wise."

Each moment is a warning orator. It is profitable and even necessary to pause in our career, and mark the events of life. Standing in the mystic vestibule of a New Year—it is natural that we should seek from the pages of recorded Time, some perfect lessons for the guidance of our future course—that we should light a new flame of thankfulness and devotion on the holy altar of faith and prayer—that we should retire into the quiet sanctuary of our own reflections, and—in our profoundest musings—in the most unbounded excursions of our memory—investigate the deep things of providence, and learn the high ends of our creation. It is the part of manliness to reflect, and he must be a recreant to his conscience and his meditative soul, who would refuse to think. The "lamp of experience" burns with a steady, quenchless light: it outlives the flashes of fancy and adventure. It is madness to plunge into the waves, with no charter in our hands. The influence of association can not fail to produce impressions which will impart a new energy to our resolves and modify our hopes. Said Dr. Johnson—"That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

So we might say of him whose heart is unmoved at the sight of the picture before him. The scene enlarges as we gaze. The portraiture grows more distinct and vivid—its features well defined, and penciled with most graphic colors, stand out in bold relief. What living lights and shades! What melancholy ruins—fragments of our proudest efforts. The unchained elements, have sported with our strongest and stateliest palaces. Genius, careering in her pride has fallen. The fortresses of nature—her hills and

The Past and Coming Year.

rolling streams, remain, as grand as at the first—it is man we see in ruins. See! A spark of fire flies from its artificial confinement, lights upon some combustible material—a city is in wild dismay—the flames rise in stately columns to the sky, or bend and frightfully career before the careless winds—buildings, made to defy the destructive blaze, fall and smoulder but to mock our sufferings. But pause! What spacious fields—where sleep the dead! There are mourning marbles. It is a hallowed spot.

“Aye, call it holy ground.”

The grave has garnered for the world unseen, the infant and the sire. Yes! the manliest has fallen. We pause to linger where those we love are sleeping; to pay the tribute of a tear to dear departed worth. He, who wrestled with his God—whose prayers of faith, like prevailing Angels, beset the mercy seat—he, has fallen. His voice of benevolence and love is stilled. The tomb encloses Wisner. Weep not! From his divine abode he speaks, in words of consolation.

“Weep not, for me—the conflict now is o’er—
Exulting banners float on Zion’s shore”.

Many champions have fallen in “the sacramental host of God’s elect,” to rise pure and sinless in that Temple not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. But let us trace our individual changes and isolate from the great picture, our own sacred homes. The rude storms of sorrow have blighted our blooming hopes.

“On the cypress wreath, which overspreads
The throne of Death, we’ve hung our mournful lyres”—

Or, it may be, the radiance of a pure and genial sunshine has beamed upon our path, and thrilled our hearts with a perpetual rejoicing. In reality our blessings quite outnumber our adversities. We magnify the latter because they are so rare, while the former, as repeated as our beating pulse, pass as unheeded. What are chastisements, but varied forms of blessings? Has stern disappointment frowned upon our hopes? Those hopes, perhaps, were vain, and while we are forced to relinquish them, we are allured to a more enduring good. Have we been pillowed on the bed of pain? Perhaps we were vaunting of our strength, or had idolized our beauty. Has the archer’s arrow singled for the grave our bosom friend? That loved one, may now be a redeemed one in the Paradise of God. Thus, in every affliction, we can rejoice and more admire the perfect government of Heaven. Nay, more. When the storm of grief subsides, and the clouds retire from the face of a serene sky, we wake a louder song of praise, and press forward with a quick step to the holy place of retirement, to give utterance to the strong emotions of a subdued heart, in the “resistless eloquence” of prayer. That afflicted one, whose form is bent with sorrow, we pity;—we might better pity our misfortune which has exempted us from sorrow. But what positive blessings have we shared! As multiplied as the moments of our existence. The radiant sun—the showers of spring and summer—the storms and snows of winter, have united to accumulate the means of our greatest enjoyment. Another

year has gone ! Its flight is returnless. Its departing shadow still lingers, as the rays of the setting sun, upon the western hills. Farewell ! The shadow cannot stay. Have we not as individuals passed through many vicissitudes ? Each heart knows its own sorrows. How have we improved our immortal minds ? What precious jewels have we gathered to decorate the mystic temple of our intellect ? What priceless treasures have we secured from the rich domain of Literature and Science ? Have we gazed at the sublime scenes of creation, till the spark of divinity within, has glowed and reflected a new splendor on the darkness of our nature ? Are our hearts better fitted to participate in the joys of Heaven ? Have we penetrated the realms of Faith ? Let us, as we launch again upon the unexplored ocean of Time, adjust our sails, look steadfastly at the polar-star which shines to direct us, and at the close of the coming year, find that we have not been idle voyagers—that we have not been driven, as though we were unskillful mariners.

The book of the Future is a mystery. We cannot break its seal. It is well we are ignorant here. A foreknowledge of our sorrows, might paralyze our resolutions and our hopes—a surety of our blessings might throw us back upon our too great natural indolence. The very fact, that the future is uncertain, gives power to hope. Hope would cease if future good or ill should be revealed. Here let us form new resolves. Let us come anew to the altar, and offer up ourselves a living sacrifice, acceptable to God. Let us task our minds to their utmost—let us be bold and daring in adventure—let us be heroic in the field of battle—yet humble warriors, for our strength is of God. In prosperity let us moderate our exultation—in adversity, let us rejoice in this, that our treasure is in that celestial city, where no thief can ever enter. If the angel of death shall hasten us away, may it be, but to tread those heavenly courts, whose bright walls and floors are made of precious stones, and the purest gold ; and the effulgence of the burning throne, and Him that sitteth thereon, is the light thereof. We wish to all a *happy New Year* : Happy in its disclosures of the providences of God—happy in its quiet and undisturbed flow of the purest enjoyments—happy in preparing all to spend an endless year—forever new amid the joys and sweet songs of Heaven.

O. A. G.

If any pursuit requires study and system, it is parental duty in the business of education ; which, to be complete, requires the aid of religious principle from the foundation to the topstone ; and yet how remiss are parents on this point ! After bringing forward the older children perhaps with injury at every step, they begin to see the sad effects of errors in judgment, even where the best intentions may have existed. They now reverse the system, but too late ; and passing from one extreme to the other, all is difficulty and anxiety. The elder pervert the younger ; and the difference in plan adds perplexity to the whole scene. It is the part of wisdom to avail ourselves of the experience of others, and yet how hard to acknowledge that we need it !

For the Microcosm.

TO MY NAMESAKE.

It seems, dear boy, but yesterday,
 Since to the font we came,
 A happy and delighted throng,
 To answer in thy name ;
 And I, thy father's chosen friend,
 Joyed o'er thy father's son,
 To hear the priestly blessing blend,
 Our allied names in one.

But ah ! how cloud has followed cloud—
 How many a thrilling scene
 Of trial and of triumph crowd
 The narrow space between ;
 And we are sundered far and wide,
 Who formed, in happier hour,
 The ties which time shall not divide,
 Nor death shall overpower.

Let not thy look to me be strange,
 Whose smile was then so sweet,
 And I can bear what other change
 Awaits us ere we meet ;
 And sure, the love that thus begun,
 With life alone should end,
 And never can thy father's son
 Forget thy father's friend.

FORTECRUCIAN.

For the Microcosm.

THE HARMONY OF CHRISTIANITY WITH A REFINED TASTE.

CHRISTIANITY has indeed been the light of our world. Europe and our own country are witnesses that its tendencies are cheering, enlightening, life-giving ; while the eye need but turn to the sickening abominations of Mohammedanism, or the degrading superstitions of idolatry, enervated in energy and intellect to behold the reverse of the picture—to see what the world had been without its blessings. True, the light hath not yet fully beamed on even one nation of our earth. Yet even its presaging brightness—the twilight of its perfect day—has been glorious. Like the light of evening falling upon some mighty city, roof and battlement and spire have caught those rays and stand forth with an unwonted beauty ; while the obscure ally and darkened court—the dark lurking haunts of profligacy and vice, are rendered more gloomy by the contrast. Such has been Christianity. All that is now cheering to the eye or attractive to a refined taste, owes its origin and its progressive advancement to its influence. What then shall it be and

what appearance will our world put on when it rises in full orb'd splendor. Already how much do we not owe to its holy influences? How many of the mighty wonders on which we are wont to plume ourselves, in this age of pre-eminent achievement, are caused by an influence of which we little dream?

Literature, child-like, hath set at its feet and learned her noblest lessons. Not a nation hath, or at any time hath had (excepting perhaps alone the Grecian, and their Roman imitators) a national literature where Christianity was not its forerunner. The reason is obvious. Take down a volume of any one of the master spirits of our race—excepting alone the poets of the ancient mythology—and turn to those passages where they have spoken to the nation's heart, and you find a passage which speaks of or implies the immortality of man—a truth which but for our revelation had been deemed a vision of some dream-sick fancy. Turn to some passage of less universal interest, yet appealing to many a silent and blessed heart by its exquisite truth and beauty, and you find it referring to some of those affections which cluster like blessed stars around the grand central truth of our immortality. Of course when we speak of such writers as Augustine, Dante, Milton, Bacon, and Butler, it is almost idle to say that their intellectual life was as it were bound up in the revelation of God. We affirmed no more than the truth, when we said that Literature was the disciple of Christianity. So it has been and so we venture to prophecy, if experience be not a fallacious guide, it will be to the end of time. When the visions and the prophecies of the disciples of Him of Bethlehem shall have been consummated, may we expect the true golden age of the world's literature—its intellectual millenium. How vainly then have the high priests of literature, the quarterly and monthly reviewers, left their legitimate province to direct their attacks against religious writers.

In this point of view, while regarding the christian spirit of the age as affecting the character of different pursuits, we might allude to Science and the Fine Arts. We could shew we think demonstrably that science in its progress had been co-eval and co-extensive with Christianity. Scarcely less have the fine arts been benefited by its renewing and refining influence. The artist, in his boldest conceptions has but caught some faint reflection of Christianity, and the painter has been most successfully employed when he dipped his pencil in the tints of heaven. But we pass over this part of the subject to speak of the effect upon the individual and to show how it changes (we speak of course generally) the mind and heart.

We will allude very briefly to its influence on the benevolent feelings. A false charity may exist separated from the exercise of the virtues. There is an instinct which forbids us to pass by an object of distress. But it is an instinct that leads us to shun the lashings of a guilty conscience, rather than a principle which seeks out the objects of its exercise, and which is universal. The maxims of every other religion have no such god-born trait as this. Their sacrifices are such as humanity revolts at; their prayers are for objects unworthy of man; their whole worship is a system of cruelty. Beautiful even as is the worship of the Persians (and graceful worship has sometimes been permitted to show how ruinous were the tendencies of all worship when not of the true God,) they have each one this condemning stain, that the aim of their worshippers was the aggrandizement of themselves and not the welfare of others. It is Christianity alone which teaches us to look forth upon a world of woe for the purpose of relieving its misery, and thus to find

our own joy in what may appropriately be called reflected happiness. No where does the falsity of that morbid sentiment which so frequently is found to prevail—that the practice of religion is inconsistent with good taste, appear more visibly than when it is compared with that exercise of charity which is practised by every true follower of Him who went about doing good. There is a rebuke in it which tells men of a reward in heaven, and there is a gracefulness in it which wins the infidel when all other arguments are idle. The fact of such deeds being performed unobtrusively, and in secret, in many cases, none who know the world will question. Many an instance of quiet courtesy in the common intercourse of life, of kindness to the stranger, of the desponding and despairing heart having been cheered and rejoiced; when the desolate hearth has been blessed and the widowed one found friends, will recur to all, and many more similar instances to him,

“Who has seen poverty
In huts where poor men lie.”

But it is upon the intellect of man that the refining influence of Christianity is most strikingly manifested. It does not indeed add a new power to the mind; for there is a fierce, fitful fever of ambition or curiosity which may outstrip it in effort for a time. It adds an interest and a charm to the different researches, inasmuch as it exhibits the common bond which unites them all, and the relation which they sustain to higher interests than those of the passing time. A harmony is perceptible between not only the more ancient but the most modern and abstruse of all the sciences, and the declarations of scripture. As the student of nature and revelation alike passes from one to another of the natural sciences and finds in them all a thousand coincidences and no discrepancies with revelation; as he finds there a code of laws which the statesmen, jurists and legislators of every age have striven in vain to equal and which they have at last adopted as the foundation of their statutes; as he glances at astronomy and finds the many “dark sayings of the wise” pointing to the triumphant era of this science; when he beholds geology its witness, and the voice of nature every where in unison with the language of revelation; and then as he finds every other co-temporaneous writer wandering—how far! from truth, and filled with immoralities of every kind, he is constrained to confess that it is an emanation from the source of all truth. And the disbeliever of miracles has yet a stranger miracle to account for than any to which he objects. He is bound to inform us how it is that such a book written in such an age by such men should so strangely and unaccountably be filled with so many coincidences and so universal a harmony with the most rigid demonstrations and the loftiest ascents of the intellect of the nineteenth century.

Here it may not be amiss to notice a different effect upon the mind which a christian view of the creation is calculated to excite. The world around us in its various phases of contrivance and adaptation, has most evidently a reflex operation in proof of the existence of a God; and so far as they could do so, in proof of his word. True it is that a few, instigated by a false philosophy or depravity or most utter folly, have put away from them the thoughts excited by the thousand evidences of Deity around them; and who having put out that light, have called the universe a blank. But the most ancient

nations have all of them been worshippers of a Deity. The vast majority of mankind have never doubted of these evidences, however else they may have wandered from truth. They needed no lengthened demonstration to prove what was so manifest. The truth was open to the humblest intellect. They saw a creation around them and they inferred a Creator. Long before the visions of the holy men of old had been revealed, the flowers of the field as nature's censers sent up their perfumes to the one—it may be to the unknown God. Nor in vain were those teachings; for when the eye saw them it blessed them and learned the mystery of its Maker's benevolence. And long, very long before Astronomy had revealed the majesty of that mind that has crowded infinity with worlds, those "silent eyes of heaven" had taught the Atheist the falsehood of his creed and given to the yearning heart of the searcher after truth, the prospect and the promise of a brighter world. Shall we then say that natural religion is in vain? Surely not. Better does it become us to admire the exquisite truth of its Maker's commendation—"It is all very good". Shall natural religion be neglected as a system of evidence which is antiquated and ready to vanish away? Surely not. For much as we may learn of His will from the Bible—it is still left to the beauty and the brightness of the universe, to common men and common minds, to demonstrate their God.

Said a young and accomplished girl who was dying prematurely of consumption, as she pointed to a violet, with a countenance in which faith and love and confidence were blended, in that manner which often makes death so beautiful—"See the manifestation of the Deity as it is seen in this little flower. It has been an unspeakable consolation to me, witnessing in this hour of my trial, the presence and the love of my God." And shortly afterwards she passed away to a world where the outward symbols of His presence were needless as evidences of His love.

It will not do to deride the principles or the practice of that faith which has such abundant consolation and which harmonizes so well with every thing around us. We might point to many, the noblest names of every profession whom Christianity has adorned. We have seen that it is in unison with the highest literary character, that it is consistent with the greatest eminence in science and the arts; that it is the fountain of the benevolent, the social and the public virtues, and what can we add more! Is it not then, to say the least of it, proof of an aberration of intellect to sneer at a faith so full of consolation, as inconsistent with a refined taste?

S.

For the Microcom.

THE PARTING BENEDICTION.

From the 8y leaf of a Diamond Testament, given to a young friend just starting for the West.

Go forth, in youthful spirit strong :
Go, see the inland seas unscroll
Their crystal sheets—and follow long
The mighty streams that from them roll.

Selfishness of the Affections.

Where all is young, and nascent all,
With nature's virgin freshness round,
Go, at adventure's cheery call,
And be thy manly efforts crowned.

Severe in toil—mid dangers bold,
To every noble impulse warm;
Ne'er let one generous flame grow cold,
Or in the sunshine, or the storm.

We wish thee well! The hills beyond,
Beyond the wide, green, prairie sea,
By fancy led, true hearts and fond,
Will make the pilgrimage with thee.

Go, in the strength that Heaven imparts;
Thy Father's blessing on thee be;
And cherish in thy heart of hearts
The love of him who died for thee.

This little lamp can light thy way,
This little shield can guard thy breast;
Still heavenward point for thee its ray,—
Be thine its peace, its hopes, its rest.

For the Microscop.

SELFISHNESS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

"How can this be!" perhaps some one will say. Would you then tell us, that there is selfishness in its very opposite, love? Where then is the god-like in man's moral nature, if he is wholly incapable of generous, disinterested affection? We answer, he is not thus incapable; on the contrary, we believe that many under the promptings of such affection, have nobly forgotten every selfish consideration, and even sacrificed themselves on the altar of heroic friendship. We do not adopt that theory, which makes love a name, and friendship a dream, and blots every trace of true benevolence from among mankind. Not thus have we read the Creator in the noblest of his works; not thus we venture to say, will He be read by any, who have not by stifling their own better feelings, lost all participation in those of others.

Neither do we now refer to that principle of self-love, which prompts us in all things to desire happiness, and which must consequently influence all our affections and pursuits. This principle is inseparable from our very nature, and consequently should never be confounded with selfishness, which always implies a perverted and sinful application of self-love. Yet our selfish propensities are strong and easily excited—excited to powerful action by the slightest provocation. Dark and subtle too are the operations of this enemy—silently it steals upon our better feelings and destroys their fragrance with its poisonous breath. How often it corrupts the fountain of every virtue, by substituting self-interest in some form, for the love of excellence; and shall it then be thought that our affection for our friends, can

never be tainted with its baneful influence, and shall this sanctuary alone remain unguarded, through a vain confidence in its security?

Rather let us remember the vigilance of our foe, and leave no point vulnerable to its attack. In the contest, which unless we are willing and abject slaves of its power, we are carrying on, let extermination be our watch-word, and never let us rest, until we have driven it from every strong hold, and forever crushed its power in our soul. But this must be accomplished by the assistance of an almighty arm, for never let it be forgotten, that when crushed in one point, its vigor is constantly redoubled in another, unless our weapons are of heavenly temper, and wielded with more than human strength and skill.

Looking upward then for aid, let us search out its haunts, nor vainly deem any place too sacred for its insidious attacks. Even that domestic hearth, consecrated by the presence of intelligence and piety, and enlivened by the harmless gaiety of childhood, is not secure from its approach. Perhaps a darling child refuses to comply with some requirement of the parent. Now, how does that parent conduct? Does he insist upon his rightful authority, and compel obedience to his will, or through fear of giving the little rebel pain, does he quietly yield, and allow him "to have his own way?" Through fear of giving pain to his child, did we say? rather let it be confessed, through a selfish reluctance to suffer the pain, which he must himself feel, in counteracting the stubborn will of the child,—for who that regards the consequences for a moment, does not see, that the pain, the suffering are chiefly his, the victory and reward the child's? We know that this is sometimes dignified as the highest exhibition of parental fondness, and we do not deny that there is some plausibility in this, inasmuch, as without strong love for his offspring, the parent would be incapable of participating thus deeply in their sufferings; but after all, we ask, would he shrink from the necessary trial, did no element of selfishness mingle in his love? Would he, on any occasion, refuse to do that which he knows is conducive to the future happiness and welfare of his child, were his affections for him, alloyed by no secret preference of himself? And shall this parent then tell us, that he loves his child too well to inflict needed discipline? We do not fear in kindness to assure him, that he loves *himself* too well to do it. Let us take another case. Perhaps a beloved and amiable daughter solicits some indulgence, which the wisdom of her parents knows will prove injurious to her best interests. She may desire to participate in some amusement, which they consider unfriendly to her moral and intellectual improvement. They deny her request. She entreats—they still deny, till goaded by disappointment, she leaves them tearful and dejected. What course do they now pursue? We do not ask, what *should* they adopt, for that must be sufficiently apparent to all, but how do they actually conduct towards the youthful sufferer? Are there not some, alas! are there not many, who prompted by an unworthy selfishness, would say, "I cannot bear to inflict such suffering upon my child; she must be gratified," and thus in a moment of selfish feeling, reverse the prohibition, which had been made in a spirit of true kindness and love? Does not such conduct evince the want of that moral courage, which fears not to encounter difficulties and trials, in the prosecution of a high and noble purpose? And how many, who thus consult their own feelings, in professing to gratify

their child, have suffered too late the bitter consequences of their self-indulgence, the annals of dissipation and crime too well can testify. We have dwelt more fully upon this subject in its relation to parental affection, because there is probably no sentiment more pure and unalloyed by selfishness than this, and perhaps none, where its influence is so destructive of real happiness. If any still doubt the reality of its existence here, let them remember that those very parents who do not restrain their children, because they cannot bear to see them suffer, will rarely hesitate to delegate all necessary authority to a kind and judicious teacher, often with explicit instructions to have it rigidly enforced : nay, are there not some, who in the hight of their compassion will commit to an unreflecting *servant*, duties which they have too much fondness to perform ? thus plainly proving that it is the *sight* of suffering, and not its existence merely, which they cannot bear. And while thus inflicting an irreparable injury upon their children, shall such longer be permitted to delude themselves with the idea, that they are disqualified for the exercise of authority, by superior tenderness and love ? No ! let the veil be rent which conceals the truth, let them see themselves aright, and learn to "deny themselves" in fulfilling the dictates of duty.

But are our other attachments more free from the debasing influence of selfishness ? Dequands says, "with our friends we are always disposed to think ourselves better than we are." Without admitting this in its widest sense, still we must acknowledge there is too much ground for the observation, and we ask would it be so, if social intercourse were conducted on truly enlarged and christian principles ; if, in the communion of friend with friend, there were no reservations made, through a *selfish* fear of giving pain, no praises offered, through a *selfish* wish to impart pleasure ? Paradoxical as this may appear, is it not true that we are often insincere with our friend, because we love *ourselves* too well, to assume the unpleasant office of censor and make known the truth without disguise ? Should we be unwilling to discover our true opinion, even though sure it would cause him pain, when convinced it might ultimately promote his highest good, had we no secret fear, that it might in some degree weaken his partiality for ourselves ? Or where such a fear is too obviously unjust to be indulged, is there not a selfish reluctance to inflict the salutary wound, lest we should in some way be identified with the consequent pain ? Let us not delude ourselves here. It is right to avoid pain, only when it can be done without incurring a greater evil, and benevolence will lead us to avoid causing needless pain ; but is there not selfishness in sacrificing important and valuable interests to the feelings of the present moment ? And what is the interest sacrificed in the present instance ? When we remember the blind partiality of self-love, and the many difficulties in the way of arriving at a correct knowledge of ourselves, do we not see how valuable must be the assistance of a judicious and enlightened friend, who fears not to unfold to us, the results of his own observation of our character, in those unguarded moments of intimacy, so favorable to its developement ? Away then with that selfishness, which under a more honorable guise, has so long robbed us of one of the dearest privileges of friendship, and henceforth let there be a generous interchange of assistance, in the upward path of excellence.

For the Microcosm.

THE following fragment is from an unfinished composition which was commenced at the request of a Literary Society, but was abandoned because the writer, occupied with more serious engagements, found himself unable to command time for such efforts. A theme was found in the motto of the Society, before which it was to be recited; and the poet—"a poet made, not born"—proposed to discourse,

"In such rude numbers as his skill can frame,
Of human life, and of philosophy,
Which as ye say is of your life the guide."

The plan was simply to trace the progress of human life; and to show that no "philosophy," is worthy to be trusted as "the guide of life," save that philosophy from above, which alone can solve the mysteries of our being, or is adequate to all the wants of human nature.

So much for explanation. The following lines seem to come within the sphere of the little world of home; and sometime when the editor of the *Microcosm* has nothing better from more gifted correspondents, they may occupy a page.

FRAGMENT.

The life of mortal man—a mystery
Hangs o'er it, from its natal hour till death—
Mystery! Yes, a strange deep mystery,
Which true philosophy alone can solve.

Look on the face of infancy. That babe
Upon its mother's bosom, its mild eye
Turning to drink the blessed light, its limbs
Moving in action which no mind controls,—
Most frail and helpless of all living things—
How safely it reposes. By a tie
Stronger than ancient friendship, or the bonds
Of solemn covenants, that unconscious one
Is fastened to the hearts of those who joy
To call the helpless stranger theirs. That eye,
Through which as yet no quick intelligence
Looks out to recognize their smile, to them
Is brighter than the brightest star of even.
That feeble wailing voice, which till to-day
Was never heard, is music to their hearts,
Sweeter than the sweet serenade that floats
Upon the air of some still moonlight hour,
While beauty loves to listen.

Tell us now,
(If thy philosophy hath searched it out) —
Whence, why, this sacred love, that in the heart
Of the rejoicing mother—father—springs
Spontaneous to greet their new born charge—
Spontaneous as the nectar fount that feeds
The nursing's life? Whose foresight hath prepared
For infant helplessness such guardianship,
For weakness such protection? Who hath cast
The heart, the mind, the being, all unformed,
Upon the hands of those whose influence,

Daily, and hourly, and protracted long,
 Touching the secret springs of thought and will,
 Of love and passion,—shapes its destiny ?
 And tell us, where is that philosophy
 Which, spreading through all lands, like heaven's own light,
 And entering every human home, can touch
 With its informing spirit every heart,—
 Waking the mother and the sire to know
 By whom, and to what end, the infant mind,
 With all its undeveloped powers, with all
 Its unformed destinies, is thrown
 Upon their guidance, like a passive thing ?
 The true philosophy must find its way
 Into the low-roofed dwellings of the poor,—
 Must reach the lowliest pair to whom is given
 The awful power of moulding the young mind,—
 Must make them conscious of their dignity,
 Conscious of a high partnership with God,
 Conscious of sympathy with the designs
 Of the all seeing providence that gave
 A pow'r so awful: it must make them wise;
 Wise in the lore of virtue and of love;
 Wise not by rule and art, but in the light
 And living impulses of souls made pure
 From selfishness and passion; wise t' evolve
 And train the young affections, to subdue
 Each wayward impulse, to inspire a love
 Of truth and goodness;—and thus wise to guide
 The life, from its first starting point, aright.
 Life is made up of mystery. Look again
 Upon the face of infancy. The light
 Of the young soul begins to kindle there.
 Shadows and gleams as from a world unseen
 Play on those features. Whence the light of love
 Flashing like sudden sunshine in that smile ?
 Whence the deep tenderness of those low tones
 Murmuring responsive to the mother's song ?
 Whence comes it that those untaught organs toil,
 As with determined industry, to catch
 The flying utterance of human speech ;
 To question each articulate sound ; to learn,
 By slow comparison, what meaning dwells
 In each familiar word ; to lead the voice,
 Pliant yet sure, through all the slides and tones
 That make th' expressive melody of speech ?
 Come, solve the mystery : tell us whence, and why,
 This patient infant industry, that toils
 Unconscious of its object. If this lie
 Beyond thy knowledge, tell us, shall we trust
 To such philosophy as thine to mark
 Our pathway, and to shape our destiny ?
 * * * * *

[The lists are open to all amicable adjustment of this important cause, and the ground peculiarly favorable for light skirmishing. We like this process of 'plea and replication,' 'rejoinder and surrejoinder.' It elicits 'the merits of the cause,' and brings the parties to a 'definite issue,'—as the lawyers have it. We trust the champion for the other side will not desert the ground, but again appear in defense of her party.]

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

To the Editor of the Microcosm.

As I cast my eye over your November number, the rather ominous title "Hear both Sides," arrested my curiosity. What can this mean, inquired I, of my friend H—— who, with an extended hand and a beseeching look, was pleading for the first inspection of your bright little World of Home: Let me see it, exclaimed he, impatiently. No, no, said I, let me read for you. Well, read loud then, rejoined he in a disappointed tone, as he threw himself upon the sofa beside me. I began; but before I had finished the introductory remarks of your very frank correspondent, I perceived by the uneasiness and significant hems of H——, that he anticipated the discussion of a topic to which he was tremblingly alive. I had scarcely finished the sentence in which your correspondent brings forward her "personal experience" of the evils of which she complains, as an apology for animadverting upon so delicate a point as "the intercourse between the sexes," when H——, in a sarcastic tone, exclaimed, "O, yes, my dear, give us a chapter of your personal experience, doubtless it will be very instructive." I must here inform you that my friend though a philosopher and a scholar is a disaffected bachelor, whose temper has been soured by repeated injuries, either real or imaginary, and whose heart is now hardened under what some *unjustly* consider the baleful influence of celibacy. This fact will sufficiently account for his piquant and ill-natured remarks. But to return; I gently chided H——, for his irony, and proceeded with the remarks of your correspondent. After speaking of the readiness of her own sex to ascribe every expression of esteem and friendship which may fall from the lips of a lady, to the existence of a "warmer feeling," she prefers the same charge against the gentlemen themselves. This charge so grated upon the nerves of my friend, that unable to restrain his feelings, he exclaimed, "it is false—false as the Koran!" Hush, said I, keep cool. "But" continued he, "this is downright scandal; it is in effect charging us with weakness, self-conceit, and vanity. Who can endure it?" Be patient, I replied, hear her through and then judge. But the animadversions of your fair contributor upon our alledged unwillingness to take no for an answer, again provoked the invective of H——. "Really," said he, "I wonder what will come next! Are the ladies so very averse to a second trial? are their decisions as changeless as the laws of the Medes and Persians? Did not our friend C——, after two refusals prove to the entire satisfaction of Miss W——, that two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative, and thus secure the object of his love? How was it with K——, was he not accepted after the fourth refusal?" We resumed our reading but were again interrupted at the close of the following sentence. "Can that be a right state of society in which it is necessary to be guilty of one crime in order to escape the imputation of another." "What" said H——, "all ladies either coquettes or hypocrites! Really, this is a new classification for which her own sex will hardly thank her. According to her statement, all

who are not under the imputation of coquetry must be hypocrites. The cynic Philosopher himself, who seeing a woman that had hung herself upon a tree, exclaimed 'O, that every tree bore such fruit,' could scarcely have made a more invidious classification." You are uncandid and too severe, I replied. She means only to censure those customs of society which tend to produce insincerity and deception. "I have no means of judging of her *meaning* but by her language, and that, fairly interpreted, implies all that I have said." I now besought H——, to waive farther remarks, until I had finished the article, to which he assented. As I closed the last sentence, in which your correspondent craves some share of that pity, which is lavished on the rejected, in behalf of their rejectors, on the ground that they "do not *always* love to inflict pain," "O, amiable sufferers," exclaimed H——, "you are doomed to be the unhappy instruments of inflicting pain without design, and of blighting hopes which you have never either by word or look countenanced or encouraged! you are indeed worthy of commiseration!" "Who is this," inquired he, "that pleads so eloquently for this unfortunate and afflicted class of her sex?" 'Une Inconnue,' replied I, is the signature. "An oracle of wisdom"—continued H——! "her lessons of philosophy are admirable—her exhortations to magnanimity pathetic—and her requisition, always to suppose the conduct of the lady honorable, most reasonable! Really, I think her communication worthy of an answer." Well, answer it, then, said I. "My nerves are too sensitive," he replied, "I wish you would do it yourself. Make what use you please of my remarks; some of them I think worthy of consideration."

I have narrated this conversation of my friend, that your correspondent, knowing the carping disposition of some of her readers, may hereafter be more guarded and cautious in her statements. I wish here distinctly to disavow any sympathy or fellowship with the bitter and sarcastic spirit which he manifests. I am a *Unionist*, and sincerely deprecate those habits of public and private sparring which are so common between the sexes. I am sorry to discover this fault in the communication under consideration, which otherwise, seems very unexceptionable in its spirit. I regret also the prevalence of that spirit of meddling which shows itself in significant hints, sly railery and satirical jesting, to the manifest annoyance of delicate nerves and sensitive minds. Not that I would censure or prohibit all playful innuendoes and felicitous allusions. They are sometimes grateful to the parties and the foodful nurse of a budding and growing affection. But I do censure, condemn and reprobate the vulgar repartee, the blunt joke, the ordinary banter which, on almost every occasion, are bandied about, with such boorish freedom. These, I think, are the evils of which your correspondent justly complains when she says a lady is allowed to have but "two states of feeling—love or hate," towards a gentleman. This is indeed a sad state of things and tends directly to engender and foster insincerity, artifice and dissimulation. Whatever countenances or encourages these should be avoided as the bane and curse of society. I regard frankness, simplicity and ingenuousness not only as the most attractive graces of the human mind, but as our only security and defense from the basest arts and the grossest evils. In every circumstance of life they should be guarded with a vigilance that never tires—but in the intercourse between the sexes, where

"Nought but love
Can answer love and render bliss secure,"

they should be held sacred as the ark of the Jewish covenant. Whoever dares to violate them should be hunted from society as a spirit of evil. I therefore join with your correspondent in her complaint, and pledge whatever influence I possess to the work of reformation. I hope she will not waste her strength in unavailing complaints, but will forthwith, commence the work of reform. I would not wish to dictate as to the means which shall be used to accomplish this object, but would in the true spirit of the age, and with all due deference to the opinion of others, propose the formation of an **ANTI-MEDDLING** society, the object of which shall be to reform those intermeddlers who are busily employed in *match-making, match-breaking and match-talking*; and also to correct public opinion, and array it against the evil under consideration.

But, to other sentiments expressed by your correspondent, I cannot so fully respond.

She says, "If a lady finds pleasure in the society of any one of them, [referring to the gentlemen] and frankly allows him to perceive it, the modest conclusion immediately is, that she is, in the technical phrase 'in love' with him, or at any rate, ready to become so. If he discovers that he had mistaken mere friendly regard for a warmer feeling, the lady is forthwith accused, tried, and condemned for coquetry."

This quotation contains a sweeping assertion, a heavy charge, a hasty conclusion, which I am hardly prepared to admit without further proof. Does she mean to include every gentleman in this charge? She would not, surely, condemn us all *en masse*! Does she refer to a class merely? Her charge then is too general; those who cannot distinguish between a "mere friendly regard" and "a warmer feeling"—will scarcely have the acumen to discern its application to themselves. Or would she refer to those self-important coxcombs, who boast of their favor with the ladies, and measure their importance by the number of their fancied conquests? I have no defense for such. I cheerfully deliver them into the hands of their fair tormentors, to be punished according to their deserts.

But ought the ladies to monopolize all sympathy as the only sufferers? Have the gentlemen no ground of complaint? I would not retort the charge of your correspondent; nor would I recriminate. I wish to console her, with the reflection, that the ladies are not alone in their sufferings. Has there never a case occurred in which a lady without the best of reasons has come to the "modest conclusion" that a gentleman was "in love" with her, "or ready to become so?" or where the attentions of mere civility and politeness have been mistaken for "the existence of a warmer feeling?" Has a gentleman never unjustly fallen under the odium of trifling with the most sacred affections of the human heart? This, whatever it be in a lady—is an unpardonable crime in a gentleman. It justly awakens the indignation of society against him. It arraigns him as an enemy of human happiness, who raises expectations but to embitter disappointment. It pronounces him a blight upon society, which like an untimely frost withers and destroys. To fall under the imputation of such a crime, to be subjected to the ignominy of such reproach, however just to the guilty, is to the innocent unmerciful and cruel.

A few remarks upon another topic suggested by your correspondent, and I have done. I refer to the influence of fancy in the election of one,

"With whom in wedded love the soul would live."

Some seem to think (and here we would not exclude your correspondent from the number) that the voice of reason is too stern to be heard in the temple of love, and that her notes are too solemn to chime with fancy's playful music. But I am not of that number. I would have fancy sweetly obedient to reason, and reason kindly tempered by fancy, and both by their united influence harmonize and control the affections. I wish to see esteem, friendship and love founded upon real worth, and not upon a mere, idle phantasm of the brain. Do not misunderstand me. I would not undervalue a warm heart, sportive fancy, impassioned sentiment. These I admire. Chastened by reason they are the ornament, the glory, the perfection of woman. Without them, she may indeed, like the brilliancy of an ice-clad grove under a winter sun, dazzle, but never warms.

INCOG.

For the Microcosm.

THE GARDEN.

Where'ne I wander 'mid the tranquil charm
Of leaves and winds, of sunny banks and flowers,
I pause in wonder that the thought of harm,
Should mar the glory of such precious hours.

I think of that bright garden lost so soon ;
Its heavenly rest, its perfume and its shade,
Its brilliant birds, with love in every tune ;—
And of the garden, where the Master pray'd

How still the breeze on Kedron's gentle stream !
The brook was crossed by Him ; yet on it crept ;
It did not wake in joy from slumbrous dream
Those blessed feet to kiss :—All nature slept.

The flowers in quiet odor bent their heads ;
The very leaves forgot their mirthful play ;
The moon o'er all, her silvery mystery spreads,
And 'mid the calm the Savior takes his way—

He sought repose within the olive grove ;
And 'neath the softened shadows of the trees,
He raised his heart in contemplative love,
And prayed for them—oh, God ! his enemies.

And heavy drops, hung on his brow, like dew
'Twas not the dew which weighed the roses down ;
On these, the moonbeam gem-like lustre, threw—
But on his blood, an angel's smile was thrown.

Like a shut lily stricken from the light,
His fair head sunk beneath the coming storm ;
A ruffian band disturb the silent night,
And traitor lips have touched that sacred form.

A garden is earth's fairest spot—yet woe
The pathway of the loveliest scene has crossed ;
As if, our heavenly Father meant to show
Creation perfect, but the creature lost.

V. S.

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MEMOIR OF MISS LINNARD.

To the Editor of the Microcosm :

SINCE it is the province of your work to impart instruction to the domestic circle, to improve all ages in the performance of the various relative duties, allow me to recommend to your readers the memoirs of Miss Anne Jane Linnard, of Philadelphia. In the account given of her life, they will find not only precept in abundance, but what is still more instructive, a bright example of excellence in the various relations of daughter, sister and friend. This little book ranks high among the biographical sketches of the day, and it is not enough to say of it that it is equal to the memoirs of Harlan Page, so deservedly commended and so extensively read; nor would we be considered as depreciating that valuable little work when we say that in some respects we think the memoirs of Miss L. are more replete with instruction than the life of Mr. Page. It is more difficult for a female, especially one in delicate health, to accomplish what Miss Linnard effected, than for one of the other sex. The various obstacles to active usefulness like hers which a female must encounter, especially amid the promiscuous and fluctuating population of a large city, are well understood, and it is therefore unnecessary to specify them here. Her ardent desire of doing good to the souls of others was, as we believe, implanted by the Spirit of God, and her ability to execute came also from the same source.

According to the account given by the biographer of Miss Linnard, she was blessed originally with a mind of more than ordinary strength and an uncommon fondness for mental improvement. In early cultivating and disciplining her mind, she was preparing a broad foundation for future usefulness. In her example in this respect, those whose education is now in progress will find a powerful incentive to the most thorough mental cultivation, and will be enabled we hope to appreciate in some measure as they ought, the advantages which they are now enjoying and the importance of improving them aright. The native disposition of Miss L. is represented as not being remarkably amiable. She was proud and domineering, and like all such characters, was doubtless self-willed and self-indulgent. But grace triumphed over all and brought every thing that was wrong, as well as what was right, in her character, to subserve the same great object, viz. that of glorifying God and doing good to her fellow creatures.

It seems hardly credible that a female tenderly educated, and in delicate health could have attempted and accomplished so much. And yet we are told by her personal friends that this is no exaggerated account, no overdrawn picture. The account is a matter of fact, and multitudes are ready to attest its truth. What then was it that made her christian character so superior to most of those of the same age and sex, who crowd our churches at the present day? Many of these are not inferior to her in mental strength and accomplishments, and have less to overcome in their natural temper than she had. We ask again, what constitutes the difference? I will anticipate your reply, my dear reader. You would have said that she had more grace than is usually bestowed, and this I do not deny; but she had no more than you may have if you seek it as she did. Read her memoirs and you will there find what value she placed on the Bible, how she regarded the great atoning sacrifice of Christ;—what stress she laid on prayer—how she humbled herself before God, and how carefully she watched over her own heart. Her instructions to sinners were often blessed to their conversion. It is very uncommon for young females to set about the business of doing good to the souls of others as she did. In this arduous and responsible undertaking she manifested wonderful energy and skill, as well as remarkable moral decision. But did she act in her own strength? No, it was no overweening self-confidence, that prompted her to go forth on these errands of mercy. She felt her own weakness, and that all her strength was in God. She read in her Bible that holy women of old, were employed as helpers in the gospel, and would not plead as an excuse for self-indulgence, that women are not called to preach the gospel to the poor. But she fasted and prayed, and being thus furnished with the gospel armor, went boldly forth, not fearing the accusation that she was departing from her own appropriate sphere of duty, or the path prescribed by female delicacy and propriety. Religion with her was never a thing by the by, but always the prime business of life from her conversion to the day of her death. It was not an excrescent standing out as it were from her general character, but sweetly blending with all her thoughts, words and actions, it enabled her not only to gain the victory over sin in the heart, but to present herself, mind and body, a living sacrifice to Christ.

She is represented as a *cheerful* christian. She was happy because she was useful, and religious enjoyment is, if we mistake not, usually commensurate with religious activity. Her untiring perseverance in works of usefulness seemed to sustain and animate her, under all her bodily infirmities, and finally enabled her to die so sweetly, so triumphantly. Reader, would you be a cheerful, happy christian in life, and joyful in death, spend not your probationary season in looking into your heart to see if the change has commenced,—but draw your evidence of grace from what grace enables you to do, in subduing sin and advancing the cause of your Redeemer in the world. Press forward as Miss Linnard did in the discharge of every duty, and you will not want the most cheering evidence that you are one of those who will receive the reward of the good and faithful servant, entering as she has done into the joy of your Lord.

For the Microcosm.

[The following beautiful lines cannot fail to possess a local interest in New Haven ; since it was in our own loved and honored University, that Dr. Nevins was equipped for his conflict and distinction in the world. We offer no apology for publishing these lines at so late an hour ; feeling that any circumstance which tends to perpetuate the memory of the noble dead, in this forgetful world, is a cause for gratitude.]

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WM. NEVINS, OF BALTIMORE. WRITTEN AT HIS BIRTH-PLACE, NORWICH, CONN. OCT. 1835.

MEETHINKS amid the autumnal gales that rush
Round these eternal rocks, a sudden cry
Of lamentation mingles—yon dark woods,
Seem murmuring to themselves a solemn dirge ;
And the far cataract's roar, is like the wail
That friendship utters o'er departed worth.

Yes, death is at his work. Oh, hear ye not
His creaking scythe, as with a fearful sweep
He makes another wreck, forcing its edge,
Through a rich cluster of endearing ties,
And leaving shattered hopes, and broken hearts,
In ruinous heaps behind !—Oh, heavy stroke !
Low lies an honor'd form,—the good depart :
Heaven calls its lov'd ones home : cloud after cloud
Descends upon our land, deepening the shades,
That hover round our paths, and from our sky
Blotting the cheerful sun, and guiding stars.

Drop then, ye autumn leaves, and as ye fall,
Speak of the end of life. Oh, he was thine,
Ye hills, ye beetling crags, and grassy plains.
Here first his youthful hopes took their bright leap,
Into the bosom of untrodden years.
Here thought began its high, immortal course ;
And earth's fair face his glowing spirit fir'd
With inward rapture :—well he lov'd her groves,
Lov'd the bright stars, and dews, and the green fields,
Lov'd the blue heavens, and holy mountain winds.

Wake, memory, wake ! and bring again those hours
Of youth's fresh bud,—those happy childhood days,
The dawn of young existence, when his feet
Rov'd through these paths, and his enlivening voice,
Pour'd its clear notes through these rejoicing walls.
Oh, hours of dear remembrance !—thoughts were then
Vivid as the sun's locks and wild as dreams ;
Young hope as brilliant as the bow of heaven.
How was yon fire-side brighten'd by his smile !
How oft in these lone woods with book in hand,
His noon-tide walk he took ! How oft the lamp,
Late gleaming from his window, told that he
Bent long and fervent o'er some ancient page,
Seasoning his soul for future usefulness.

But when redeeming love became his theme,—
When mid the bowers of *Yale*, on *Bethlehem's Star*,
His ardent eye he fix'd—oh, what a change
Pass'd o'er him, and his quicken'd bosom thrill'd !—
Then drank his thirsty soul the tide of love :
Then underneath his firm, determin'd feet,

Lines on the Death of Dr. Nevins.

He plac'd the alluring world ; and his free voice,
Broke forth, and call'd on heaven and earth to hear,
The wondrous story of abounding grace.

Yon sacred desk received him :—there he stood
And his first message, mid his native hills,
In faithfulness deliver'd. Solemn awe
Sate in the house, while from his dropping lips,
Salvation sweetly flow'd. Full on the heart,
He darted from his silver bow, the rays
Of heavenly truth.

Years since have sped :
Southward, his star has mov'd, and shone, and fallen.
His urn is broken, and its flame gone out.
We hear low wailings from his stricken flock,
And memory's troubled waters in our souls,
Are stirr'd with sympathy,—with grief o'erflow.
We mourn an early friend, a youth beloved :
They bend in anguish o'er a Pastor's grave.
There too are seen an aged parent's tears,
And sobs from a sweet group of orphan babes,
Blend with the scene, and touch all hearts with woe.

Oh, let us lift the curtain from his tomb,
That the pure light may spread its beams around.
Where the bruise'd reed hung trembling in the wind—
Where tears were to be dried, or suffering hearts,
Heal'd with the dew of peace—where sin was felt,
Or prayer was breath'd, or injuries forgiven,
His ready foot was found, his voice was heard,
Distilling sweetness. Spotless were the robes,
That o'er his actions cast their graceful folds,
Adding to all the heavenly truths he taught,
The matchless argument of a pure life,
A name unsullied, and a garment white.

And is this fine etherial flame no more ?
Are these divine attainments swept from earth ?
We gaze around, and in these garden walks,
These trees, these well-known walls,—his ancient home ;
These seats, these books, in every object near,
Some fresh memento of our friend we see.
The roof seems curtain'd with a conscious gloom,
The fireside mourns, and even nature seems,
To brood like us, o'er some internal woe.

But why breathe sighs, oh, honor'd shade, for thee ?
It were to mourn that conquering faith should soar,
To take its crown triumphant,—that the gates,
Of massy pearl, should their white leaves unfold,
To let the ransom'd in,—that the freed soul,
Should from a golden harp, through heaven's high arch,
Shake the glad notes of glory and thanksgiving.

Go, Spirit, to thy home ! The eye of faith,
Beholds thee gently leaning on the breast,
Of thy divine Redeemer, and our sighs,
Are chang'd to rapture,—tears are lost in praise.

F. M.

CLEANLINESS.

THE strange belief that 'dirt is healthy' has much influence on the daily practice of thousands of those who are ignorant of the human structure, and the laws which govern and regulate the animal economy. Before we proceed to treat of the moral tendency of cleanliness, it seems desirable to make an attempt to correct this error. It has probably originated in the well-known fact that those children who are allowed to play in the dirt are often as healthy—and even *more* healthy—than those who are confined to the nursery or the parlor.

Now while we admit that this is a very common case, we yet believe that the former class of children would be still more vigorous than they now are, if they were kept more cleanly, or at least, were frequently washed. It is not the dirt which promotes their health, but their active exercise in the open air; the advantages of which are more than sufficient to compensate for the injury which they sustain from the dirt. That is to say, they retain, in spite of the dirt, better health than those who are denied the blessings of pure air and abundant exercise, and subjected to the opposite extreme of almost constant confinement.

There is something deceitful, after all, in the ruddy, blooming appearance of those children who are left by the busy parent to play in the road or field, without attention to cleanliness. If this were not so, how comes it to pass that they suffer much more not only from chronic, but from acute diseases than children whose parents are in better circumstances?

We are the more solicitous to combat a belief in the salutary tendency of an unclean skin, because we know it prevails to some extent, and because we know also, both from reason and from fact, that it is a gross error. Every portion of the skin is pierced with little holes, which serve as outlets for the fluids of perspiration. They are so numerous that we cannot touch the skin with the finest needle, without hitting one or more of these openings. While a person is in health, there is not a moment, sleeping or waking, in which fluid, in the form of a vapor or mist, is not escaping from the whole surface of the body, unless the mouths of these little vessels are blocked up. Now, can they be closed for hours together, and the subject remain uninjured.

It is, however, true, that years sometimes intervene, before the evil consequences appear. The office of the vessels of the skin being interrupted, an increase of action is imposed on other parts, especially on those internal organs commonly called glands, which action is apt to settle into obstinate disease. Hence, at least when aided by other causes, often arise, in later life, after the source of the evil is forgotten, if it were ever suspected, rheumatism, scrofula, jaundice, and even consumption.

There is a strange notion abroad, that the *smell* of the earth is beneficial, especially to consumptive persons. We honestly believe however, that it is more likely to create consumption than to cure it. Besides, in what does this smell consist? Do the silix, the alumine, and the other earths, with their compounds, emit any odor? Rarely, we believe, unless when mixed with vegetable matter. But no gases necessary to health are evolved during the decomposition of vegetable matter; on the contrary, it is well known that many of them tend to induce disease. We are thoroughly persuaded

that too much attention cannot be paid to cleanliness ; and the demand for such attention is equally imperious in the case of those who cultivate the earth, or labor in it, or on stone, during the intervals of their useful avocations, as in the case of those individuals who follow other employments.

We protest against the doctrine that the smell or taste of the earth, much less a coat of it spread over the surface, and closing up, for hours and days together, thousands and millions of those little pores, with which the Author of this 'wondrous frame' has pierced the skin, can have a salutary tendency.

The opinion has been maintained, that uncleanly habits are not only unfavorable to health, but to morality. A gentleman who has had much experience in human nature and character assures us that he has sometimes thought it very possible to ascertain the moral worth of an individual, by the degree of attention which he pays to his person and dress.

Although this may be, and undoubtedly is, carrying the matter rather too far, yet we have not the least doubt that he who neglects his person and dress will be found lower in the scale of morals, other things being equal, than he who pays a due regard to cleanliness. The following remarks are from a recent publication, designed for young men.

'We may, indeed, lay it down as a rule of almost universal application, that if all other things are supposed equal, he who is most guilty of personal neglect, will be the most ignorant and the most vicious. Why there should be, universally, a connection between slovenliness, ignorance, and vice, is a question I have no room, in this work, to discuss.'

'I am well acquainted with one whole family, who neglect their persons *from principle*. The gentleman who is a sort of *new light* in religious concerns, will tell you that the true christian *should* "slight the hovel, as beneath his care." But there is a want of intelligence and even of common refinement in the family, that certainly does not, and *cannot* add much to their own happiness, or recommend religion—aside from the fact that it greatly annoys their neighbors.'

Some have supposed that a disposition to neglect personal cleanliness was indicative of genius. We well remember an injudicious person, who used to apologize for the neglect and slovenliness of a young acquaintance of his, on this very ground. But it had well nigh ruined the young man.

We are far from recommending any degree of fastidiousness on this subject. Truth and correct practice usually lie between extremes. But we do and must insist that the connection between cleanliness of body and purity of moral character is much more close and direct than has usually been supposed.

"By the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid."

Selected.

"Mistaken views of happiness, unfortunate mistakes in the head, or deficiency of feeling in the heart, occasion more than half the miseries of life."

POETRY.

ONE of the improvements of this matter-of-fact age exhibits itself in a contempt of those things which have won the respect and admiration of preceding ages. We might be startled to find the world already arrived at a sublimation above the poetic, could any thing surprise in this day of great things. An aversion to *poetry* has become quite a fashionable mania—and we should deem it unprofitable to say any thing on the subject, did we not wish to call the attention of the young, who echo a watchword without reflecting on its import, to the subject in question;—by asking if they know what it implies to acknowledge a dislike to poetry. It is nothing less than acknowledging a want of sympathy for the refined and beautiful; and no powers of appreciation for the high and daring. This they have no idea of acknowledging. Question them more closely,—Milton they like—portions of Shakspeare—and some few of the exquisite fugitive pieces in circulation. Still—they '*do not like poetry*!' Putting these facts together, we infer that they do not like doggrel verse nor insipid rhyme; and who, with any pretensions to a cultivated taste and enlightened understanding, does. Criticism is so far useful here that it establishes a standard, and makes the necessary distinction between the mass of imitation, and the true gems of literature. But criticism itself is so abused, and its decisions so strongly tinctured with injustice, and prejudice that we have often turned from its unfeeling severity, to say with Sterne that we could "go fifty miles on foot, to honor the man who would be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore."

We like to hear things called by their right names—and when speaking of poetry, we do not mean mere jingling rhyme, or '*prose with ragged ends*:'—but, in the view of those high conceptions dimly seen afar, that enthusiasm or rapture of the mind, which, borrowing as it were in its haste and ardor the fabled Pegasus of the Muses, springs into a gallop, because it cannot be confined to the sober gait of grave pedestrians.

But there are treasures of poetry in the human soul which have never found utterance through the medium of language. There is poetry in our circumstances and in our destinies—it is scattered throughout our path, in the moral, social and natural world. There is poetry in Heaven!—though it is poetry which needs the harp of Gabriel to tell in numbers.

No where upon earth is there more than in the little world of home. We have ever contended for the poetry which dwells in the Temple of Home; or would dwell there if not wilfully shut out, and driven away by the spirit of discord. And the care necessary for preserving the poetry of life, is equally worthy of the attention with severer duties. The thousand little magic influences which shed a serenity and cheer over the hearts of those under their sway, are not trifling when viewed in the aggregate amount of happiness thereby produced. The opportune ministration to comfort and entertainment, which *seemed accidental*; the reasonable gratification of taste and fancy; the beguiling of fatigue and irritation;—tell positively in their effects upon the life and character. And the wife who desires to find the true road to happiness and power, need seek it only in the flowery path of these appropriate duties.

For the Microcosm.

THE SHRINE OF THE HEART.

WHERE on the face of earth cans't thou
 Seek out a shrine,
 My haughty heart, and stoop to bow
 This pride of thine ?

Not unto hoarded wealth—the prize
 Of grov'ling thought ;
 With all that lives beyond the skies
 Too often bought.

Not to ancestral pride—that trust
 In others' fame—
 To keep from out its proper dust
 A ruined name.

Not unto sceptred pomp—oh, no,
 The regal thing
 May but have thought enough to know
 "I am a king."

Not unto beauty's feet—her smile,
 I ken full well
 Oft sways the heart—a serpent wile,
 A magean spell.

Yet there's a pure, a holy shrine,
 Fit for the free :
 There shalt thou bow, proud heart of mine,—
 Mother, to thee.

LONG.

"A woman, taking her station at the responsible post of mistress of a family, should consider her character and occupations as elevated far above the atmosphere of petty personal and family jealousies and difficulties. She is to become a model of forbearance, kindness and peace to her household and her friends. She must establish respect among others ; without it she will not long respect herself. Respect cannot be obtained, if paltry feelings are to be given way to—but is to be obtained by a regular, uniform exhibition of such sentiments and actions, such language and feelings as tend to form and elevate the character of a good mistress of a family, and a good neighborhood. A meddlesome disposition, a suspicious spirit toward others, and an undue regard to their hasty, thoughtless or well-meaning expressions, aims at the root of her daily equanimity, and of course that of the comfort of others and her own happiness."

For the Microcosm.

SELF INSPECTION.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see'oursels as others see us!
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us
 And foolish notion:
 What airs in dress an gait wad lea'e us
 And ev'n devotion!"

AFTER reflecting an hour this morning on some errors in theory and practice, prevalent among mothers of the present day, I seated myself at the desk with the intention of making the "Microcosm" the medium of communicating a few strictures on the evils which result from one very manifest abuse of parental influence. But, as I took up my pen,—“thinks I to myself,—what’s the use;”—who reads, in these days, for personal edification; what mother especially, receives any benefit from hints on education from one who is not *experienced*? “Old maid’s and old bachelors’ children are always well governed!” And then,—“thinks I to myself”—since the reformation of this abuse would be attended with no *eclat*; how, in these days of noise and bustle and display, can I expect a hearing. No—“it’s no use!” He who would be heard must say something *interesting*. He must be careful not to waken the sleeping conscience; not to rouse the dormant energies of the intellect. The correction of one “bosom-sin,” seen and known only to the Omniscient, would not show to the world so forcibly the power of religion, as the exercise of some “self-denying” duty. With an air of boldness and self-righteous confidence, to warn the impenitent of impending danger, or to reprove the inactive christian, evinces such a desire for the welfare of others as is not easily mistaken. And furthermore,—“thinks I to myself”—though every person will acknowledge that “to err is human,” yet let that truth be illustrated, by a bold exposure of any error in practice; and you will hear “Oh!”—“Ah!”—“Yes, it is to be hoped that Mr. ‘what’s his name,’ Mrs. ‘so and so,’ or Miss ‘what d’ye call her,’ will not fail to be benefitted by the perusal.” But it is so very difficult to identify those personages, that there is little encouragement to attempt *their* reformation.

And now honestly, gentle reader, has any thing you have read in the “Microcosm,”—not especially commendatory—seemed particularly applicable to your case? Have you ever suspected that that misconduct of which you were guilty;—that conversation which evinced an entire disregard of the duty inculcated in the ninth commandment of the Decalogue;—that transaction, in which you disobeyed the tenth;—have you suspected, that these were included in the things which were specified as evils to be corrected, in several pieces you have read? Bear with me, fair reader, while I question you a little farther. Do you habitually read for amusement, or for instruction? If you are a mother, does reference made to the *high dignity* and *honor* conferred by the maternal relation, make far sweeter melody to your ear, than the knell-like sound of maternal *responsibility*? Do you turn a deaf ear to comments on the abuse of natural affection, strikingly seen in the “spoiled child” and the sensitive mother, when any wonted gratification is denied; while you listen with delighted attention to eloquent

praise of the untold, untellable depth of that undying love which is found only in the tender mother's heart? And it is, indeed, high honor to be the mother of a being who is to live forever; the mother of one who is capable of aspirations after moral perfection; and of performing deeds which prove him allied to the All-perfect! And has not God increased your responsibility by adding to your benevolence, and knowledge of right, the strong instinct of natural affection? *You ought* to know, surely, better than another, whether, in view of the use you have made of this distinguishing gift, self-gratulation or the beautiful grace of humility, most becomes you.

"God made man after his own image." But, alas! the "crown has fallen from his head." Will you, fond mother, co-operate with the Creator of your child, by doing all that is in your power to restore that lost image? Will you exercise more than usual self-vigilance for *one week*, in order to discover your preferences?—that is, what you most desire for your child. I know what the decision of your *understanding* is. But will you observe the language of your *feelings*, as they flow spontaneously when you are unrestrained by the presence of a third person? Be assured, dear madam, that however wisely you may counsel and instruct your child, if the *spontaneous* exercises of your heart do not in some measure accord with your instructions, your child's heart will remain untouched by the lessons of wisdom which flow from your tongue. So many temptations beset us, from within and without, to live for the pleasure of the present moment, that you will fail of impressing your child with the true end of this life, if your *habitual* feelings are not the result of a life of faith. No faint efforts made at intervals, will accomplish the great work God has given you to do. It is no easy task to mould an immortal mind to the principles of rectitude established by the great Legislator of the Universe. Do not, then, let that little immortal so dear to your heart, and dear to the heart of Him who "breathed into it the breath of life"—get the impression from you, that '*it is all of life to live!*' He will inevitably get this impression, if your habitual feelings and actions do not teach him the important lesson, that

"There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love."

Within your child, there is a "still small voice" which cries after God, and it will never cease to do so. But if it is not listened to in time, it will make its loud tones heard, and its shrill echo felt through eternity. If you have, in any way, deprived that voice of its melody, will you not make any sacrifice that may be necessary, to rectify the evil? '*Train up your child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*' "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom."

N.

[Lady Rachel Russell has ever possessed the love and admiration of all who knew her. Great strength of character, combined with true feminine delicacy and tenderness, and humble reliance upon God, are exhibited in her conduct, under the pressure of the most severe trials and sufferings. Some years after the execution of her husband, Lord John Russell, she watched over the death-bed of her only son, the Duke of Bedford,—who died of small pox in the thirty first year of his age. Subsequent to this event, she visited alternately the houses of her two married daughters who were both dangerously sick at the same time ; and after seeing one laid in her coffin, she hurried to the bed-side of the other, to whom the physician had pronounced the slightest agitation as probably fatal ; and to the anxious inquiries of her only surviving child, replied with composed serenity, "*I have seen your sister out of bed to-day.*"

The following letter was written soon after the death of her husband, who was executed, or rather murdered July 21st, 1683.]

LETTER FROM LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Woborne Abbey, 30th Sept. 1683.

I NEED not tell you, good doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavor to make the best use I can of both, but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend ; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose ? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine : but, alas ! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts as of a future condition ———* of prayer : but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts ! I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it ; but yet secretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat, and sleep with : all these things are irksome to me now : the day unwelcome, and the night so too : all company and meals I would avoid if it might be ; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them ; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret

*Two or three words torn out.

his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? O! if I did stedfastly believe, I could not be dejected. For I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious troublesome world, in which I have no other business but to rid my soul from sin; secure, by faith and a good conscience, my eternal interests; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever after be above the smiles and frowns of it; and when I have done the remnant of my work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when, by his infinite mercy, I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose, where he is gone for whom only I grieve. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds when I let myself loose to my complaints, but I will release you, first fervently asking the countenance of your prayers for your infinitely afflicted, but very faithful servant.

For the Microcosm.

THERE'S TERROR IN THE TEMPEST'S RUSH.

There's *terror* in the tempest's rush,
 Lashing the deep along the shore;
 There's terror in the lightning's flash
 And in the thunder's solemn roar.

And *grandeur* clothes the monarch hills,
 Where waves the giant wood;
 Where the proud sun-eyed eagle builds
 And reigns in solitude.

There's *glory* in the crimson cloud
 That curtains round the brow of even,
 There's glory in the starry shroud
 Of midnight's silent, cloudless heaven.

There's *beauty* in the moon's mild light,
 That silvers foliage, rock, and tower;
 There's beauty in the sparkling white
 Of foaming waves in watery power.

There's *grace* in waving forest trees,
 That winds and rushing tempests tear;
 There's grace in every curling smoke
 That floats upon the empty air.

There's *music* in the sighing gale
 That rocks some time-worn turret gray;
 There's music in the gurgling brook
 That to the torrent speeds its way.

There's *wisdom, might, and holy love*,
 The impress of a heavenly power,
 Portrayed below, around, above—
 Borne on the wings of every hour.

IMPRUDENCE AND FILIAL INGRATITUDE.

My first visit was to a young lady's mother, who went to Scotland to marry a man against the knowledge of her parents. She begged, on her return from Scotland, to be allowed to bring her husband to her happy home ; but was desired by her parents to leave them some time to recover the shock they had received, in finding their darling child sought other protection than theirs ; adding they were at present too unhappy, their sorrows too recent, it would damp her bridal hours to witness it. They solemnly forgave her for such a breach of duty, and only reproached themselves for not acting up to the affection they felt, or she could never so have left them. The gentleman, it seems, was disconcerted at this : as his friends were in Ireland, and he could not leave his regiment to take her to them, she went to barracks with him ; and after many supplicating entreaties, at the end of a year, she was received at home, and I was requested to be of the party. I would not witness the first interview ; I went the day after ; her mother welcomed me with tears, which she quickly wiped away, and led me to the nursery, where her daughter sat with her sleeping infant on her lap. "See," said she, "what a sweet little grand daughter I have !" The young and interesting mother sighed deeply, and held out her hand, but could not speak. "May she prove a lasting source of comfort to you both," said I.

"I dare not hope she will be a comfort to me," said the mother, kissing her infant's hand ; "I have not deserved it. Bid her avoid her mother's fatal example ; she cannot have a path in life so smooth, so rosy as mine, and I have filled it with briars and thorns." "Be comforted," said her mother, "your father and I will make it the object of our future lives to make you happy." "You have always done so," she replied ; "and I have done all in my power to make you miserable." "Say no more, my dear child ; my heart bleeds for your feelings ; promise me that you will forget all that is past." "I would, my dear madam, but this dear innocent will remind me every hour of what you felt for me, and what you have received as your reward. Oh, could she know my agonies ! she would then avoid my cruel conduct."

When I recollected the short space since I had seen her, the young and blooming darling of the fondest, most indulgent parents, and now the mourning, dejected mother of an infant whose very smiles would add reproaches to her heart, I could scarcely bear the scene. We were summoned to dinner, and I hoped that her husband's affectionate tenderness would soon wear off the dejection she appeared to feel.

He was not returned from his walk ; he had gone out immediately after breakfast, and left no word where he was going. "It was my fault, I believe, my dear, (to his daughter,) I ought to have told him our dinner hour, and that we are very exact to it." "I told the gentleman, sir," said the butler. "He did not hear it," my friend said. "Yes, Sir, he did : for he said, very well." "Take out the dinner again, and keep it as warm as you can till the gentleman comes." The daughter said not a word, but looked through the avenue from which she expected to see him. How different, from the behavior of a happy woman who had married the husband of her parents' choice as well as her own ! With what confidence would such an one plead for the absentee, or join in some plan to mortify the delinquent ; secure of his partial-

ity for any plot that might be imagined against him. But here all was silence and mortification, and time for distressing reflections. After waiting nearly an hour, the dinner was again ordered, and new remarks upon the absence, lest some accident should have happened. Where was the lively interest that a young and happy mother would have felt for the father of her child, if but the shadow of a hair-breadth's danger had been suggested to her! It was not here: a sort of wild half-drawn sigh escaped her; it would have said, Mine is the heart that would have been alive to that alarm, if—if—the object was deserving.

When the comfortless meal was nearly over, in came a coxcomb, taking off his gloves and hat, and throwing them upon a chair, with a fear that he was late. "No, faith!" he added, taking out his watch; "not so late as I expected. I was three miles from here half an hour ago—it is confoundedly hot," wiping his face; "you will never guess where I have been: why, I'll tell you bye and bye. Pray, dear, (*to his wife*,) give me something that is hottest—Oh, this is stone cold! Some of that veal, if that is not cold too." "Order in the chickens," said the lady. "Aye do," said he; "they may be better." When they came, he said they were roasted to a cinder. "It is your own fault," said his wife; "the dinner has been ready nearly two hours." "There you are out for once," he replied; "it was your fault, for I have been looking over your estate." "My estate!" said she, with an air of dejection. "Yes, your's, my dear; and what's your's is mine, you know." "I know of no estate." "Oh, you don't, do you?" said he; and twisting his person in his chair, with an air of importance, added, "I never saw finer acres in my life. I met the bailiff, and asked if he would show me about it; he was civil, and told me every thing, thinking, I suppose (a cunning dog,) I might be his master soon." His wife could bear it no longer; painful reflections tortured her heart:—an estate so soon to be his, at the death of so dear a father! a death her conduct would probably hasten: and the unfeeling man to whom she had trusted the comfort and happiness of her life, had found the surest way of destroying it. She had promised herself that her unremitting endeavors would restore her much-lov'd parents' tranquility; and to see them so wounded through her means was bitterness indeed. She wiped away a falling tear. "Did the bailiff tell you, Sir," said her father, in a tone of voice softened by his fear of giving his daughter pain, "that the estate he seems to know so well, is settled upon male heirs; and in default of mine, goes to a nephew who well deserves the inheritance." "He never mentioned a word of that: you never told me a word of that, pet," looking at his wife. "I never knew it," she said; "and if I had, I should probably never have mentioned it: I meant to be married for my own sake." "True," said he; "but a good estate is a good part of the marriage-ceremony, for all that. I should like to see the writings when you are at leisure," he added; "there may be some flaw; and I like to take every thing the law will give me, right or wrong—that's fair; don't you think so, ma'am?" turning to me. I delayed answering, in the hope he would answer himself; but he repeated, in a louder key, as if I was deaf, "Don't you think so, ma'am?" "No indeed, Sir; I do not think so: the law of honor would be stronger with me than any other law: it is of a sensible and delicate nature, and would scorn to enjoy any property which it was the declared or implied in-

tention of the owner to give to any body else." He was silent ; and I added, "I have always lamented when I have heard of families deprived of estates and property long possessed, because lawyers have been careless or ignorant of their duty." "Well, I am quite of another way of thinking," he said ; "I shall like to see the writings :—" and then leaning his elbows upon the table, and resting his thrown-up chin upon his hands, he remained silent. "How was it possible, for such a young lady, so beloved, to marry such a man ? And what can one do to escape a like fate ?" "Always suspect your own judgment ; when you first perceive a gentleman's partiality, you probably see him as he is ; then form your judgment and abide by it. If you wait till you become pleased with his attentions, your judgment is not worth a pin ; it is all gone, and your best friends will scarcely have influence enough to bring it back again. Never marry with an idea that things you do not like may mend ; depend upon it, that what you do not quite approve before you are married, you will still less approve afterwards."—*Selected.*

For the Microcosm.

PRAYER IN A CHAMBER OF SICKNESS.

FATHER, who from above
Scatters rich gifts of love,
Hear, hear our prayer—
Now to thy mercy seat,
Where wrath and pity meet,
Now to thy gracious feet
Our suit we bear.

Oh, be thou ever near,
With thy rich love to cheer
Her fainting heart ;
Bring to her list'ning ear
Celestial anthems clear,
Such as blest spirits hear
When they depart.

And tho' our heart be sad,
Oh, make her spirit glad—
And for her home,
When she shall wing her flight,
Give those blest realms of light,
Where sorrow with its blight
Can never come.

With thine almighty power,
Come in the conflict hour,
And be her stay—
Oh, let her lean on thee ;
Then will her death-song be
Of triumph won thro' thee—
Joyful the lay.

And let us hail the beam
Which from thy promise gleams,

Prayer in a Chamber of Sickness.

Bright'ning our way ;
 That, in the world above—
 The fit abode of love,
 We may together rove
 In endless day.

The flame of love shall ne'er
 Be quenched by sorrow's tear,—
 Death shall no more
 Part us from those we love ;
 Peace from the heavenly dove
 Ne'er from our hearts remove—
 Grief will be o'er.

E. A. T.

Does it require long time—days, weeks, months and years, to enable human beings to love one another ? Does the human heart slowly and suspiciously lay up one kind thought after another, till the measure of its affection be full ? May gentle words and kindling smiles pass from the lips, and yet the heart remain cold and untouched, and willing to lose sight of, and to forget, the object of its transitory tenderness ? It may be so with many, for the accidents of time teach different lessons, all equally necessary and wholesome perhaps to different hearts ; but before human nature has been sorely afflicted, tried or deceived, its temper is open to kindness and to joy :—and attracted by the sympathies of a common nature, why may not those who are strangers to-day, be friends to-morrow ? Nor does the deepest affliction always close up the fountains of love in the human soul. Like light streaming in upon a prisoner through the bars of his dungeon, is the smile on faces not yet bedimmed by grief, to the man of many miseries ; and he who hugs his sorrow close to his soul, will often at once lay down the rueful burthen to which he has so long clung with infatuated despair, at the sight of youth, beauty and innocence, rejoicing before him in untamed, fearless and triumphant bliss. There are often, also, sudden revelations of sympathy made between human beings by a word, a tone, a look, or a smile : truth is then conveyed suddenly and easily into their spirits, and from that moment they rest assured of each other's affection and each other's worth, as much as if they had been mutually known for years. If there were not these strong and prevailing tendencies in our nature, the paths of human life would be barren indeed ; or the friendships that spring up over the world, in general, be sown only by the hand of interest or self-love.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

“ Marriage is like some exquisite instrument, which can be tuned only by the hand of heaven. God, who made the hearts, alone can harmonize them by the infusion of common views, hopes and joys.”

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For the Microcosm.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

It has been often asked in this age of benevolent effort, of what use are "maternal associations?" Are mothers more faithful, more unremitted and more successful in their efforts to educate their children than were their mothers and grandmothers, who had not the benefit of such institutions? These queries, if they do not cast a reproach upon maternal associations, imply at least a doubt of their utility. To answer these interrogatories, and to state some reasons why they are not so entirely beneficial in their tendency as to preclude all doubt on the subject, is the object of this article.

The end aimed at in such combinations is immensely important—that of mutual improvement and assistance in the great work of early education. Such aid no christian, no intelligent mother will deny that she needs. But does she find it in such institutions? Are the means adequate to the end? Many, I fear, would be compelled to answer in the negative. Why is it that an association professedly so important, is so inefficient in its operations, or so inadequate in its effects?

One cause which may be assigned is *timidity*. A few only of the number who attend the meetings advance any opinions or conduct the religious services. The diffident, who claim exemption from these duties, make no preparation by previous reading and reflection to render these interviews profitable, and were they to seek this preparation, the array of ten or fifteen ladies would put to flight every thought, even if on the point of being uttered. Many a judicious and well timed opinion has been suppressed for want of confidence to express it.

Pride is another impediment to the success of maternal associations. A desire to be thought to know, represses inquiry. To seek information at the hands of others is a tacit confession of inferiority, and unless the inquiry evinced discrimination, or the point was one where a diversity of opinion might be expected to prevail, it would not often be made. It is humiliating to make such an acknowledgement, but the fact cannot be denied.

A third difficulty arises from *mutual ignorance* of each other and their families. In a society composed of a number of females from the various ranks in life, an intimate acquaintance cannot be expected. The opportunity afforded by occasional meetings is not sufficient to awaken a deep and tender sympathy. There is undoubtedly a general feeling of good will, but that

knowledge of each other which stimulates to prayer and awakens mutual interest, is not imparted.

A fourth impediment arises from the *difficulty of applying the knowledge* which may be thus acquired. No rules, however good, can be always applicable. What may be very judicious for one, may be inexpedient for another. Many cases of domestic discipline cannot be anticipated, and if they could, no given course could be adopted:—circumstances at the time must dictate, and a judgment formed by the occasion must govern.

I have thus briefly stated some of the hindrances to the successful operation of maternal associations so far as they have come under my knowledge. I would not after all assert, that they are not useful institutions; undoubtedly they are, but their usefulness is impeded by attendant circumstances. It is always useful to meet for prayer, where there is the desire to pray; and there is a good effect resulting from having the subject of parental responsibility presented afresh to the mind by periodical interviews; but how much more good might be effected if the obstacles alluded to, could be removed.

Whether children are better educated with all the advantages of the present day, than they were formerly, is questionable. If they are not, I see no reason why it should be attributed to the partial success of maternal societies. The circumstances under which we live differ essentially. The luxury and prosperity of our country, with the widely extended influence of republicanism, throw obstacles in the way of religiously educating our children which our ancestors were not obliged to encounter; and if the diffusion of intelligence gives us facilities for our work which they had not, we have difficulties to overcome, which did not obstruct their path. I will not however extend the discussion; but conclude with submitting these remarks to mothers, with the hope that some plan in their subsequent meetings may be devised which shall banish timidity and pride, and secure free social intercourse, that the great object which professedly brings us together may be more effectually promoted.

A MOTHER.

For the Microcosm.

WE HAVE COME TO WORSHIP HIM.

"They saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."—Matthew ii. 11.

THE star has shone, the sage has ceas'd to dream;
And speculation is resolv'd in light;
The spirit walks with freedom; and the theme
Christ—the world's Savior, and the Heaven's might.

What anxious hopes then hold the wise in thrall;
How dim man's history to the thinking mind:
The soul a problem—plaything to them all,
A tone half uttered—sketch, but half defined.

The weary eye of age saw no repose;
Dark was the future, which their learned revealed;

And yonth, its eagle glance dejected throws
In vain for inspiration ;—all was sealed.

That pilot star the world of thought awakes,
And as it glides along, the pale blue sky,
The sage, from philosophic bondage breaks,
And pants for truth and immortality.

The brilliant guide keeps on its rapid flight—
It stays not for the forest, or the hill ;
The flowers in vain hold out their cups for light,
In vain the story of the plaintive rill.

And now the bird of God has closed its wings ;
The magi kneel, before the child, in prayer—
And at his feet the symbol offerings
Are placed, with deep and holy fervor there.

Why brought they myrrh and frankincense and gold ?
Myrrh, seeks the solemn mysteries of the grave ;
Clings round the frame when every pulse is cold ;
Was this a gift for that sweet babe to have ?

And for the royal is the gem, and gold ;
And incense is the imaged prayer to Heaven ;
Let fresh born flowers the lovely child enfold—
Mysterious things are these, the wise have given.

Yes, they were wise—and through the spirit read
That he was God and man—oh ! truly wise :
They saw the glory round the infant shed
And hailed the spotless Lamb for sacrifice.

V. S.

For the Microcosm.

MARY HEARTLY ;

OR, THE EVILS OF PROTRACTED COURTSHIP.

From the Journal of a Bachelor.

“ Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lochinvar ? ”

I WAS thirteen or fourteen years of age when I exchanged the parental for the magistratical form of government—that is, I was sent to a boarding school. Not altogether urgent for this sudden revolution in affairs, I submitted however to what was conducive to my ultimate benefit, estimating the advantages likely to accrue from this trial as children do their physic, in the ratio of its bitterness. When the carriage rolled away from the door, leaving me among strangers, I did not exactly weep, but a tear would occasionally leak out, which was forthwith brushed away by my hand, not daring to use

a 'kerchief lest it should awaken too plausible suspicion. ("Twas foolish pride ! tears keep the heart from petrification.) Now a boy's hands you know are seldom fastidiously clean—so that accidentally viewing myself, while promenading to and fro in the parlor, whither I retired from observation—I verily believed my new friends would have to cleanse their mirror.

Time however soon ran away with this sort of trouble. Already I began to "dog-ear" my grammar, and sketch my worthy tutor's profile along the margin, touching with little leniency his harsher features, especially when under the fear of portended discipline. But "intermission" always brought its temporary lethe, and gave us opportunity for storing our desks with candy, apples, etc. against the afternoon's campaign. Besides, numerous were my domestic avocations during these hours—or that blessed oasis in my literary wilderness yclept Saturday afternoon. I had a wheel-barrow to roll, a craft to navigate, and my robin to feed. Ah ! he like many of our less candid friends was never opposed to solid civilities. He would come flying and chirping towards me, perch on my shoulder, and like the aforesaid allies, would too if permitted, steal the morsel from one's mouth. Nevertheless, his friendship might have been more lasting than in ordinary cases, but for the interference of a yellow-eyed, jealous looking grimalkin, whose gastronomic propensities, like those of Rossini, overpowered her regard for music. Poor Rob made her a meal, and me her stern and insidious enemy. She narrowly escaped losing her legs in a spring trap—but was finally suffered to depart, on condition of eternal banishment from our garden paradise ; or slighting the terms of pardon—on penalty of such punishment as we read that experienced frogs declared far from agreeable.

Having lost one pet was it not advisable to look about me for another ? and could there be a more natural transition than from a bird to a woman. Both made to brighten creation with song and beauty—we never love them half so much as when in our own cages, or ringed and chained by our own fingers. Our teacher with his boarders took also day scholars. Among these was Mary Heartly. She was about my own age—fair and amiable. Her earliest days had been past in the seclusion of this her native village. Cities may boast of gaudier beauties, but innocence and feeling blossom purest in a rural soil. I soon began to feel that esteem for her which was the award of all her companions, and although our desks stood near each other in the school room, the space between grew every day narrower, while interchanges of various commodities in shape of india-rubber, pencils, and not unfrequently billets of colloquial character, were effected under the very eyes of our preceptor ; who unconscious of the treason, used to applaud our diligence, and discourse sapiently upon the emulation produced by collision of talent between the sexes. Would that I dare show the learned reader a pithy extract or so, from the aforesaid correspondence, or perchance a stanza from certain poetic effusions. But suffice it to say, that we were at that happy period of life when a boy feels a bashful delight in the society of a female, and a girl blushes at the homely compliment of a sonnet which rivals Petrarch in nothing but sincerity. Gentle reader, there reposes in this pigeon hole of my bureau, a trusty and weather beaten time piece, now incapacitated (alas the dangers of literature misapplied !) by an avalanche of books, which took place latterly in my *study*, bearing down said chronometer from a shelf, where it had been most injudiciously disposed—in nautical phrase, carrying away

her upper deck, and damaging her spars and running-rigging—accident perhaps scarce worth mentioning, save in connection with the fact, that this now silent machine, not a little instrumental as a bribe in producing my reconciliation to country residence and school, bears to this date upon its battered casing, in divers places, and in quaint tracery,—the well remembered name of Mary Heartly.

But every thing finds a conclusion, however procrastinated. What do we behold that is not passing with the swiftness of an arrow. Trees and flowers become exhausted by the very leaves which cover and the hues which enamel them; the weight which lends strength to mountains, must at last crumble them in dust; the world itself like some huge wheel is rolling onward to its final evening, and moments of happiness seem to unite all the fleetness of time with the frailty of nature. I once looked forward to my deliverance from academic retirement, with a thrill of satisfaction. What variable creatures are we! how easily joy trembles into sorrow! I left with regret more poignant than I had entered it, the rural solitude of Mary's village.

Years elapsed before I revisited the little town; and well does my *Riosinante*—provided he yet perambulates this sphere of clover—remember the pitiless velocity with which he bore his quondam Jehu to the frequented inn. Every object seemed to hail my return. Our old friend and preceptor had a line or two of time's pencilings on his brow, but the mansion of my youthful seclusion rose familiar to my eyes. Perhaps the shrubbery had thickened somewhat in the green court yard, and I could not fail remarking the paucity of foot prints in the broad alley, and the silence that brooded over the long garden, so different from the mirth and bustle of my school days; when its proprietor (now weary of such thankless toil) held sovereign sway over fifteen or twenty of the most turbulent fellows that every congregated in one seminary.

A clump of tall trees, under whose shadow I used to recline and watch the fantastic clouds that scoured along the summer's blue, waved their branches slowly in the breeze as if soliciting a social glance from their ancient lounge. It was here that I shortened a new penknife in carving two favorite initial letters. M. was still perfect, but a wide chasm in the bark had almost obliterated the nicely proportioned H. and extending with cruel indifference to labors of the sculptor, had produced an irreparable fissure between a pair of hearts, erst blended like twin soap-bubbles, and distorted a motto of unchanging constancy. Always sentimental, these mementoes of young feeling seemed to breathe over my manhood the freshness of early life, and awakened emotions which protracted absence from the exciting cause, had rendered dormant. The decaying embers of affection thus stirred, an interview was only necessary to urge them into flame, while a knowledge of my weakness but sweetened the temptation. "Let me surprise her in the snug little parlor, by the lilac sheltered window, so often the arena of our childish coquetry. I wonder if the sparrow yet builds her nest there! or the old *button ball* towers by the gate? or the porch is festooned by the honey suckle! She must be a stout girl of two and twenty—ah me! it won't do to run in and blindfold her with my hand, and—and—yes, kiss her till she guessed the rogue. I wonder if she'd mistake as often, struggle so gently, be as angry yet forgive so very easily. How I long to know if the good squire yet smokes his pipe, talks about *pints* and *plaintives*, or reads the 'last week's newspaper!' The parson too, the everlasting guest, with the same

inquiries touching the health of his neighbor and family, the scientific remarks about "dry moons" and "observation Fridays,"—"the squire's wedding" and the sermon he preached "twenty years ago before the general assembly." He too should I like to see;—once his favorite, perhaps he may exert a friendly influence in behalf of his former auditor, should there be necessity. But unless Mary prove more forgetful than I can readily surmise, we shall need but one service at his hands. Forget me, eh! no, no—she must have seen *Frank Inglesby* in many and popular periodicals—trifles truly, but not altogether despised by women. Perhaps some of my stanzas have melted from her own cherry lips;—oh delightful! delightful! Moreover, the ladies have either flattered consumately or a certain gent' is not entirely unprepossessing. Well,—I'll make no inquiries, I'll starve my curiosity for awhile, to feast it bye and bye with a sudden and extatic encounter."

Filled with such contemplations, I returned to my lodgings, resolving as the day was already near its close to commence treaties that evening, and after discussing a hasty supper, wherein the regular boarders were not a little astonished at the stranger's absent demeanor, and certain incoherent replies to interrogatory assiduities of our hostess, I retired to my chamber, to make preparations commensurate with the importance of the enterprise; believing with Hastings in the play, "that the first blow was half the battle."

It will amaze her simplicity, thought I, when she beholds the wild school boy transformed into the dignified and showy gentleman. However, prudence is essential to success: the beau should rather insinuate himself into the feelings, than dazzle the eyes; and excel the splendor of attire, by the elegancies of intelligence. His toilet completed, with the satisfactory assurance of a broken looking glass, that he was neither a dandy, nor a clown, with youth and an easy carriage in his favor (for then, he knew neither gray hairs nor rheumatism) imagine Frank Inglesby sallying forth in all that presumption of conquest inseparable from sanguine temperaments.

The obsequious landlord met me at the threshold, bowed me out of the premises, wished me a pleasant ramble, and dividing an ominous glance between my thin morocco pumps and the long dew sprinkled grass, cautioned me for my "*sole's* sake to keep the narrow path"—a meager pun, which having laughed at ten years previously, methought should have been justly barred by the "statute of limitations."

Twilight threw a mellow obscurity over the silent landscape,—the queen of early evening, twinkled through the purple mist, like the eye of a mischievous beauty,—the cricket awoke his shrill chirp, and many little birds in the ponderous old elms above me, seemed twittering themselves to rest. Near by a flock of swallows were taking their final circuit around the chimney top, an army of geese were filing away to their nightly quarters—while a number of cows just loosed from milking, gleaned along the fences, or reclined upon the sward. Occasionally a yoke of well worn oxen went soberly homeward with their creaking cart, where sat perched the weary husbandman and his trusty dog.

With all my intense anxiety to press once more the hand of Mary Heartly, my progress was at every step arrested by mementoes of past happiness. There was the *marz*, where erst I involved my credit to the ruinous amount of two dollars thirty seven and a half cents; there the village school house, which in the pride of aristocracy, wa, of Virgil, stormed one evening and over-

threw the benches; and this is the *green* where, assembled to battle the *Town-ers*, we escaped a drubbing by superior agility. All, all, was familiar, even to a flock of sheep with painted noses.

I had now attained the upper portion of the village and, within a few paces, the ancient mansion of Squire Hearty. Pausing to assume my wonted equanimity, for my heart beat audibly, and my hand was tremulous with anticipated delight,—I leaned above the white pickets that surrounded Mary's neat flower garden, while a flood of sweetest recollections poured along my swelling bosom, like waves rolling in the gold and azure of a summer's morning.

Hastily turning from the parterre I almost rushed to the dwelling. Habituated as customary in sultry weather, in an odd looking student's gown and puffing deliberately at his pipe, the Squire sat on the stoop bench, just opposite his worthy friend the clergyman, who was similarly comforted and occupied. Pliant as ever to my touch the wicket flew wide open, offering me plainly as gate could a hearty welcome, while the proprietor came forward to meet the stranger. Few words sufficed for recognition, and the old gentlemen shook me warmly, aye affectionately, by the hand; but the Parson laid down his censor, and grasped me earnestly with both!

* * * * *

"She's well Sir, and will be *obliged* to ye for the call," responded the first to my inquiries concerning his daughter. "Aye," added his companion following us into the parlor—"and sorry that you did not come a trifle sooner." The Parson was full of jokes, so I perceived nothing unpropitious in this remark; however, as I took my seat, while the Squire went in search of Mary, I was surprised at the alterations in the apartment. A set of new candlesticks and vases glittered on the mantle piece, suits of fashionable drapery concealed the narrow windows, a sofa usurped the place of a venerable *escrutoire*, a fine carpet scattered its boquets at my feet, and marvellous to relate even the claw-footed chairs had vanished. The Squire thought I must have been lately married. But now the sound of approaching footsteps curtailed my ruminations, and one of the most exquisitely beautiful females that ever rewarded the assiduities of a lover, tripped smilingly forward in the person of Mary Hearty.

Her figure was small and delicately moulded, but displayed to the utmost advantage, by a simple costume of white muslin. Portions of her brown hair were disposed in a wreath of ringlets, and the remainder in a twisted braid, that encircled her crown in a natural tiara, and was fastened with a gilded arrow. From her belt ribbon, as though accidentally there disposed, looked up a half-blown rose while its vermilion seemed reflected on her cheeks. A slight gauze kerchief settled negligently on a neck and shoulder of living alabaster, and her large dark eyes shone with intelligence and kindness.

"Many thanks to Mr. Inglesby, for this evidence of regard for old friends: we feared that you had forgotten long since this nook in creation, with all its rustic inhabitants," said she, presenting a little hand that seemed to melt into mine like a snow flake.

"Never! never! Miss Mary—indeed I feel!"—"Miss Mary,"—interrupted she merrily, "ah! I shall allow you to Miss me, no longer!—I hav'at been called *Miss Mary* this fortnight. Why you look surprised! Did'nt you know that your romping school mate was married?"

"Mar—married" responded I, with a sort of hyena laugh, little less painful than a spasm,—“mar—married, Mary Heartly! ha, ha, ha, how you har—boar us!”

"Yes, to be sure, married! and here comes somebody to support my declaration, in form and manner,—to wit, my husband, Mr. Attorney Lawton. My Dear,—Mr. Inglesby!"

"Married! husband!—my dear!!"—I swallowed enough chagrin in a single gulp to embitter the residue of existence. "I tied the knot myself," ejaculated Parson Parish—"neatest wedding save the Squire's I ever saw—and that, let's me see—is—about—twenty years ago;—'twas just afore I went to Harford to pray with the general assembly."

Would you had remained there, thought I.

"Its strange you did'nt see it, in last week's newspaper, interjected the Squire." "Come sir, sit down," said Lawton—"I cannot but feel deeply interested in an individual so often mentioned in this circle; and in taking Mr. Inglesby's hand imagine I have already a claim to his friendship, through his former intimacy with Mrs. Lawton. We should be gratified could you make it convenient to remain with us a few days. I've no doubt but that "Madam" and yourself might refresh your memories with many youthful and agreeable reminiscences!"

Kind hearted fellow!—a couch of nettles had been transport in comparison. So declining his intended hospitality, graciously as possible, and opposing to Mary's reiteration of the same, the claims to her society and conversation of a dearer, and nearer, friend—I withdrew speedily as politeness permitted, confounded and provoked by this unexpected tissue of misfortunes.

My steed was again harnessed, and the morrow's sun beheld once more the denizen bachelor in his former quarters.

And now if readers demand the moral of my story, let this reward their patient perusal.

Absence is as unpropitious to love, as lack of bellows to a green-wood fire. The suitor at a lady's feet is full as certain of success as one a thousand miles removed, who relying upon the efficacy of early impressions, protracts courtship into unmeaning sentiment, and terrifies constancy or affection with the spectre of celibacy.

Gentlemen may urge where they please those manifestations of regard, to which decorum permits the ladies only a response. Hence opportunity comparatively insignificant to the first, is momentous to the other: nor should we murmur, when faith too sternly tested is sacrificed to certainty—or should our ladye love, like Mary Heartly, prefer actual bondage to the *enauvi* of anticipation.

J. W. B.

New Haven February, 1836.

"One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to women insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice, in order to be employed in scolding."

For the Microcam.

THE POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.

It is the prerogative of genius, to claim for itself a hearing, and often do we rise from the perusal of an author against whom we had entertained a prejudice, with a heightened idea of his talents and with thrilling hearts. We open a volume of Byron, and for the time we deem that nothing can equal the sublimity of his genius. We are borne along with his eagle spirit, where even the imagination has not dared to venture. We glance at the poetical works of Scott, and swift as thought, at the sound of the weird and eloquent voice of the bard of Scotland, the legions of chivalry are visible before us. We turn to Coleridge, and notwithstanding the mystical philosophy, which he has chosen to interweave with much of his poetry, we feel that the fire of genius has indeed touched his lips, and that he is worthy to be ranked as a high priest of nature, to minister within the holy of holies in the temple of song. We turn to Wordsworth, and in many an unadorned fragment we read the secrets of our own hearts, and are made wiser if not better men. And monthly, weekly, daily do we meet with beautiful poetry, whose authors, although unknown to fame, are yet no strangers to the inspiration of those thoughts, which are of themselves a proof of our immortality.

With such and similar thoughts, do we peruse the works of the lady who ranks as the first female lyric writer of England; and with a feeling of wonder that so much that is truly beautiful should exist on pages which have been so much calumniated.

There is in poetry, as in life, a first love—deeper and purer than any which is to succeed it. In poetry as in life, too, the affections which are thus first consecrated with an overgushing tenderness, magnify the charms and palliate the defects of the object of their worship, until the heart owns to itself its idolatry. Through this cause we may perhaps speak more warmly of the poetry we are attempting to criticise than we ought.

Yet of this lady we cannot speak without gratitude, nor are we willing to withhold our humble praise. Her "Forest Sanctuary" was our first love. She introduced us into a new world—a region where, if much time may be spent unprofitably, we have also found much intellectual enjoyment; and we cannot regret that we have loved and listened to the bards of our own language, for it is one of the firmest articles of our creed, that the hour of true happiness is never wasted. Defective or erroneous must be that man's faith, who would proscribe (as many at the present-day do) poetry and works of the imagination. The only cause of regret should be that so many of the talented productions of our literature are not sanctified and made meet for the service of God:—that so many who, like Mrs. Hemans, are greatly gifted, are not like her gifted from on high.

In speaking of her poetry, we are conscious that we are giving high praise where it has not been given by the public generally; yet, if it were necessary, we could support our opinion by the testimony of men, themselves holding no mean rank in the list of British poets. The truth is, that the poetry of Mrs. Hemans has not been read, and hence the unfavorable opinion which prevails. She has been judged, most unjustly, by the fragments

which have been published in magazines and newspapers,—and respecting some of which, we are not disposed to quarrel with public opinion.

Although we are not writing an analysis of her productions, we will venture to make a few remarks upon the more important works which she has published. She has written, we believe, but two tragedies, which of course are adapted to be read rather than to be acted. The first of these, the "*Seige of Valencia*," is a tragedy, the scene of which is laid during the attack of the Moors on Valencia. During the seige, two sons of the commanding officer were taken prisoners—and the surrender of the city was demanded as their ransom. This demand the officer is compelled by his sense of duty to decline. But the feelings of the mother are of a different character. She is possessed of a mother's idolatrous regard for her children, and disregards all other objects. The character of the mother is the principal one in the drama. Mrs. Hemans has painted in this play a modern *Medea*—differing however in the particular, that she prefers the welfare of her two sons even to her honor. With inimitable grace does her woman's soul beam forth, when in language most eloquent and true to nature, Elmina (the mother of the children who are to be sacrificed) paints to the father the natural distinction between a father's and a mother's love.

And the dirge-like anathema, which she pours forth upon her husband ere his final resolution is taken, when the patriot rises above the father and resolves upon the sacrifice of his children, is scarcely if at all inferior, to a similar passage in Euripides.

May you live

To be alone, when loneliness doth seem
Most heavy to sustain!—For me, my voice
Of prayer and fruitless weeping shall be soon
With all forgotten sounds; my quiet place
Low with my lovely ones, and we shall sleep,
Though kings lead armies o'er us; we shall sleep,
Wrapt in earth's covering mantle! you the while
Shall sit within your vast, forsaken halls,
And hear the wild and melancholy winds
Moan through their drooping banners, never more
To wave above your race.

If at last you pine

For the glad voices, and the bounding steps,
Once through your home re-echoing, and the clasp
Of twining arms, and all the joyous light
Of eyes that laugh'd with youth, and made your board
A place of sunshine;—When those days are come,
Then, in your utter desolation, turn
To the cold world, the smiling, faithless world,
Which hath swept past you long, and bid it quench
Your soul's deep thirst with *fams*!

Both of these dramas are filled with many passages of much beauty—but we pass them over, and her "*League of the Alps*," to look at a poem, which in our eyes, is possessed of an interest attaching to few poems. It is "*The Forest Sanctuary*." This is intended to describe the mental conflicts as well as outward sufferings of a Spaniard—who flying from the religious persecution of his country, in the 16th century, takes refuge with his child in an American forest. By education the refugee was a Catholic, but

being by chance present at an Auto de fe, he beholds an early friend perishing for the profession of true christianity, and the shock of the discovery awakens him at once to the falsity of Catholic pretensions.

For the strong spirit will at times awake,
Piercing the mists which wrap her clay abode;
And born of them, she may not always take
Earth's accents for the oracles of God.

The incident which is there made the means of shaking off the bonds of Catholicism from one of its before undoubting adherents, is one which actually happened in the persecutions of the 16th century. A priest of the name of Gonzalez, had won over as proselytes to the protestant faith, among others, his two sisters. They were all three arrested and offered their pardon, only upon abjuring their "heresy." The priest, as was expected, refused. Every artifice was made use of to persuade the minds of his sisters to a different result; but their reply was marked with the characteristic trustfulness of woman:—"We will die in the faith of our brother—he is too wise to be wrong, and too good to deceive us." The description of the death, by martyrdom, of these young and trusting ones, presents a series of striking poetical pictures.

The youngest dies ere she has reached the scene of martyrdom, crushed beneath the sudden storm of emotion which swept forward so powerfully; and her death is thus described—

It seem'd as if a reed so slight and weak
Must, in the rending storm not quiver only—break!

And thus it was—the young cheek flush'd and faded,
As the swift blood in currents came and went,
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershadowed,
And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent
Through its white fluttering lids. Then tremblings pass'd
O'er the frail form, that shook it, as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
Its way to peace—the fearful way unknown—
Pale in love's arms she lay—*she!*—what had lov'd was gone!

Joy for thee, trembler!—thou redeem'd one, joy!
Young dove set free! earth, ashes, soulless clay,
Remain'd for baffled vengeance to destroy;
—Thy chain was riven!—nor hadst thou cast away
Thy hope in thy last hour!

Woman as she is, and religious as is the spirit of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, it would have been better perhaps for our reputation, in the new character of critic, if we had blamed rather than praised this lady. But unhappily for our reputation, we cannot avoid *feeling* rather than *judging* of the value of poetry. Judging by the feelings of our breast, we give the preference to that which animates us with a common feeling with the author. It is the fashion of critics to judge differently, and to determine the relative rank of a writer by the *polish* of his productions, rather than by his original thought. Guided by this or by some similar rule, the principal reviews have passed over the poetry of every lady, in silence. In this respect, how apposite to them, is the portrait of Addison by Pope, who could

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer."

Why, if not from this source, is the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon and Joannie Baille, whose writings are confessedly of a high order, unread—while Leigh Hunt and Barry Cornwall, as well as Shelly and Keats are puffed into a preternatural fame? The prejudices of a former age against the education of females is fast wearing away; but a prejudice still exists—even in the case of females who are gifted with uncommon powers of mind—against their using that education for the improvement of others. The sphere of woman is undoubtedly, in general, a narrow one. It is hers to enliven and bless the domestic circle, to stand by the bedside of sickness, and to alleviate its pangs. But there are other spheres where occasion may demand her presence. It may become duty, rarely it is true, as was done in the Greek Revolution, for the wife to grasp the sword of her dying husband, and to lead on his soldiers to the attack.

There is another source than the prejudice against woman, which tends to create a prejudice against the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. It is, that her poetry is, what the poetry of woman should be—essentially religious. It is vain to deny that the men, whose seal is indispensable to the currency of a work, are totally opposed to works of a religious character; unless they be, like the splendid mausoleum which Milton has reared—*gray with the moss of ages*. Thus it has fared with the bard, who "rolled his numbers down the tide of Time," to meet with little else than censure. If Pollock, instead of devoting his powers to the service of God, had been the pander of vice; the same herd who are now raising the cry against him, would have fallen down and worshipped him. If a writer at the present day desires fame, it is not by religious writings that he can attain it. But there is perhaps a recompense for this evil. Not a few authors, of which our literature ought to be proud, and of which it will boast when time shall have hallowed them, are cherished in many a family circle, and the sentiments of the writer are treasured in the hearts of fathers and mothers—of brothers and sisters. But much as Mrs. Hemans has had to contend with, there are still many who will long love her poetry for its sweetness and purity.

Here's a strain to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices, by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdened presence fills
The solitude with sound—for in its course
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes—a fountain from the heart.

S.

A human soul without education is like marble in the quarry; which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it.

THE MARRIED LIFE.

BY A YOUNG HUSBAND.

SAY, is it true that wild adventures make
The only life of love? Must armored knights,
And castle walls beset with robbers round,
And villains worse than bloodiest robbers are,
And thunderstorms and dangers on the lake,
And fits and faintings, and soft breathing lutes
Trill'd underneath the window late at night,
And smiles drawn from the twinkling stars,
And protestations of adoring love,
(Uttered to flesh and blood!) and broken hearts
Mended with smiles full twenty times a day—
Must these, and only these, make up the scene
Where love can live?

I've read a score of books,
That told of love among the mighty Alps,
Where broken necks conspired with broken hearts
To give some interest to a lover's life—
That told of "ladye" loves, who sat around
Th' arena where a dozen mounted knights
Broke spears enough to make a courting fire:
Most interesting work! and well repaid—
The victor carried off his gentle dame;
Most lovely woman, doubtless, who could sit
Quite pleased, and see a skull or two knocked in.
I've read of love among Siberian Wilds—
(It is a plant that grows on burning plains
And frozen snows alike)—I've read of one
Who found a lover in a high raised drift
And thawed him back to life with melting looks.
I've read, by dimming lamp I've read—not much—
But yet enough to turn my feeble head.
I thought that common life could never yield
Enough of incident to make me say
"I am in love." New England has no hills
Hallowed with lover's caves—no castles high,
With dungeon towers to shut a pris'ner in
To win her heart. Alas, 'tis common life
That I am doom'd to live: my sun-burnt hands
Can never wield the sword nor break the spear.

But softly! I have known a man who loved
A maiden—not divinely beautiful,
(And yet she seemed to him most wondrous fair,)
He wooed and wedded her. A week passed on,
And then a month: the time had run away
When knights and "ladies" see their moon go down,
And they were happy still. O, strange it was,
That they, so poor, so far away removed
From fashionable life, should be so blest!
Yes, they were happy; those can testify
Who saw their joyous looks.

Then send away
The vile, unmeaning trash, that sickly brains

Hatch and produce—three volumes in a month.
 O give us leave, prithee, thou gentle Scott,
 To hope that we may find some happiness
 Among the common ups and downs of life.
 I have no horse to ride, nor casque to don,
 Nor castle to defend with liveried ranks
 Of brave and foolish men, who fight and die
 To keep a stolen maiden from her father.
 And yet I am happy, and so you may be.
 Good Mr. Reader, try it if you doubt—
 Make up your mind to live a peasant's life—
 Send fiction to the world of shades and take
 Reality, and be content and blest.

New York State Journal.

HEAR THE RIGHT SIDE.

To the Editor of the Microcosm :

It is an old remark that our eagerness in repelling a charge is proportioned to its justice ; at least that we are but slightly affected by the imputation of a defect from which we are consciously free. If this be true, what is the inference to be drawn from the warmth exhibited by your correspondent's friend, in replying to my animadversions upon the conduct of some of his sex. Must it not be that it evinces a lurking consciousness of the truth of my charges ? However, I will not retort his sarcastic railery, but will receive in quiet submission—that is the duty of our sex, is it not ? his ironical compliments to my philosophy, pathos and reasonableness. I may as well observe however, *en passant*, the praise bestowed on me for this latter quality is hardly merited. He speaks of my "requisition always to suppose the conduct of the lady honorable," as "most reasonable." Now I beg leave to say that I made no such requisition. If I had, how would it accord with my admission that ladies are sometimes guilty of coquetry and dissimulation ? The sentence stands thus. "He ought to bear his disappointment with philosophy—if he can, and with magnanimity at all events—supposing always that the conduct of the lady has been honorable." Now the word "supposing," I intended should have the force of *if*, or, in the *case that* ; and that it should have no manner of reference to the rejected suitor ; nor was I at all sensible of any ambiguity in the expression until I read the communication of "Incog." And now to return to my starting point, "quiet submission."

I would even have consented to be laughed at through a page and a half more, if at the end I could have found any thing of the nature of argument. But in this I was disappointed. Observe that I am now referring not to your correspondent, but to his "friend H—," who is marvelously disposed to be witty at my expense, but does not seem equally disposed to be reasonable. After a careful examination of the remarks which he thinks so "worthy of attention," I am unable to find any thing in them, except two assertions, which, whether true or false, are irrelevant to the point in debate ; and one or

two sarcasms, which it is very easy to utter, but which, as all the world knows, prove nothing.

His answer to my first complaint, that gentlemen are too ready to interpret mere friendly regard as a warmer feeling, is, that "this is in effect charging them with weakness, vanity and self-conceit." But how this remark invalidates the charge, I am at a loss to perceive. Does H—, mean to assert that his sex is so absolutely and notoriously free from "weakness, vanity and self-conceit," that any charge against them which even implies these defects, must be false? This may not appear equally incontrovertible to all; and some may even imagine, that a *little* vanity and self-conceit would be indicated by the assertion. Yet on no other ground can the remark be a refutation of my charge.

In regard to his next observation, that ladies frequently reverse their decisions, I acknowledge the fact, but remark that it does not affect the ground of my complaint, which was that a lady after having given a decided refusal, is often subjected to the pain of repeating it. It is rather hard that because some ladies say *No*, at first, and *Yes*, afterwards, others who *mean* no, when they say it, should be obliged to undergo a continued persecution; not to mention that in most cases where the negative was a sincere one, it is best for both parties that it should not be revoked. Ladies are sometimes induced by importunity to accept a proposal which their hearts would have taught them to decline; and what man of honor or delicacy would desire such constrained vows?

But H. goes on to accuse me of having included all my own sex in a prescription as merciless as that under which I had placed his—asserting that "they are all either coquettes or hypocrites." I have two objections to this interpretation. In the first place, it was the *imputation* of coquetry, not the crime itself which I stated to be the alternative. In the second place, H. does not allow sufficient latitude of meaning to my remark. No observations on a subject, presenting so many various aspects as society, can possibly be of *universal* application, and nobody but H. thinks of understanding them in that way. It is enough if they are true in general, and that I maintain to be the case in regard to my complaint. Some of the exceptions would be the case of ladies who do not possess sufficient attractions to become objects of attention to the other sex; or those who are so naturally disposed to conceal their sentiments, that concealment cannot in them be termed hypocrisy; or those who are so undemonstrative that it would be impossible to accuse them of particular favor towards any individual. Those who are ardent in their feelings and frank in the manifestation of them, are almost sure to incur the charge.

This is the amount of what H. has to say against me, in which, let it be observed, that he has neither proved the non-existence of the evils of which I complain, nor shown any evil which would result from the proposed remedy. Though his remarks were not of the most good-natured character, I can assure him that I "bear no malice." Our sex may be "weak, vain, and self-conceited," but they are not unforgiving—so let's shake hands and part friends.

With the sentiments of your correspondent, where he speaks in his own person, I most cordially agree. If any thing in my former communication led to the opinion which he seems to entertain, that I would divorce reason and love, I must have expressed myself ill. So decidedly am I of opinion that

they should go hand in hand, that I would not dignify with the name of love a passion which is the growth of fancy alone. No, let "the voice of reason be heard in the temple of love," by all means, unless by reason be meant a certain number of dollars and cents ; in that case,

"*Prœcul, O præcul este profani !*"

But though every sentiment worthy of the name of love must be grounded on esteem, it does not consist in it. Esteem alone is not sufficient to justify a lady (or a gentleman either) in forming a connection which demands gentle and endearing attentions, unobtrusive cares, quiet sympathies, affections

"That to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense,
With that for which there is no utterance."

Your correspondent proposes the formation of an anti-meddling society, to be directed against *match-making, match-breaking and match-talking*. I like the proposal, and would suggest as a suitable name ; "The Anti-all-the-time-talking-about-getting-married Society." One would think that the world was divided into two great classes, the catchers and the caught ; and that the whole business of life consisted in each class fulfilling its destiny as soon as possible. There is to be sure another class, who occupy themselves with surmises about the other two—who is caught, and by whom—surmises which, with infinite charity, they gratuitously distribute to whoever will receive them.

I intended to say more but have left myself no room. I conclude with an anathema against artifice, manoeuvring and dissimulation, and a wish for more simplicity in all the relations of life.

UNE INCONNUE.

Clouds may come in the interchanges of life—but to the ken of a truly adjusted eye they are thin affairs, unless they are of our own blowing up, shadows of our own vamping, or the ghosts of our own short-comings. We may gather a useful hint what to do with the clouds aforesaid, from a rule of natural philosophy—viz : the same group is a sullen clump of gloom and blackness, or a gorgeous mound of glory, just as the rays happen to strike it and the eye happens to catch them—and in some positions they are neither one nor the other, but wholly invisible.

THE MICROCOSM.

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For the Microcosm.

EDUCATION FOR HOME.

HOME! what a magic there is in the word! How many thousand endearing associations are clustered within that charmed circle of kindred and affection! Who that has left it and gone forth a stranger into the broad world, does not often turn, and sometimes with an almost heart-breaking longing, to the place of his birth; to the abode where his parents, brothers and sisters yet dwell? Memory replants him there amid those happy smiling faces—"his cheek is impearled by a mother's warm tear"—his heart leaps out to the welcome that awaits him; and when he awakes from the dream, how bitter to him the reflection, that lands divide or that oceans roll between! Who, that is just setting out in life, does not look forward to the gilded anticipation of that hour, when he may seat himself down by his own fireside, however humble his lot, with those whom his soul owns and loves, and say:—This is my home! Who that has felt what it is to be thus blessed, does not retrace in mind those richest moments of life, when such a radiance of joy and hope was shed down upon him; in witnessing and sharing in the smiles and delight of those so near and dear to him; and what earthly wish so often, almost breaks out from his feelings and finds an utterance; as, were it possible, to restore the past; and if his affection was rightly attuned by a deeper and holier love to God; to rekindle anew the fire of his devotion on his own domestic altar! Who too, that has been thus bereaved, does not sigh in the solitude of his sorrows, for a home, where his anguished spirit may find a resting-place! All know—all feel it. It is the chosen spot, within which memory, fancy, hope and devotion gather their choicest treasures; from the contemplation of which they return laden with their richest offerings of thankfulness and praise.

Such, in brief, is the influence of *home* on life. How surprising then, that the subject of *Education for Home*, is not made to possess a more prominent place in works on Education. Domestic education, indeed, in some of its bearings, is perhaps not unfrequently touched or dwelt upon. But we have no recollection of ever having met, in the course of our reading, with a single volume or paper which distinctly placed before the view, the idea of educating one *for home*. Pages might be appropriately filled with this topic, in its diversified relations to life and society. It is a subject eminently practical; it would well repay the labor of any judicious and experienced parent, who might be willing to devote the attention to it, to develop and il-

illustrate those influences which may be brought into view and kept before the mind, in order to fit the child for occupying such a position in society, as Home, truly understood, requires. In a higher sense indeed, the whole course of God's discipline here, is Education for a better home—a home above. But this does not preclude the necessity and propriety of such a reference as we now propose. The education for home of which we speak, as every thing should be, must be subordinated to the great object at which God so benevolently aims. If conducted aright such will be the case; and he or she who best discharges the duty of training up a family for a home on earth in its truest sense; is also doing most to guide on the immortal probationer and pilgrim to the more blissful home of Heaven. It is our purpose to offer a few suggestions on this subject of education for home. We cannot indeed do any thing like justice to this important topic, in the limited compass we assign ourselves. Yet we hope, that our remarks may not be wholly profitless to our readers. Though in the main applicable to both sexes, yet as more consonant to the character of this work we shall have especial reference to the female friends and patrons of the Microcosm.

The first thought which we have to suggest on the subject proposed relates to the observation and cultivation of *dispositions* for home. Much of the happiness of life, and the well-being of families, depends upon the proper regulation and culture of the temper and affections. This is so acknowledged a truth, that it needs barely to be stated to secure universal assent. Every one too, must be aware that there are certain traits of character which are peculiarly fitted to render home most happy. These should be noticed, watched, and so far as possible, promoted. The observation is a common one, and it has much truth,—that the dutiful, affectionate child, kind brother or sister, makes the best husband or wife, parent, friend or acquaintance. The reason is clear. Under the influences brought to bear upon him or her, such a one has been educated for home. The various passions, which in their conflict occasion the jars and quarrels that embitter life, have been checked by the vigilant eye and skillful hand, and subordinated to their proper end. Each one has been directed to his or her proper sphere of action in the domestic circle, and led to move in it harmoniously, contributing most to enhance the common enjoyment. There are however, dispositions less adapted in themselves for social or domestic happiness. These need to be laid under a stronger curb, or to be more patiently disciplined; and yet notwithstanding all the pains-taking, they do not so greatly reward the toil and care. Others too there are, which,—owing as we believe, partly to the object not having been kept in view, or to some untoward influences allowed, are so ill-calculated for domestic life, that they can never render home happy. The intemperate, profligate, and vicious, so far as they give themselves up to their passions, disqualify themselves for the sweeter delights of Home. So do the morose, fretful, self-willed, rude and hoyden; the envious, jealous, haughty and vain. No matter how close the likeness in such spirits when they meet, they make for themselves no home. From morn to night discontent reigns, and broils and fault-finding are witnessed in such a dwelling. Its inmates are glad to escape from its precincts and go forth only to make society wish them back whence they came. Shall we call this home! It is a profanation of the word. We might as properly apply the term to the lost exiles from heaven; if there be any fellowship among them. We see

pect that a great mistake exists in the minds of many who suppose a close resemblance always to lay the surest basis for happiness in domestic life. We are by no means convinced of the truth of such a supposition ; we rather feel inclined to dissent from its correctness. Were all here perfect beings as the angels of God, it would be easy to admit it ; though even then, perhaps, we should not carry it to the extent which many seem to do. Congeniality, that is, *adaptedness*, sympathies of some sort there must ever be ; for no happiness can exist without them, in any state of society. But much of the happiness of probationary life, as we believe, flows from contrasts. Persons not seldom act upon this principle without distinctly recognizing it in their own minds. This is the secret of many of those connexions which in their occurrence astonish friends, who have not carefully scanned the grounds of adaptation and who because they can trace no close resemblance, unhesitatingly predict unhappiness, and wonder yet more to find their predictions fail.

God has evidently designed that this principle should be brought into exercise, by causing such an infinite diversity of shades of character and dispositions, and calling out sympathies where unlooked for. Contrasts we mean which do not imply contradictions. Like the colors of the bow which spans the arch of the heavens ; like the tints of the summer evening's sky, the rich fragrance of the flowers, or the tones of life abroad ;—which by their varied character, impart such beauty, freshness and lovely charm to the landscape, while they blend and breathe into one harmonious whole : so in a single family, the contrasts and shades of disposition may all help to make up the picture of home in its most perfect keeping. The manly kindness and high wrought rectitude of one, the graceful feminine tenderness of another ; the eager, impulsive, and enthusiastic movements of this one, the calmer and more wary decisions of this other ; the lively, almost frolic gaiety of one, the moody, despondent or embarrassed feelings of yet another—they all may be grouped together and so modify each other, that mutual benefit may result from the association. Efforts for so desirable a purpose should be resorted to ; and no means be left untried to favor an object thus involving the happiness of its subjects. The earlier begun, the greater the probability of success. Every day should leave for after life its imprint on the memory—of home—a blessed spot, where the clouds and the sunshine, the tones of mirth or the notes of sorrow all reflect back the scenes in the by-gone years of childhood and youth ; minds and feelings trained and cultured for home wherever their future action may be demanded.

Together with the dispositions and temper appropriate to an education for home, there should also be the cultivation of *habits* and *enjoyments*, adapted to the same object. The accomplishments to be sought, the amusements to be encouraged, should be those which are more calculated to grace and enliven home. There are accomplishments, the theater of whose display is abroad in the rounds of fashionable life ; which while they cherish the pride of their possessor, render her frivolous and heartless, and thus disqualify her for the delights of home. Their whole tendency is to withdraw the feelings from thence ; the zest of enjoyment for such, is only to be found in the thronged assembly, in the stirring scenes of gay dissipation, where they may listen to the hollow mockeries of seeming friendship and affection, and the sickening adulation of such as may from the heart despise them. To persons of this cast, the quiet charms of home-life are too unob-

trusive, too noiseless to satisfy their ever-craving desire of admiration, the vain promptings of a foolish spirit. There are too, accomplishments which throw over home an air of supernal beauty, investing it in the brightened hues of tranquility, and which greatly minister to its happiness and delight. Such accomplishments with their kindred enjoyments, should be assiduously cultivated. A thousand little efforts of ingenuity, may thus be called forth and employed, which shall reward the inventive spirit in the pleasure they will bring to her own bosom. We scarcely need say, that in an education for home the important department of domestic economy must not be neglected. We mean too, more by this than simply the art of preparing aright the necessities of life, or of superintending culinary affairs, or the handy work of the female artisan. We mean the ability of skill to furnish a thousand little delicacies, and to minister appliances so grateful to the weakened frame or diseased appetite; comforts not far-sought or luxurious, demanding no large stores of wealth, but a ready tact, a cheerful heart and a careful practice. In the education for home let not these accomplishments be forgotten; and let sound discretion be used to train up children to fulfil in after life, so important a part of duty. How many a home may thus be made to retain its inmates within its own hallowed precincts, who else might be lured to wander forth where ruin awaits them. Let them mingle together in such familiar enjoyments and delights; let them share in such attentions and regard, that each shall be led to esteem it his or her highest privilege when abroad, to store up some acquisition which shall lend its charm and power to grace and bless the loved circle at home. The tastes and habits of thought, the conversation, reading and amusements which reign in such an abode, have the same common object. A due regard to cleanliness and order, and whatever throws over it a decorum and regularity, attractive wherever beheld, will naturally come under this branch of our subject. But there are accomplishments in the more usual sense of the term which deserve notice; things which embellish and adorn by their tasteful and refined adaptation, and which heighten enjoyment as they furnish the means of passing many an hour which otherwise might be spent in listless inactivity or in the giddy round of misnamed pleasure. These are the graces which belong to home—they go linked hand in hand, and as they move on dispense their smiles and scatter their flowers on the inmates of the gladsome dwelling. Listen to the happy laughing melody, that greets the ear; behold that sunny face of pleased delight, and mark the buoyant activity which pervades such an abode. Its possessor is not rich in this world's wealth; a competence is all that he can boast. But is he not rich in blessings "worlds want wealth to buy?" There are the tokens, that manly skill and female handy-work alike have contributed to grace and ornament the chosen spot. There is the garden with its *parterre* of selectest growth; there is the parlor neatly furnished with materials for enjoyment; an air of calm satisfaction every where reigns. It is an education for home, which has rendered the place what it is. The sire and the mother, the son and the daughter, each have lent their aid to make it thus charming. But we must pass on.

A third particular which deserves notice in an education for home, relates to *companionship*. The influence of associates on the youthful mind, no one will deny. The companionships of the blithe hours of childhood, bear mightily on the tastes and feelings of after life. Those who themselves care not for home,

will do nothing to strengthen the love of it in other's bosoms, with whom they may mingle in the unbended intercourse of earlier days. Let such as prize and act well their parts in their own homes, be the companions and associates that parents choose for their children; if they would have them feel the happy power of an education for home. Greatly are they to be blamed as well as pitied, who leave their offspring to casual, hap-hazard acquaintances. How can they expect that the mind which by example is tempted to break from the charm of home, to plunge into circles alien to the influences of the fireside there, should lend its aid to render that place happy. Let them beware how they suffer the imitative beings on whom their conduct so strongly operates, to see in themselves a disrelish for home; let them take care how by encouraging friendships or alliances with those who seem to have no proper sense of its value, they do not unfit the young spirit so easily swayed by novelty, for the less dazzling realities of their own dwelling. With careful guardianship let them summon around them, those hearts which bear the deepest impress of such a spot; that can and do prize the faithful vigilance of a father's authority, and the tender assiduities of a mother's love; so that thus early directed and upheld by their equals and companions, their loved ones may ever cling to the associations of their presence, and delight to think, speak and act as those who are happy at home.

We have time only very briefly, to notice one more particular. It is the reference which should be had, in the selection of *employments* and *pursuits of life*, to an education for home. We are aware that objections will meet us here. It may be said, that every one cannot adopt those pursuits and occupations of life which bear most closely on home; that there are departments of business, and those situations which scarcely admit of a constant or long residence at home. We admit that it is so. We know all are not thus highly privileged. There is difference indeed in this respect, in the situation and circumstances of either sex. Man is more often destined to go abroad and meet the collisions of life. Woman's not less noble, but gentler task, is to watch and keep alive the pure flame on the altar of domestic love; to lead along the little tremblers, with bland caresses, and winning ways, inspiring confidence and hope; thus guiding the spirit made for bliss to its high destination, by wakening in the bosom just beginning to throb with desire, the consciousness that nothing earthly can satisfy the irrepressible longing which a benevolent God has implanted there, to win back the soul to life and Heaven.

We admit all this. But still we claim, that a modified influence may be exerted even in those pursuits which are most uncongenial to the idea of a home more permanent; while in others which admit of a closer application, it may be made a turning point in deciding on the pursuit or situation for life. In all those pursuits which require the wanderer to go forth, bidding adieu to kindred and present home, though he may not hope speedily or ever to return there to mingle with them his joys; yet the thought of a home may be held out to prompt to enterprise, sobriety, and the practice of the home-bred, and home-needed virtues. A conservative power may thus be established over him, which may be felt recalling him from vice; urging to the performance of duty and thrilling his bosom with the high aspirations of future enjoyments. Thus will he be prepared for contributing to the happiness of

those among whom for a time his lot is cast ; and an education for home may prove an invaluable blessing to himself and others, even should he never again share the privilege of such a scene in all its depth of meaning. In those cases however which permit such a choice consistently with the paramount claims of duty, ought not a greater stress to be given to the bearings of home in the selection of pursuits, and the formation of the accompanying habits of life ? Ought not a more particular reference to be had to these ends by an education *for home* ? We have no time, did our limits allow, to go farther into the subject. We have merely thrown out a few hints. Others more able to do it justice we hope will pursue it. At some subsequent period perhaps, we may add more on the topics upon which we have touched. We do not mean by any thing we have said to advocate an *exclusive* reference to home in Education. This indeed would unfit many for the sterner track of that career of duty which summons us to relinquish the happy spot, to live in the world only as sojourners, who have no home except beyond the grave. Nor do we urge a selfish narrowing down of all the thoughts and feelings to the small circle of one's relatives and friends ; while the call of dying thousands is urging to benevolent self-denial, and the surrender of all for the interests of Christ's kingdom. Oh no ! the sympathies which glow the brightest at home, which leap forth to gladden the hearts of others there, they are the same which respond to the wants of a wider world ; and the affections which bear the richest fruitage to the inmates of the family circle, are those which twine the closest and reach the highest around the cross of a dying Savior. All that we claim is that a greater, a more distinct regard should be had to *home* in the business of Education. That it also be kept in view ; that whatever may promote it without interfering with other claims (and there is much that may do so,) be brought into action, and directed to so important an end ; and that all may more or less be so educated as to prove in the paternal mansion, abroad in society, or in their own dwelling, blessings to *home*.

S. G. E.

March, 18 1836.

For the Microcosm.

DESPONDENCY.

How long the pilgrim heart to find
Some dear and soothing breast,
Where, all the stormy world behind,
It may confiding rest.

But can it bleed with keener throes,
Than, panting to its goal,
To view suspicion sternly close
The portals of the soul ?

The lonely hour, or cruel slight,
The bosom may sustain ;

But oh ! there's anguish in the sight
Of joys we cannot gain.

As when desponding wanderer sees
Bright windows cheer the dell,
And hears sweet voices on the breeze,
Or mellow sounding bell ;

So droops his soul, when long pursued
Those tones and golden rays—
He views before the home that woo'd,
A foaming river's maze.

The cloudy sky, the chilling air,
His spirit bold defies ;
But oh ! 'tis grief to perish, where
Shines Eden in his eyes.

J. W. B.

New Haven, 1836

For the Microcosm.**A MOTHER'S PRAYER.**

THE prayer of every true child of God must be acceptable in his sight ; but if there is one to which he bends a more willing ear, and which he hastens to answer more than another, it is a mother's prayer. There are circumstances which conspire to render a mother's prayer for her children, a very fervent and effectual petition. One is, the natural affection, which as a mother she feels for her children. A mother's love ! who does not know how much is meant by those few words ? A mother's love ! how pure, how devoted, how free from all the selfishness which is too apt to enter even into our best affections, how firm and enduring ; ending only with life—and how know we but that in the world of spirits, the mother's heart still burns with love for the children she has left behind her in the world of sense.

Again, (independent of all natural affection,) as a christian she desires the conversion of those who are still out of the ark of safety ; and considering her children only as sinners, exposed to the wrath of God and to eternal destruction, her prayer for them *must* be a fervent one. And when we add, that the prayer is offered up not only for sinners who are still remaining in impenitence, but for those who are dearer to her than all the world beside, we can see when she prays for her own offspring, why her prayer must be an earnest and importunate cry to God, for his blessing upon those who are so dear. They are her children ; "bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh ;" bound to her by a thousand endearing ties ; to sever which, would be almost to break the silver cord of life. And how can she bear the thought, that they should remain exposed to the awful doom which the word of God pronounces against sinners ! How can she bear the thought, that those beloved ones with whom she has lived so long in the mu-

tual interchange of filial and parental love, should be separated from her during the never ending ages of eternity. Under such circumstances, will not a mother's prayer for her impenitent children, be that fervent and importunate prayer, which, with strong faith, will not let the Almighty go, unless he bless her? bless her in pouring out his Spirit upon her beloved children, and making them *His* children and heirs of eternal life? And will not such a prayer be effectual with God?

I recollect once hearing a young man of ardent piety, say, "If there is any one thing, except the goodness of God, to which I can ascribe my conversion, it is my mother's prayers. She wrestled with God day and night in my behalf, and I fully believe that her prayers, with the blessing of God, were the means of my conversion." And is there not encouragement for mothers to cease not crying to God for their impenitent children? Oh, I truly believe that the incense which rises to the throne of God from a pious mother's heart, is purer, holier and more effectual with God, than any other. Then let every christian mother cast her impenitent children upon God, pleading with heartfelt sincerity and agonizing earnestness in their behalf, and let her be assured that her prayers will be answered. God *will* answer such prayers, and will cause the mother's heart to rejoice within her, as she sees the tokens of the presence of the Spirit of God in the hearts of her beloved children.

F.

*New Haven, March 3.**For the Microscop.*

I LEAN UPON THEE.

THOUGH troubles assail me, and danger surround;
Tho' thorns in my pathway may ever be found;
Still, still I'll not fear; for thou ever wilt be
My God and my guide, while I lean upon thee.

The sweet buds of promise may fade e'er they bloom;
The hopes which are earth-born lie low in the tomb;
And tho' my life's pathway seem weary to me,
I'll gather new strength as I lean upon thee.

Though bound to the world by the heart's sweetest ties;
Though the earth's fairest scenes are outspread to my eyes;
Oh! never, I pray thee, permit me to be
A truster to reeds. Let me lean upon thee.

And in that dread hour, when my awed soul may stay
No longer on earth, but is summon'd away—
Amid those great scenes which none living may see,
Let me know naught of fear, as I lean upon thee.

When the trumpet shall sound and the graves yield their dead;
The sea shrink with fear, and the rock shake with dread;
'Mid the wrath which consumes, oh! still let me see
A smile on thy face, as I lean upon thee.

• • •

CLERGYMEN'S WIVES AND FAMILIES.

IN crossing the threshold of the parsonage, we know that we are venturing upon sacred ground ; and did not we mean to close the door after us, in preservation of its sanctity, while we speak of those things which are without, we should scarcely feel justified in the intrusion.

There is no one evil of the present time more deserving of public reprehension, than the superintendence assumed by the community over the families of clergymen. The idea seems to be generally prevalent, that a minister in his public capacity not only, belongs to the congregation ; but his wife, children and household possessions. A vigilant scrutiny is established in each department of interest connected with him ; and while every other calling or profession may claim its exclusive privileges, and exclusive retirement, those who are doing the most to secure to others the blessings of domestic peace and tranquility, in the promulgation of the pure principles of the gospel, have themselves no refuge from the 'strife of tongues' or the annoyance of public interference. We have long wished to see this abuse of interest held up to general condemnation, by those who dare break from the bondage in which we are held by the opinions and conduct of others, and its illiberality and injustice find a merited rebuke.

The circumstances in which clergymen's families are placed, render the allusion to these annoyances on their part, a subject of peculiar delicacy and embarrassment ; leading them to endure in silence, rather than give voice to the trials which originate in the officious zeal of professed friends. Opportunities of acquaintance and frequent intercourse, have led us in many cases to a knowledge of the trouble and vexation occasioned by this kind of friendship. All those who are capable of appreciating the blessings of independence, love to appropriate a share in the management of their own domestic concerns ; and when an impertinent interference from without exhibits itself in the form of dictation, although it may not materially influence the conduct of those to whom it is addressed, it cannot fail to produce irritation and constraint. The female members of a clergyman's family have to encounter trials for which there is neither remedy nor redress :—trials as vexatious in their effects, as they are insignificant often in their character. Their dress and conduct are made the subjects of severe scrutiny and censorious remark, under almost every circumstance in which they can be placed. A clergyman's wife is denied the privilege (which should be prized by every wife,) of dressing to please her husband and family ;—she must dress to please the congregation !—and after all her endeavors, the task will still remain a hopeless one. We are far from advocating a disregard to propriety or public opinion ;—but when we hear so much said respecting the importance of *a good example* in a clergyman's family, we would only ask if it be not equally incumbent on every one of us, to set a good example—in deference, charity and forbearance, as well as in the more prominent christian virtues—"Judgment, Mercy and Faith?" We should all aim to live in a manner to challenge scrutiny ;—and we would be much more in the way of so doing, were the time spent in canvassing the duties of others, devoted to the fulfillment of our own. We should like to see no quarter or toleration given to the med-

dling spirit which destroys the domestic comfort of so many families. We should like to see every where the same independence as was shown by a clergyman when adjusting conditions for a settlement ;—who said, “he intended to take care of the parish *himself*, and expected his *wife* to take care of her family.” The parish have no claims upon the pastor, out of his official capacity ; and none at all over his family, beyond the award of confidence and affection, becoming those who are receiving peculiar and priceless benefits at his hands. Any other claim to interest or control is as manifestly improper, as it would be for the patient to dictate respecting the family arrangements of his physician ; or for the lawyer to be under the domination of his client.

Is there no remedy for these evils, when the simple rule “Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you,” would avert nearly all the evils of life ? Let us ask what *we* should demand in similar circumstances, and then, if we *can* (for *self* is a master-hand at blinding the eyes and perverting the judgment)—decide upon the course of conduct towards others that we should desire for ourselves. HOME should be a sanctuary for every one—a place of refuge to the spirit, when wearied and worn with the contentions of the world—and every thing which impairs its peaceful security, should be left without its walls.

For the Microscop.

TRICKERY.

WHAT a pity it is that mankind do not become practically wise without experience,—that they do not understand and guard against deception, until after they are imposed upon,—that they must learn one another’s arts by becoming one another’s dupes !—If any one thinks this a pity, doubtless he is mistaken ; we cannot stop to discuss it, but doubtless he is mistaken in thus complaining of the disciplinary character of the world we live in ; but the fact is undeniable, that there is a great deal of imposition going on in society ; and this mention of it will do for an introduction to a notice of one, among the almost innumerable kinds of trickery, that are played off between man and man, and what is more to our purpose, between man and woman.

It is practically understood to be almost a ‘chief end of man,’ that is of *mankind*,—and as much perhaps of man as of woman, notwithstanding proverbs and satires,—we say almost a chief end of man, in the ordinary intercourse of life, to be *interesting*. And exhibitions of *feeling* are apt to render a man interesting in the eyes of a woman. And he is apt to become to her particularly interesting, if *she* has awakened and called forth the feeling. Now is it to be supposed that no young man ever *affects* sensibility to make himself engaging in the eyes of a young woman ? And is it not very possible, and not unlikely, that in affecting it he should sometimes seem to be wounded, hurt, or offended, by something which she has said or done, and thus avail

himself at once of her kindness and her vanity to fasten her thoughts and sympathies upon himself? Yet of course she does not suspect his design, and perhaps he is not more than half conscious of it himself; otherwise he might hesitate out of common self-respect if not from principle, and certainly she could not be knowingly deceived.

Now mark that couple walking yonder, with slow and thoughtful movements. We will not dwell upon their features or dresses; but the girl is yet in her teens, is beginning to converse and walk with "the gentlemen," of course knowing as little about them as she does about—herself, and is intent both upon having interesting company, and being herself considered such, after her day's work at school; while he has left his books to "study human nature," and to exercise his own. They are not so wise as they will be, certainly; but if we could hear all their conversation, and understand it *radically*, which is more than they do themselves, it might be worth while to listen, not only because it is good for us to exercise our patience, but because the blundering attempts of novices in any craft, sometimes betray the arts and foibles of the initiated.

He is opening the budget of his mind, and she is staring into it. The strange things it discloses fill her just now with curiosity and pleasing wonder; and she does not suspect that he put them there for her to look upon and handle. Among others there is one which is not only in itself an attractive rarity, but a mirror in which her own eyes sparkle back upon her, and a harp which trembles and sings mournfully if she blows upon it in contempt. He is a world of sensibility, and, what is more, he is all alive to her opinion and regard, even her least look or tone. She is learning that she has wounded his feelings; mark her innocent surprize, while he goes on to tell her where and when. One careless or fretful word dropped in her conversation a few evenings ago, fell upon his sensitive mind, and like an untimely spark burnt its way unnoticed among his delicate fancies; or one averted look left his mind, upturned as it was to her, clouded and sad. She is humane enough to sympathize with his sensibility, and ambitious enough to be attracted by tokens of her own power. He seems to her now even more interesting, because more amiable, than he was awhile ago where he took offence at some inadvertance on her part, and left her wondering at his unexpected coldness just long enough to make his returning warmth more noticeable and affecting. The high-minded self-respect he then betrayed magnified his importance in her eyes, yet the whole effect of it was somewhat questionable; whereas this tenderness which now breathes through his deportment is altogether engaging to her who, however innocently, has been the occasion of his pain. With instinctive delicacy she so moves and speaks and looks as to do away his cause of complaint; his misapprehension is corrected; the cloud rolls away from his spirit; he is tranquil and even buoyant again in the sunshine of her kindness! Many a golden evening, many a golden interview, will these two enjoy. She will wonder at his recklessness, she will be touched by his melancholy, she will be flattered by his delicate regard toward her own sweet self; and this will be the charm—that he is *such* a young man, and her's the spell that enlivens, frets, binds, or soothes him.

And shall we call this young man's doings *trickery*? They seem to *her* very unlike it—but *that* is indeed the trick itself, if there is any trickery in the case,

inasmuch as a stratagem is not to be confounded with a blunder. But then is there not such a thing in man as real sensibility, and is it not sometimes really hurt or offended by the merest trifles in a young woman's language or behavior? Oh yes, undoubtedly; but real sensibility is not so likely to make its appearance as the 'counterfeit semblance' of it; genuine tenderness is most apt to shrink from being inspected, handled, formally soothed; self-respect hesitates often about self-vindication; a high-minded man insists upon a higher interest in the mind of man or woman, than that which comes of wonder, and pity, and vanity. This young man *may* be all that he seems to be; yet we must be allowed to distrust him; for if he were just what he seems, most probably his character would not be quite so obvious, so garish, (if we may transfer this epithet from the extravagantly gay to the extravagantly interesting)—he would not so readily thrust forward the secrets of his soul to a curious eye, but leave them rather to be sought out, and reverently known, if at all. Such sentiments as pride and melancholy are commonly reserved if native, and if borrowed for *effect* they are sure to be made conspicuous. When he thus renders himself so very engaging in the sight of his fair companion, she does not suspect him, and perhaps he is not himself distinctly aware, of parading his sensibilities *for effect*, of becoming melancholy for effect, of misunderstanding her and awakening her tenderness for effect—yet this is not only possible but it is not uncommon, and it would be often noticed if it were not so often successful. Therefore we would say to this fair friend, if we could whisper in her ear while she walks by his side, before she allows him further to possess her thoughts and sympathies, Beware of the young man who is habitually acquainting you with his personal feelings, and whose personal feelings on common occasions seem particularly affecting! Be assured that he is *true*, before you allow him to be *interesting*.

But no one has whispered in her ear a word of caution, or if he had she would hardly have believed it seasonably; the imposition has proved successful; she is as much in love as could be expected of a first flirtation. He has gained his end, and is satisfied until he sets himself to the work of becoming interesting to another. He lives and breathes and moves "for effect." His affectation half deceives himself; and well may others mistake it, when one evening it is a dignified reserve and the next a captivating frankness.

Happily our fair young friend will only grieve and fret a little while at the decline of his apparent regard toward herself; but let her learn wisdom betimes, even from the trifling incidents of her 'first entrance into company'; for she may yet encounter arts deeper and more cruel than the paltry devices of a young man's frivolous ambition to be popular with her sex. The very trickery now described may one day prove itself capable not only of pleasing and perplexing an inexperienced mind, but of ensnaring the affection and destroying the peace of maturer years. Our young friend is only one of a multitude not yet harmed by the arts of man. Let her not be incredulous, nor yet too anxious, about the lesson she may learn from that hillock yonder, where a young bird, having strengthened her wings, has risen from the grass for a bolder flight than she has before attempted, pouring from her 'sweet throat' a carol of life and joy. Is the bird spell-bound, that it should wheel round and round as it does, circling the hillock with a down-

ward look, and contracting its little flight more and more? Between those blades of grass you may perhaps see an eye riveted as upon a victim,—and there—the poor bird lies panting and bleeding—its little life has been charmed away.

March, 1836.

F.

For the Microcosm.

PERILS OF SEA FOWLING.

Yea, away then, my boys, to the sea bird's wild haunt,
We will climb to the height of the loftiest rock;
'Mid the screams of the sea gull our bosoms shall pant;
Here are deeds to inspirit, and scenes to enchant—
And we challenge the fiercest and deadliest shock.

We will trace with delight the purpureal glow,
As the light of the morning-star softly shall fade;
In the brightest of clouds we will bathe our flush'd brow,
When we faint 'neath the spoils we have won from below,
And the foliage that's richest shall yield us its shade.

They fastened their rope on a mountain's high peak;
And then fearlessly dash'd to the perilous shore;
Soon, soon on the silence the sea bird's and shriek,
Told of home desolation—the strong and the weak—
A tale, which the stricken from life only pour.

They ascended the rope with the flush of success;
And first went the youngest and loveliest boy;
The eldest then springs—then the father—all press
On the rope, with a vigor no toil could depress,
And they dream'd not of woe, with their bosoms all joy.

Soon the loftiest trees which now lay at their feet,
Seem'd shrubs; and the heather which grew on the height,
Sent forth to them all the home odours so sweet;
And they panted the wife and the mother to meet;
But a scream of despair turn'd hope's day-dream to night.

Dearest Father! the rope grinds the rock—the last strand
Presses hard 'gainst the edge—we are lost—we are lost!
Be calm, my brave boy—there is Heaven and the land,
Give wings to your feet, be untrembling your hand,
One desperate leap and the peril is cross'd.

Oh! Father!—'tis past—it now hangs by a thread:
And the voice of the boy sounded husky and low;
But the parent spoke calmly, he only knew dread
For the boys he had lov'd, he had taught, he had fed—
And he thought of a mother's distraction and woe.

Will it hold three, or two ? said the boy, scarcely one ;
 And his fainting eye swam in the mists of despair ;
 Take your knife—cut the rope—for the chance must be run ;
 'Tis fearful, but God's holy mandate be done !
 One child for the sorrowing wife he will spare.

The rope was divided—an effort—a spring—
 But he felt not its bloom tho' he crush'd the sweet heath ;
 The groans of the lov'd on his soul seem'd to ring,
 Nor could rapture or time its oblivion bring ;
 O'er his young spirit hover'd the shadows of death.

V. S.

For the Microcosm:

“THE WIFE FOR A MISSIONARY.”

“BY THE AUTHOR OF LOUISA BALSTON,” “THE REFORMATION, A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY,” &c.

THE title of the little book we propose briefly to notice, suggests a thought, which may elicit a moment's reflection not without some degree of interest and profit. Females are capacitated and designed to exert no inferior influence in the sublime enterprise of converting the world. No one can be disposed to question the superiority of female holiness. It is of a delicate and refined character. It conquers by the powers of its mild and winning simplicity. It retires from the arena of noise and strife, yet a modest boldness is engraven on its brow. It is ardent, and burns to alleviate the miseries of mankind. It prevails in prayer, with the sweet eloquence of an angel. Females move in a sphere which pre-eminently qualifies them for usefulness. In some respects, they are clothed with a moral power quite irresistible. The entire world of thought, in its artless infancy, is entrusted to them, to be fostered and trained for scenes of coming activity on the great stage of life. They may prepare it for generous and lofty designs, and inspire it with those pure and holy purposes, which triumph over the vicissitudes of fortune, and pant for honors alone in efforts to civilize and redeem the world. To be charged with such an influence, is to assume the most sacred and fearful responsibilities. We wish to meet the distinct question,—Ought females to devote themselves personally to the cause of Foreign Missions ? This question must thrill every pious family circle with anxiety and a spirit of enquiry. It must receive an answer. Affection may plead to be exempted from the scrutiny, but in vain. A thousand voices of tenderness and love may utter their remonstrance. The mandate of *duty* is louder than them all, and must be heard. It has been said, that females may do much to sustain the work of Foreign Missions, by their prayers and self-denying efforts at home—but it is the dictate of spiritual wisdom, that they should not expose themselves to the toils and hardships of a Missionary life—female fortitude is almost proverbial.

Let us linger around the hallowed graves of Mrs. Judson and Winalow.

With what firmness, what resolution, what holy submission, did they encounter the perils of the sea, and the severities of the climate! How did they endure to the end! How did they rejoice when persecuted and exhausted! How did their departing spirits, from the very field of conflict, ascend to their native Heaven, as with a seraph's flight, blessing God that they had been permitted to suffer for His sake! Mrs. Judson was heroic more than mortal. Alone, enfeebled by disease, and wan from solicitude and fearful anticipations, the damp and nauseous dungeon was her place of confinement—yet, what bursts of ecstasy are heard! Her triumphant soul disdains the pains and agonies of her sinking nature! Could she now speak from the white throne on which she sits, would she not say to every pious female in America—*how great are the rewards* of a self-denying Missionary life! When Burmah shall become christianized, thousands will visit the tomb of Mrs. Judson, and delight to remember her as one sent to guide their erring souls to the Savior of men. A martyr to the cause of Missions, from her grave will spring up plants of righteousness, which will bud and blossom for the healing of idolatrous Burmah. The heathen are to be enlightened and taught the arts and sciences which may supplant their temples of superstition, and bestow upon them the happiness and dignity they are destined to enjoy. In the work of instruction, females are needed to institute domestic government—to teach in the nursery and the infant school the elements of education and the plain truths of revelation. Here is work for females alone. Schools must be sustained, as necessary to the spread of the gospel among the heathen. These schools, conducted by *female missionaries*, have been blessed from time to time with powerful revivals of religion. There are thousands who can be reached only by the female missionary. Indeed, it seems quite impossible that the nations of idolatry shall ever be transformed and elevated to the eminence of christianity and letters, without the efforts of *females*.

Ministers of the gospel may translate the word of God into the various languages of the unevangelized nations—they may proclaim its doctrines—but something more must be done. Children must learn the rudiments of religion and education from maternal lips. The ministration of the scriptures, then, unaided by other efforts, will not achieve the conversion of the world to God. We often say, how many ministers of the gospel are needed to devote themselves to the cause of Foreign Missions! Many an Ashmun must be willing that his ashes should mingle with the soil of benighted Africa, before that vast continent will be blessed with the pure and quenchless light of christianity. Many a Judson must hazard his life and wear out in toil, before Burmah will be converted—many a devoted Gutzlaf must abandon the ease and refined enjoyments of polite society, before the high walls of prejudice which encompass China, will be demolished, and an high way be prepared for the entrance of the gospel of Christ. Would that such spirits might rise up as numerous as are the demands of the perishing heathen! But many a Mrs. Judson and Winslow are also wanted. Some females, like them, must break away from the strong array of friends and home, and turn

"To boisterous ocean, and with cheerful step,
"Though moisten'd eye," forsake "the cherished clime
"Whose halcyon bowers have" rear'd "their joyous youth."

Those who turn sinners to righteousness, shall shine as the brightness of the stars. Yonder twinkling orb beams with beauty in its proper sphere, and may be necessary to perfect the harmony of the Heavens. Nay, who can tell, but its brightness surpasses the effulgence of the sun? In the distance it appears but a glimmering light, because it is beyond the reach of mortal ken. That delicate female, who, with a retiring modesty is assiduous in her efforts to impart religious knowledge to the ignorant of her sex, and to inculcate in the unfolding intellects of children and youth the sound principles of morality and intelligence, may, when the Savior's crown shall be placed upon His head, burn and blaze as the brightest star which bestuds it.

The question is—ought females to devote themselves personally to the cause of Foreign Missions? Let this interrogation be pondered. Let christian mothers pray over it, and when they dedicate their infant daughters to God in baptism, let them say whether they are ready to train up these objects of their affection, to labor for Christ, wherever He may see fit to station them. One devoted mother, has offered to God, five pious daughters, four of whom, will receive the rewards of having passed their lives in the hardships and perils of the missionary enterprize. A blessed mother! She seems almost

“Alone in this wide world.

Yet not without

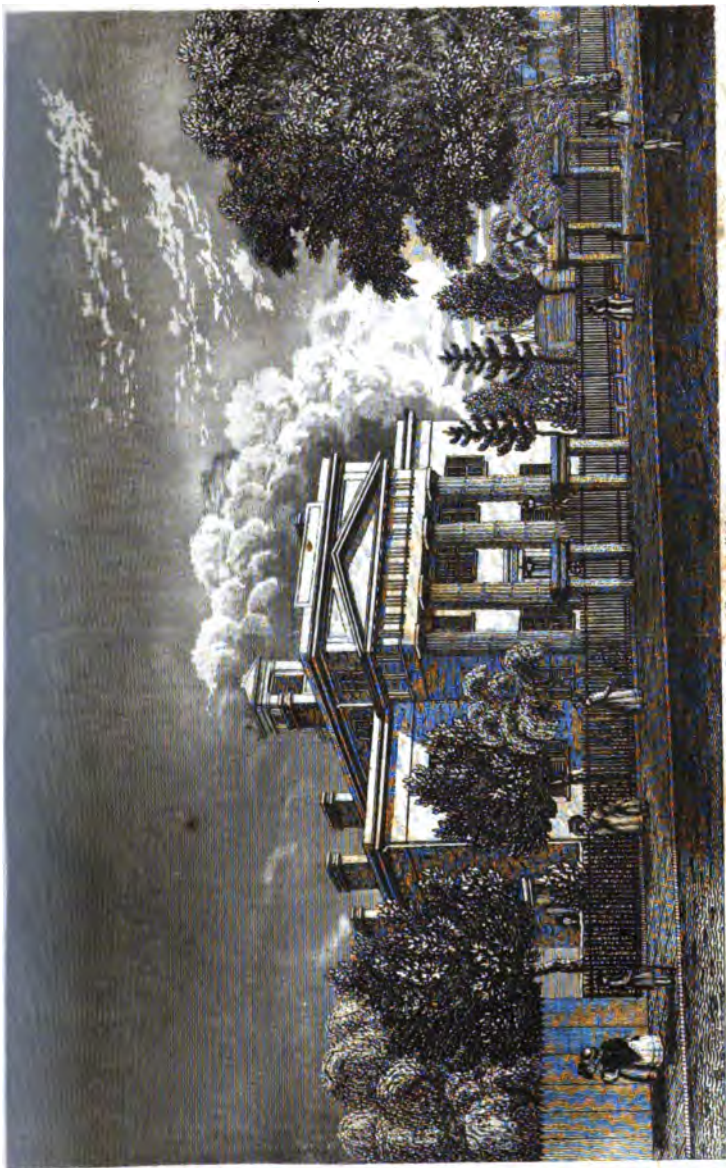
A comforter. For the true heart that trusts
Its all to Heaven, and sees its treasur'd things
Unfold their hidden wing, and thither soar,
Doth find itself drawn upward in their flight;
And poising higher o'er this vale of tears,
And gathering bright revealings of its home,
Doth from its sorrows weave a robe of praise.”

Faith looks beyond these scenes of struggle! A happy mother! What joy will swell her sainted heart, when she shall meet these her children on the Holy Hill of Zion! Nor these alone—what bright diadems are on their heads! What white-robed throngs gather around them! And then what approving smiles beam from the Savior's face!

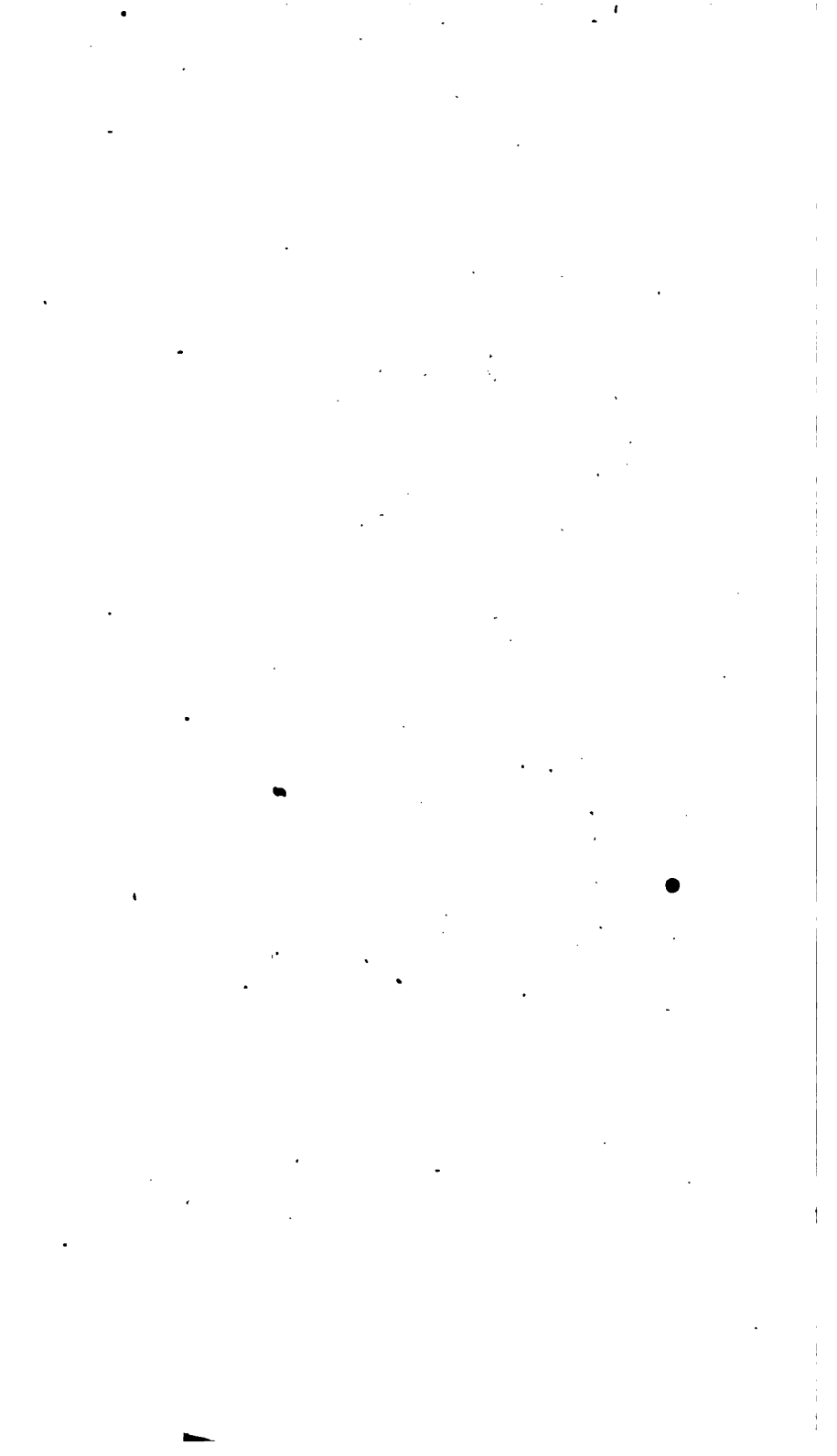
Let pious females, in early life, answer this question. Let them inquire how they can do the most good. Weak, they can be clothed with strength. Let the unnumbered lamentations which come on the wings of the wind, as they blow from dark and idolatrous Burmah, from China, and from the Islands of the sea, thrill their souls, and urge them to prayer, and a solemn dedication of themselves to the service of their Master. Let them remember, that the spirit of Christ is the spirit of Missions—and as He has given them commandment so let them do. Let them put on the armor of Faith and hasten to the conflict, to staunch the bleeding wounds and bind up the broken hearts of the perishing and dying heathen!

We offer these remarks hastily, as introductory to a brief notice of “The wife for a Missionary,” which we reserve for some future occasion.

G20.



BUTGER'S HOUSE. N.Y.
For the Parlor-Magazine



THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1836.

No. 8.

For the Microscop.

AFFECTATION.

"The brightest forms through affectation, fade
To strange new things, which nature never made."

THERE is a class of persons in society, distinguished neither by their crimes, nor any want of those civilities which mark the intercourse of mankind, who yet are not upon the most friendly footing with the community. We refer to those individuals who leave that sphere for which nature has fitted them, and affect those excellencies which they see in others, often while conscious of an utter inability ever to possess them.

However many or agreeable may be the qualities which they naturally possess, and which, if cultivated, the world would esteem, these must be overlooked and neglected in their eagerness for something beyond their reach. They see the charm of elegance, the fascination of wit, the power of kindness—they witness the ability of their possessors to command the favor and possess the affections of the heart. And perhaps it is not strange, that some should covet the *power*, though they neither *possess* nor rightly value those qualities which procure it.

These persons seem to imagine that elegance of manners consists in certain specified attitudes and motions of the body, which are to be acted as a part in a comedy; that wit may be learned by lessons; that kindness has its seat not in the heart but in the face; and that you have only to present the face drawn by muscular power into a certain shape, in order to pass at once unobstructed into the citadel of the affections. They look not to the soul within to find those hidden springs which give elegance to motion—passion to language, and expression to the countenance. Hence the various changes and positions of the body—the bow, the smile, the expression of those whom they consider models of politeness, are eagerly caught up as the keys which are to unlock the avenues of the soul. They overlook the fact that the external appearance and expression are valued only as they are the index of the heart within, and that when not prompted by that, instead of pleasure they excite feelings of disgust. The understanding may indeed command the language of feeling and sentiment—it may order the corresponding lines of the face, and motions of the body; but if the soul is not there all is wanting; it is but the empty, reverberating sound which tells the hollowness within.

But how egregiously those are deceived, who think to pass this base counterfeit upon the community unsuspected, may be learned by the unbounded

contempt with which they are every where met in society. The thief who by night takes his neighbor's property, may elude the vigilance of the magistrate and escape undetected. But that person who lays claim to excellencies not his own—who puts on the airs of dignity and importance which do not belong to him, will in vain try to escape the withering scorn of his fellow-beings. He cannot meet their vigilance by the disguises of art, nor their contempt with the shield of conscious rectitude. Mankind are not forward to bestow praise even where merit is most evident; much less where it is not. It is a confession of superiority, which is withheld until its claims have been strictly scrutinized, and then the reluctance of the acknowledgment shows that it is given because it *cannot* be withheld. How vain then for any one to claim through *fictitious* qualities, that applause and approbation which is so grudgingly given even to incontestible merit!

Affectation is a vile excrescence upon nature. It deforms and debases what if not lovely, would at least be divested of its power to disgust; for it rarely happens that what is natural excites either our ridicule or contempt. Though ignorance and deformity cannot please, yet they excite our pity rather than ridicule, our compassion rather than contempt. It is when ignorance usurps the place of knowledge—it is when deformity assumes the appearance and prerogatives of beauty that they meet the scorn and contempt of mankind. And it is with feelings of pity that we regard the folly and weakness of those who think themselves able by the assistance of art to supply the supposed deficiencies of nature. Nature is the workmanship of a perfect artist. In her simplicity and beauty she charms and delights us. She is the standard, from which every variation is a descent in the scale of excellence. But in this age of improvement and refinement whither has nature fled? Many of both sexes—many who are called ladies, have exchanged her artlessness for duplicity, her openness for hypocrisy, her sincerity for deception?

H. would set herself up as the model of all that is polite and elegant in manners. While her lip curls with disdain, at what she calls the stiff and awkward movements of E., she regards her own "mincing mien" as the airs of perfect gentility. If she enters any place of public resort it is with a measured toss of the head—a contortion of the whole frame so indescribably polite as to attract the attention of every person present, and she sits down with the conscious delight that every eye is turned upon her in admiration. In the drawing-room, for native grace and ease, she assumes the attitude of careless indifference—at the table,

One white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

In conversation she has acquired such wonderful skill in the use of the interjections and superlatives, that she without difficulty strings them along in almost every sentence; especially if a new or interesting topic is introduced—for instance, a fine morning or a cloudy day. Such is the turn which affectation takes in H. But in D. it is of another sort. All her movements are with perfect propriety as to time and place. She bows, she smiles, she applauds when she ought. Her remarks are well-timed, well-arranged, and well expressed. But in every thing she over acts. She bows with servility—she smiles with adulation—she applauds with extravagance. If she meets a friend it is with the kindest and warmest expressions of regard.

But the ardency of her language and manner seem if possible to increase in proportion to her want of feeling. Her heart is in her head. All her praise is soon seen to be arrant flattery. It flows not from a heart warmed with generous emotion, but from a head which dictates what ought to be the sentiments of the heart.

It is sometimes said in defence of affectation that it springs from a desire to please, and is a mistake only as to the means of securing an end good in itself. But we are very apt to suspect those attempts to please which do not flow from the warm gushing fountains of the heart. And though vanity might be gratified at the thought of so much importance in the estimation of others, as to induce them to descend to the low arts of flattery in order to gain our friendship, yet the ever wakeful instinct of self-preservation within, bids us beware how we trust to a friendship so precarious and uncertain. The reasons which prompt to those affected expressions of kindness to-day may not exist to-morrow, and then like an unfashionable garment we are laid aside as of no farther use.

Affectation, of whatever kind it may be, is a fault difficult to be remedied, and therefore should be avoided with the greater care. It is difficult, because it is hard to convince the person who has acquired the habit of affectation, that it is really a fault which needs to be corrected. She has been at great pains to secure it, it may be long and fondly cherished it, until it has become the darling of her soul. And now whoever faithfully points out to her her faults she regards as an enemy, who would pluck from her her brightest plumes. While her faults are to her the clearest demonstrations of her worth, she thinks nothing but envy or dull stupidity in others, could fail to look upon them in the same light in which she herself regards them.

Again, it not unfrequently engenders a bad disposition. Those qualities on which we most pride ourselves, we are of course most careful always to exhibit. But affectation, instead of commanding the applause and admiration of others, instead of gaining the heart, meets the just indignation of the community. Thus the disposition of those who meet with disappointment is soured, their envy and jealousy are excited, until they often become dissatisfied with themselves, dissatisfied with their friends and the world about them.

Such, if they value the pleasures of self-complacency, or would win the confidence and affection of others, we advise to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with their own hearts.

A good heart, is the only sure protection against affectation—the only complete remedy for this wide spread evil.

B.

The late admiral Colpoys, who rose to the highest rank and honors of his profession from his own merit and exertions alone, used to be fond of stating, that on first leaving a humble lodging to join his ship as midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and ginea, saying: "God bless and prosper you, my lad; and as long as you live never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers"—advice which he sedulously followed through life.

For the Microscop.

MY EARLY HOME.

DEAR is the early home
 My childhood used to know ;
 Dear is my childhood's home—
 Where e'er I'm doomed to go.

I've sailed the inland seas,
 In quiet and in storm ;
 When fanned by summer's breeze,
 And when by tempests torn ;
 Those mighty streams I've traced,
 That circle in the west ;
 The prairie deer I've chased,
 O'er the wild prairie's breast.

I've friends and kinsmen here ;
 I've conquered poverty ;
 Yet art thou ever dear,
 Home of my youth to me.

The rough backwoodsman's hut I've trod,
 The boatman's life I've tried,
 With wild flowers from the prairie sod
 I've decked my Indian bride ;
 I've joined in city revelry,
 And, in the wildering dance,
 Love-lighted eyes have beamed on me
 With promise in their glance.

Yet, wheresoe'er I'm doomed to roam,
 Whate'er my fortunes be,
 Still is my old New England home
 Dearest of all to me.

♦♦♦♦

New Haven, April 4th.

For the Microscop.

EXTRACTS FROM "CHURCH-YARD MEDITATIONS."

I LOVE to wander through a church-yard. There is something so calm and quiet about it, so removed from the noise and bustle of the world, that it seems like holy ground. It is strange that we always think of a church-yard as connected with gloomy associations. Why is it that the peaceful resting places of the dead, should call forth gloomy thoughts? Why is it, that the generality of mankind avoid entering the courts of the departed, as if they were forbidden places to the living? It ought not so to be. Some of my most pleasantly, yes, and most profitably spent hours, have been passed in the calm and quiet of a country church-yard. I love to wander through its quiet paths, and muse upon the unconscious sleepers around me, on a mild

summer's day, when all is still save the gentle murmuring of the breeze, which itself seems to invite us to calm meditation. There is no place better fitted for reflection than this. To stand among the silent tombs and look around upon the mounds which cover the remains of the young, the gay, the beautiful ; the infant of days, the youth, the man of middle age, and he whose head was white with the frosts of time ;—all this is well calculated to call forth feelings, profitable and even pleasant, though there is sadness in them.

Go with me for a few moments into yonder church-yard, and let us walk among the peaceful dwellings of the dead. It is a large enclosure and contains many of those grassy mounds which tell us where the remains of the departed are laid. Here, beneath "the clods of the valley," a vast multitude repose who once were moving in the busy scenes of life, but who have forever bid adieu to the world and its concerns and now rest from their labors.

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Here, a plain white stone, (fit emblem of virgin innocence) tells us of a young female suddenly called from home and friends, and all that could make life desirable. Life seemed to her a bright and cloudless day. No storms had as yet risen over the horizon of her fair sky ; but all was peace, and joy, and happiness. Here we are tempted to exclaim against the fell destroyer, Death, for thus selecting his victim from among the young and fair, and passing by the aged who seem to be standing upon the verge of the grave, and almost ready to sink into its bosom. But pause a moment. The inscription further informs us, that "she died in peace, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality." Then chide not the messenger who came to call her home. She had as yet known little of the sorrows and troubles of life, was it not merciful to send her "summons home" so soon ? Yea, God seeth not as man seeth, "the righteous are taken away from the evil to come."

But what says that little stone, peeping out from the long grass which almost covers it ? It points out to us the resting place of an infant, the first born of its mother's love, called away to heaven before it had become tainted with the pollution of earth. It was not permitted to stay with its fond parents even one year, but as it were "having begun to sip the cup of life, and tasting its bitterness, it turned away its head and refused the draught."

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
It sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven."

Alas, for its fond mother ! She who had fondly hoped that it would live to be her pride and joy, the stay of her declining years. Alas for her, who had watched over it with unspeakable tenderness, for it was her only child, her first-born son. But that mourning, broken-hearted mother said, "Thy will, O God, be done !" She looked beyond this world, and saw her blessed babe safely clasped in the arms of Jesus, and though her own heart was desolate and bleeding, she would not call the loved one back.

* * * * *

But the day is fast passing away, and night has begun to spread her sable pall over the earth. Let us retire from this place, feeling that it is good for us to have been here, and amid the toil and bustle of the world let us not forget the lesson we have learned among the ~~narrow~~ ^{the} narrow houses appointed unto all living."

F.

THE WIFE OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Sir James Mackintosh thus beautifully describes, in a letter to a friend, the character of his deceased wife. It contains one of the most interesting exhibitions of female excellence, and the power of female influence, we have ever met with. If there were more such wives there would be less domestic sorrow.

"Allow me in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who by the tender management of my weaknesses gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast to each other—when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor,—I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had a prospect of her sharing my better days.

The philosophy which I have learnt, only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings, and that their loss is irreparable. It aggravates my calamity, instead of consoling me under it. My wounded heart seeks another consolation. Governed by these feelings, which have in every age and region of the world actuated the human mind, I seek relief, and I find it, in the soothing hope and consolatory opinion, that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life; that superintending goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature, and hangs over our prospects; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish, that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man. The sentiments of religion, which were implanted in my mind in my early youth, and which were revived by the awful scenes which I have seen passing before my eyes in the world, are I trust deeply rooted in my heart by this calamity."

For the Microcosm.

SELF, THE WORLD'S SPY-GLASS.

'Tis strange though true, the heart doth warp
The lessons of its school ;
And deem it logical to err,
So it be done by rule.

The bad would fain, for system's sake,
Be equal with the best ;
So, rather than themselves reform,
They vilify the rest.

The good their own deserts distrust ;
And loth to stand alone,
They with ingenuous candor
Judge others' by their own.

The heartless poet thus, doth paint
Love's glow a fickle flame ;
And dress it with the swallow's wings,
To leave us as it came.

The hollow friend denounces too,
Pure friendship as a song ;
Steeps first *his* soul in Lethe's stream—
Then drags the world along.

Thus oft we've seen our world reproached,
By those who have misused it ;
But basest they methinks have been,
Who've basely thus abused it.

Z.

For the Microcosm.

ON THE NEED OF PRINCIPLE.

THUS are many who suppose they can pass through life without ever investigating or establishing their principles. Thinking the natural excellence of their hearts sufficient to guide them through every scene of trial and temptation, they neglect to settle those rules of action, which would be a magnet to their course through all its alternations of sunshine and of storm. The force of habit they deem, will still keep their feet in that path of rectitude and honor, in which, from the sway of example, or the power of circumstance, they have hitherto continued to tread. Nothing can be more groundless than such an opinion—nothing more futile than such a trust. Even if the heart in the moral, as matter in the material world, were naturally inclined to pursue a direct path ; still, in the one case as in the other, whenever any obstacle impeded or object crossed its course, that direction would be altered. If the soul be not a moral automaton of regular and un-

deviating progress, the dangers that threaten, and the temptations that assail it, will bear it away from its onward road till its course and its prospects will be the very opposite of what they were. But when we know, and in grief acknowledge, that the *natural tendency* of our steps is perverse to a marvel; that the very goodness which we boast, is the result of accident rather than of purpose, and that self-complacency and the world's opinion are the fountains of our most applauded actions; we feel the absolute necessity of unwavering principle. The selfish man always prefers himself to his neighbor, and when their respective interests clash, he will take any means consistent with his *other interests*, to accomplish his own purposes and defeat the plans of his fellow. This is the foundation of all the injustice in the world, and, by consequence, of all the sin; for sin is nothing but injustice developing itself in various forms. When, indeed, a man of no principle finds his own interests counteracting the interests of his neighbor, he frequently neither attempts nor perpetrates injustice: but it is always either because he cannot, or because some other advantage would be thereby curtailed. It may be that the power of community or the arm of the law will restrain him from the commission of his will. He is virtuous by selfish necessity, and not from choice. The advantages he might gain by the act of wrong, to which he is tempted, would be far outweighed by its adverse consequences—the loss of patronage, the ruin of character, and the indignant frown of an outraged community. But remove him from the power of these salutary restraints—and will that forced excellence continue? Let him be assured of security—let the promised good outweigh the prospect of danger—let his fellows raise but a feeble condemnation—or let their united voice be heard in accents of applause—and how is it possible he should hesitate? He has no principles by which to test and govern his actions,—conscience is dead, or, if alive, its life is but languid, and its voice is hushed. Now no one can be assured that he will not at some time, be placed in circumstances like these. The fashion of the day—the influence of a great name—the sway of interest—the bias of prejudice—the electric fire of excitement—all these cause so many reflux currents in the stream of public sentiment, that nothing can be a more deceptive guide.

What then, can give any security for the rectitude of his future conduct, to one who has no fixed principles—no unvarying standard, no touch-stone of truth and duty. Should the waywardness of youth reject the stern dictates of principle for a while, we should not give them up in despair. When excess and aberration are but the irregularities of youth or the hasty sallies of wild excitement, there yet is hope; for soberer years may cool that early flush, or the rod of affliction and disappointment may stay his wanderings. It is natural for a young and a warm heart to be impetuous and ungovernable for a while—its feelings are frenzied by their very novelty—drunk with their own fullness. But that heart is still fresh and kind; it has not yet forgotten the fervency of a father's benediction, or the unutterable yearnings of a mother's love, and a mother's prayer. His views are not yet settled—but the seeds of truth and goodness, which a mother's hand had sown, and her tears had watered, after that wild storm of excitement has passed by, may spring up to a harvest of rejoicing. But when the buoyancy of early feeling is gone—when the heart grows sick of its wanderings, and its energies have been exerted with such unnatural violence, that it has neither the

strength nor courage to retrace its steps ; then, if there be no principle to guide and regulate, the danger is appalling. Sick of vice, and yet a foe to virtue—disgusted with pleasure, and yet its unwearied votary—regretful of the past, yet reckless of the present, and hopeless of the future—despair usurps the place of enjoyment ; and the heart, a stranger to the pleasures of rectitude, determines to make itself a heaven in the chase of folly, or, more often, in the vortex of sin. When vice is pursued, not in the hope of pleasure, but as a relief from thought—when the cords of early association, and the ties that bound him to home and to happiness are snapped or severed,—when the mental sinews are unbraced, and the moral frame-work of the soul has collapsed—there is no hope. He has no motive for exertion, and he makes none ;—he owns no governing principle of invariable firmness, and therefore drifts with the tide of circumstances, or is drawn into the whirlpool of crime.

In the words of a noble, but abandoned poet—whose mind was a garden of mental luxuriance and moral desolation, and who was himself the most sorrowful example of that condition which he has so feelingly described—

"Then the few, whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness,
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess :
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain,
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again."

If then, firm, just principle is so all important to success in life, what a weight of obligation devolves upon mothers—the mistresses of the *little world of home*. They have in their hands almost exclusively the formation of infant character. As from its mother's breast the nursing draws the first nourishment of its little body ; so from her lips, from her words, from her smiles and her frowns, does he gather the earliest aliment of his moral frame. As the plant receives form and character from the skies above and the airs around it, being gnarled or expansive even as they are harsh or gentle, so does the infant mind mould and conform its nature to the moral atmosphere it inhales. Let the mother instil into the heart of her child the truths of virtue and religion—let her send him forth from the *little world of home*, girded with armor of proof—bearing a two-edged sword, with one edge may he put to flight the temptations of prosperity—with the other meet and conquer the trials of affliction and sorrow.

*. C. *.

It is an unusually bad mind to which suspicion is natural ; or which looks for a snare before it has ever fallen into one. I place little confidence in the man who never was deceived, and I ever give that mind credit for the greatest familiarity with truth, which least questions the veracity of another. Credulity is that weakness which lingers the longest amidst the virtues ; and if we admire a man the less for it, we yet love him the more.—*Cunningham*.

For the Microscopist.

"THE WIFE FOR A MISSIONARY."

"BY THE AUTHOR OF *LOUISA RALSTON*," "*THE REFORMATION, A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY*," &c.

THE limits within which we are of necessity confined, are too much contracted to allow us to render that justice to the little book before us, which it so properly deserves. It is not our purpose to recommend it as perfect throughout, either in the style in which it is written, or the sentiments it embodies—nor, on the other hand, do we wish to examine any defects it may have, with the severe acumen of criticism. We are prepared to say of it, with the strictest candor, that it meritoriously claims a careful perusal. Such a book is needed, and cannot fail to accomplish much good. The subject is of importance and deserves to be treated with delicacy and sound reflection. The author of such a book, should know well the hidden springs of moral action; nor should he be a stranger to the passions and affections of the human heart. This is no abstract subject; it has to do with every family circle, with every christian. The father who gathers his household—his sons and his daughters—around the domestic altar to offer to God the sacrifice of a broken and a grateful heart, must pray with this great subject forcing its claims upon his conscience and his benevolence. Am I ready to devote my offspring to the work of spreading the gospel in foreign lands? No pious mother can refuse to meet this question. In her hours of secret communion with her God—when she pleads for her children, the dearest earthly objects of her affections—this subject must press itself upon her attention. He, whose youthful heart has been inspired with the spirit of his master—whose arm is strong—whose feet are swift—he, most of all must ponder well the wants of a dying world. Nor can that pious youthful female, who loves her Savior, turn a deaf ear to so loud and repeated an interrogation. We say the subject of the book before us is of importance. We may hazard the remark, that it has not received a perfect examination. It has been dwelt upon only in part, and with brevity; there is still room for more investigation.

"*The Wife for a Missionary*," is written in a style for the most part graceful and familiar, calculated to enlist the interest of the reader. Its descriptions are lively and in some instances graphic. Of its kind, we may say it is a valuable work. It is quite brief and has the careless ease of a story. It is not, like the vast majority of similar works with which the community is inundated, destitute of thought,—a mere linking together of melodious words in the formation of harmonious periods—it has the impress of candor and an acquaintance with human nature.

It represents christian character, both as it is and as it ought to be, placing them in striking contrast. In holding up a model, a pattern, it should be a perfect one. Perfection is the mountain of the Lord, on which he sits, and let the christian elevate his standard to the same eminence. The first great topic which we will notice, is, the *influence of correct family government in the formation of christian character*. It usually happens that the piety of a family is conformed to the example exhibited in those who are its guardians in other matters. Let a child see in its parents, benevolence

deep devotion, self-denial, faith, joy, in their benignant and most heroic aspect and if it becomes a christian, its religion will wear the same features. The faults of early life, indeed those of mature age, are but the legitimate results of education at home. Some parents who bear the christian name, make an ostentatious display of their profession—their piety seldom appears the great master spring of all their actions—if seen at all, it is seen behind the drapery of worldly fashion—encased close in the vestments of pride and ambition. Such will be the piety of their families. A father or mother are constantly in the practice of self-denial—they pray for the speedy conversion of the world—they contribute freely and with a liberal hand of their property as the Lord hath blessed them—they are interested in the cause of foreign missions, are acquainted with the various movements of the great Benevolent Institutions of the age, read the reports of missionaries and others—in fine they illustrate the spirit of Christ, and as far as they are able, obey his great command, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” Their pious sons and daughters, will grow up imbued deeply with the spirit of missions. We recollect to have heard it remarked, that the world never will be converted, till christian parents devote their children to the cause of missions, and from their infancy train them up for labors on missionary ground. They must be ready to answer the call “Who shall be sent,”—here are our children given to us by God, or rather lent, and we yield them back to Him. The church is woefully deficient in active benevolence, and she has grown up with this character. She is as destitute of the spirit of Paul and of Christ, as if God had pledged himself to enlighten and redeem the heathen without the instrumentality of man. Her charity *begins at home*, and it *ends* there; it ventures not beyond the precincts of the domestic enclosure. Parents are unwilling to give up their children to the enterprise of converting the world, and their children are taught to feel that this work must be sustained by other hands and by other voices. In some cases, when a christian son or daughter has been ready to go to some foreign clime, their zeal has been chilled, their desires have been repressed, because a father or a mother has contravened the dictates of their benevolence, and put an interdict upon their love for a perishing world. We will here extract a scene from “*The Wife for a Missionary*,” to illustrate the triumph of love to God and the world, over the affections and passions of nature.

A son had left the sacred sanctuary of home, to receive an education within the walls of a college. He returns with an intimate classmate, to the spot “endearred to him by a thousand fond recollections, and the most precious ties.”—“Frederic had not seen his home since his determination to devote himself to the work of the Lord in foreign lands. He entered, therefore, with all the eagerness and delight of a long-absent child, anticipating the gush of affection and joy which his unexpected arrival would create, and with all the increased interest, which the remembrance, that soon he would never see it more, might be supposed to inspire. That evening beheld a happy circle. The father had not only consented to the wish of his son to devote himself to a missionary life, but with a holy magnanimity which we seldom see, had said promptly and cheerfully, “Go, my child; go and live and die in your Master’s service.” And as he looked upon his first-born again, he *rejoiced*, that God had called him to so noble a work; and

the mother's gushing heart, while it yearned over him with the keenness and fullness of maternal feeling, could silently thank her Savior that grace triumphed, and that she was enabled freely to offer up such a sacrifice in so glorious a cause. Even his twin-sister, the lovely Helen, as she fixed her beaming eyes on her fondly-loved brother, seemed to say, by her affectionate cheerfulness,—“you shall find no hindrance in me, brother, in your holy desire to win the wandering back to the fold of Christ. Go : may the Lord bless you. Fain would I go myself, and seek to save those perishing souls for whom Christ has died.” Frederic's companion, Mr. Lacy, had consecrated himself to the same work. Said the old man—“ Well, my friend, go, and may the Lord bless you : and my son here—I give him up heartily to the same work. I gave him to the work of the Lord before he could lisp the name of father ; I made no conditions where he should labor. And now, when the Lord calls for a fulfilment of my pledge, and appoints him to a foreign land, where my eyes may never again see him, nor he be allowed as a comfort and prop in my old age, shall I say, no—I cannot let thee go? Never ! I bless the Lord from the depths of my soul, that he has permitted me to train for his use *one* missionary of the cross of Christ. I have not lived in vain ; though I mourn that I have been so worthless myself as to any efficient *personal* aid I have lent the Lord.” Let christian parents peruse this, and reflect.

There are many interesting and prominent topics, which we must of necessity pass by in silence. The effect of fashion and gaiety upon religious feelings, is alluded to quite to the purpose and with becoming delicacy. Some young ladies of undoubted piety, palsy their usefulness by a too great display of dress and personal appearance ; and this, not that they are intentionally proud, but they have been trained thus. The fault and the guilt, in no small degree, belongs to the indulgence and pride of their mothers. Pride is rapid in its growth, and instead of being cultivated, needs to be rooted out of the heart, and left to wither and die. We recommend this subject, as it is treated in the work before us, to mothers most of all, that they may learn the wisest method of educating their daughters, and moderate their maternal fondness. It may be well for all to read this part of the “ Wife for a Missionary” with self-application.

The motives which should prompt to the dedication of one's self to the work of missions are not overlooked. One may become a missionary out of pure selfishness—to gratify a spirit of adventure and novelty. He who would stand on the shores of India, or China, as a herald of the glad-tidings of redeeming love to man, must be inspired with far other motives ; his purposes must be like those of his Savior, he must look beyond self, and sacrifice self to the enterprise of benefiting others. But we must hasten to notice the character of her who is to be the missionary's wife. Her qualifications, as they ought to be, are most admirably exhibited. Here we cannot do justice to the subject. We hope the “ Wife for a Missionary” will be read and studied, as furnishing a most perfect example of a female consecrating herself to the work of missions. To make extracts from our favorite volume would be to but little purpose, for we could not be copious enough to illustrate its merits with any degree of justice. The Missionary's wife must combine glowing, well disciplined piety, with education and an inquiring mind. She must resolve on perils and be prepared to meet them ; fortitude and meek-

ness should harmoniously blend in all her plans and conduct. Her mental cultivation should be "*for a life of real usefulness.*" Her manners should be winning. She should be heroic—for woman can put on the armor of holiness—she can fight as with an angel's strength, for she may wield the sword of the spirit. She should be eminently endowed with the power of eliciting the attention of children, and communicating instruction. She must determine to break away from the embraces of home. Most of all, she should be "eloquent in prayer," and instant at the mercy seat. One thus gifted, with a pure benevolence—a cultivated intellect—an extensive acquaintance with human nature—a fortitude which knows not defeat—a self-denial which is ready to suffer and even to die for the salvation of others—such a female may enter upon the work of foreign missions, in the hope, nay the assurance of leading many souls to Christ. But we are warned to terminate our remarks. We will add but a single sentence. "*The Wife for a Missionary,*" is calculated to do great good—it breathes throughout the spirit of the purest holiness. We recommend it as worthy of the perusal of every follower of Christ. We have offered these remarks hastily—they are of course disconnected, and in some respects may be erroneous.

GEO.

For the Microcosm.

EDWARD FAIRFIELD;

OR, THE INFLUENCE OF SUSPICION.

IN the summer of 1830, Edward Fairfield, on account of ill health, obtained leave of absence for a few weeks, from the University of which he was distinguished member. He proceeded forthwith to the beautiful and romantic village of H—, in New Hampshire, where he found Mr. Thornton his former teacher and old friend, who was now the highly esteemed pastor of a flourishing parish.

Relaxation and change of air, together with the cheerful company of the clergyman and his lovely wife, soon restored his health and spirits.

"I shall reckon this visit among my days of happiest memory," said he to Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, as they were taking their accustomed twilight ramble—"Indeed I very much regret to leave you."

"You will not return at present," said Mr. Thornton. "I think I must start to-morrow," replied Fairfield. "You must not go yet," said Mr. Thornton, "you have not been introduced to all the interesting and beautiful things of"—

"Certainly not," interrupted Mrs. Thornton, "you must stay at least two days longer—for to-morrow evening our sewing society meets, and I have an invitation for you to attend; and the next evening, I intend to invite a small party of select friends at our house. I shall not consent to have you leave, until you have become acquainted with Miss Mayville. Unless I am greatly mistaken you will find in her a rare union of loveliness, intelligence, and simplicity—indeed all you can wish in a lady"—

Mrs. Thornton had struck a cord, which vibrated to his heart. Fairfield had long felt an aching void—an oppressive loneliness of spirit—an unutterable longing to find some kindred spirit, upon whom he could bestow the deep affection of his soul. "I thank you, Mrs. Thornton," replied Fairfield, "your arguments are quite irresistible. Like a true orator, you make your way at once to the heart."

"Yes," said Mr. Thornton, playfully, "she always storms the heart." "Hush, hush, husband!" she replied, "I think when Mr. Fairfield becomes acquainted with Miss Mayville, I shall no longer need arguments to induce him to remain. Perhaps even our village may become such a center of attraction to him, that we shall often be favored with his company."

They had now returned to the parlor, and who should they find there but Thekla Mayville herself. She had called with another lady to consult Mr. Thornton, in reference to the disposal of the funds of their sewing society. I must inform thee, reader, that these industrious and benevolent societies are the meek ornament of almost every New England parish. The ladies meet one afternoon of each week, and ply their needles with great industry, while one of their number reads some useful and interesting book, for the mutual instruction and edification of the company. Gentlemen are frequently invited to attend in the evening, and display their munificence in the purchase of various articles of their handiwork. The avails of their industry are sacredly consecrated to the cause of benevolence and religion.

I need not describe the interest with which Edward Fairfield observed every expression, word, and tone of Miss Mayville. She was not regularly beautiful; yet she had a sweet mildness and honest frankness in her face, which made her a universal favorite, an object of deep interest, if not of admiration. Her voice was mellow and sweet, her eye dark and enthusiastic, and her conversation vivacious, free and intelligent.

"Well, Mr. Fairfield," said Mrs. Thornton as she returned from attending the ladies to the door, "what do you think of Miss Mayville." "She is lovely," exclaimed he. "I think your opinion of her perfectly correct—you said she was a rare union of loveliness, intelligence, and simplicity, and I think so too. Will she be at your society to-morrow?" "I want" said he with emphasis, "to see her again very much." "But," continued he looking out the window, perhaps like yonder twinkling star, she is far beyond my reach."

"And perhaps not," said Mr. Thornton, who sat looking out the window and listening to the conversation—"I am happy to find you so much interested Mr. Fairfield, she is certainly a lady of inestimable worth. I hope you may have other reasons for gratitude to God for directing you here, besides the recovery of your health."

"Thank you, Mr. Thornton," replied Fairfield, "but" continued he, "is it not strange, that a connexion which involves so much of our happiness and usefulness, as that of marriage, should be determined by such apparent hap-hazard circumstances. Marriage is a holy institution; but to me, the ordinary process of selecting and securing the person with whom the holy alliance is to be formed, appears trifling and revolting."

"Very true," answered Mr. Thornton, "every thing in human society is marred by sin. Yet, what we are accustomed to call hap-hazard is really providential. I doubt, however, whether there is any thing more strange, or dependant upon circumstances over which we have no control, in the woo-

ing and winning a fair lady, than in selecting a profession, or a place of residence."

"Suppose," replied Fairfield, "a gentleman deeply interested in a lady—the customs of society are such, that he cannot determine, whether his affections are reciprocated, or whether they are made the object of sport and ridicule."

"No lady who is deserving the name," said Mrs. Thornton, "will trifle with or even expose the avowal of a gentleman's love. But I hope Mr. F." she continued, "you are not one of those, who could deprive a lady of her birthright—the privilege of concealing her own feelings, until a gentleman makes a full declaration of his own. This is our inalienable right—and no gentleman of correct sentiments and true delicacy, would wish a lady to lay open the sanctuary of her heart, until called upon, in the most express terms."

Edward Fairfield acknowledged the justice of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton's remarks ;—yet he was not satisfied. He felt that there were difficulties of no ordinary character, connected with the subject of their conversation. He shrunk instinctively from the thought of wasting his affections, where they would not be reciprocated ;—and the idea of proffering himself body and soul to a lady before he knew she loved him more than any earthly object, he could not endure. Jealousy of his own power to interest Miss Mayville, haunted him like a spectre. The next evening at length arrived and found him at the sewing society seated by Miss Mayville, admiring her handiwork, and exchanging thoughts and sentiments on a variety of subjects. His conversation was lively and fluent, often sparkling with wit and humor ;—his manners graceful and familiar, yet respectful ;—and his person tall and commanding ;—and strange as it may seem, while he was a universal favorite he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of it, and always expressed the greatest distrust of his power to interest others. So marked were his attentions to Miss Mayville during the evening, and so cordially were they received, that some of the more observing ones whispered among themselves that the signs of the times portended a match. A more cautious and wily man, would have been more general in his attentions, and less open in the manifestation of his preference. But Fairfield loathed and despised all hypocrisy and artifice, and was himself, on all occasions, perfectly frank and ingenuous. The evening pleasantly and rapidly passed away, and he found himself arm in arm with Miss Mayville attending her to her home. It was a calm and beautiful evening. The silver moon was just rising over the tops of the trees, and the stars were fading away in her mellow light. The *katy-did* sang merily, and the nightingale's mellifluous song floated on the breeze. Their way led along the banks of a rivulet which seemed to chime with its rumbling bass to the music around.

"Beautiful !" exclaimed Fairfield, pointing to the moon, "and what a sweet and hallowed light falls upon the meadows, the groves and the water. Can any thing be more beautiful ? This is a scene for a poet."

"Delightful," responded Miss Mayville, "the *katy-did*, the nightingale, and the brook seem already to have caught the inspiration."

They became so deeply engaged in conversation on the beauty of the night and scenery, that the company with which they started, had passed on out of sight and left them alone.

"We are left alone," said Thekla, quickening her step.

"True, Miss Mayville, but I can hardly regret their absence. One congenial spirit at such a time as this, quickens and augments our pleasure ;—but more seems to disturb and dissipate the calm and holy feelings which, like magic, possess the soul."

Fairfield proceeded in a strain scarcely less poetical than philosophical, to speak of the instinctive longings of the soul for some kindred spirit with whom it can sympathize, and know that its own feelings find an actual response and echo in the heart of another. "It is," said he, "in the eloquent language of Coleridge, "that willing sense of the unsufficingness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another the supplement and completion of its own ;—that quiet perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momentarily finds, and, finding, again seeks on."

"This is my home," said Thekla, as they approached a neat little cottage glimmering through the trees which half concealed it.

"Our walk has been very short," said Fairfield.

"More than half a mile," replied Thekla. "Time passes rapidly, Mr. Fairfield, when we are discoursing on subjects which deeply interest us."

"Very true," rejoined Fairfield, "and perhaps our interest in the audience before whom we discourse, may have some effect."

After a short conversation at the door, pressing her hand and breathing kind wishes, he bade her good night, and returned to his lodgings. Thekla Mayville had become the magnetic center of all his thoughts, feelings and emotions and he believed her the *only* "supplement and completion of his own being."

To be continued.

For the Microcosm.

EVENING.

THE noise of trade has ceased, and all is still,
 Save where some lated traveler doth stray ;
 And as night gathers o'er him drear and chill,
 Thinks of his home to speed him on the way.
 The light of day is fading from the earth,
 And while home's hallow'd joys their sabbath keep,
 And smiling faces crowd the cheerful hearth,
 I sit unfriended and alone and weep.
 Yet not unfriended am I, or alone ;
 For as night's deep'ning shadows upward steal,
 Concealing human works—till all are gone,
 I seem to lose my hold on man—to feel
 Alone with God—on Him depend
 Who knows no change, no weariness,—no end.

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For the Microcosm.

IMPORTANCE OF PHYSIOLOGY TO FEMALES.

FOR many years the lives of children depend almost exclusively on the care of the mother. Young women therefore ought to be taught how to treat children, both as physical and mental beings. This information would be attended with great advantages, whether they were subsequently married or not. The very study of the structure, functions, and proper treatment of human beings, with the view of exercising kindly affection towards them, would be delightful in itself; and the young students, if they did not become mothers, would, at least, be sisters, aunts or friends, and could never want opportunities for the practice of their knowledge. Information of this description is not neglected by women with impunity. In London, nearly one half, and in the country one fourth of all the children born, die within the first two years. There is no example among the more perfect of the lower animals, of such a vast mortality of their young, where actual violence is withheld; so that woman, with reason and morality and religion, as her gifts, makes a poor figure in her maternal character, contrasted with the inferior creatures acting under the guidance of pure instinct. Much of this mortality arises from imperfect health in the parents themselves, so that the children are born with only a feeble embryo of life; but much is also directly owing to injudicious treatment after birth.

One important branch of female instruction, therefore, ought to be the treatment of children as physical beings. Lectures should be instituted to communicate this information, and the basis of it ought to be anatomy and physiology. The minutiae of these sciences need not be treated of, but all the leading organs and their uses should be explained. It is a great error to suppose that this study is necessarily shocking and indelicate. It is so only in the eyes of ignorance and prejudice. The Creator has taught the inferior creatures to rear their young successfully by instinct; but he has not conferred this guide on the human mother. One of two conclusions, therefore, appears to follow. He has intended either that she should use her faculties of observation and reflection in acquiring all the knowledge requisite for the proper treatment of her offspring, or that she should recklessly allow a large proportion of them to perish. One or other of these conclusions is really inevitable; because, as He has denied her instinct, and as she cannot obtain knowledge to supply its place, without application of her intellect to study the laws of nature, which instinct prompts the lower creatures to

obey without knowing them, the Creator must have intended either that she *should* study these laws, or give up her offspring in vast numbers to destruction. The latter result actually happens to the enormous extent just mentioned ; and if it be the necessary consequence of the Creator's gift of reason, instead of instinct to women, we are silent, and submit to condemnation ; but if it be the natural effect of their not having employed that reason in a proper direction, we say that He has commanded them to study his works. If this conclusion be just, we may rest assured that they may safely, and in perfect consistency with feminine delicacy, study the Creator's designs, his power, and his goodness, in the structure, functions, and adaptations of the human body ; and that they will not find their higher faculties outraged, but exalted and refined, by the knowledge that will thus be revealed. It may be imagined that rules for the preservation of health may be taught without anatomy being studied ; but all such instruction is empirical. The authority of any rule of health is the fact, that Nature is constituted in such and such a manner, and will act in her own way whether attended to or not ; for good if obeyed, and for evil if opposed. This authority is rarely comprehended without instruction concerning the foundation on which it rests. The rule otherwise resides in the memory rather than in the understanding ; and the possessor has no power of modifying her conduct, and adapting it judiciously to new circumstances. She knows the rule only, and is at a loss whenever any exception, or new combination, not included in it, presents itself. The Professor of Scots Law most acutely and judiciously directed his students, when reading about the law of title-deeds, to take the parchments themselves into their hands, and to look at them, assuring them that familiarity with their mere physical appearance would aid the memory and judgment in becoming acquainted with the doctrines relative to their effects. Philosophy and experience equally confirm the soundness of this observation ; and it applies, in an especial manner, to rules relative to health. When a good dissection of the heart and lungs have been exhibited to a young woman, she understands much better, feels more deeply, and remembers much longer and more clearly, the dangerous consequences of exposing the throat and breast to a stream of cold air, or to a sudden change of temperature, than when she has only heard or read precepts to avoid these and similar practical errors. In the former case caution is reinforced by the dictates of the intellect ; whereas, in the latter, the feelings alone are left to direct the conduct.

E. P. J.

"I am an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurd, "but I had once my dancing days, as you have now ; yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, where I could observe her behavior unobserved, at the table, at the fireside, and in all the trying circumstances of life. We are all good when we are pleased ; but she is the good woman who wants no fiddle to sweeten her."

For the Microscop.

TO EDGAR.

UNCLOSE thy tender lid,
That never yet has opened on the morn,
Fain would I see how bright an orb is hid
Beneath its fold, my son, my second-born.

Now, like the violet
Peering from under some o'ershadowing leaf,
Thine eye looks out, glossy and soft and wet,
And blue as that; be not its date as brief.

We bid thee welcome here!
Thou hast commenced the game of life to-day;
This is the morning twilight of thy year,
The evening twilight ushers in decay.

Warm hearts surround thee now,
A mother's arms bear up thy infant frame,
A mother's lips are pressed upon thy brow,
A mother's voice hath just pronounced thy name.

In future time should she
Be left to close her pilgrimage alone,
Be thou to her (what she beseems to thee,)
Like a protecting wing about her thrown.

Thou wilt grow strong in life,
Thy head be lifted up, thy step be proud;
And thou wilt mingle in our toil and strife,
And work thy way among the clamorous crowd.

Sorrow and joy will meet
By turns, thy footsteps in this checkered wild;
Yet wheresoever God direct thy feet,
His blessing on thy head my much-loved child!

J. H. B.

For the Microscop.

EDWARD FAIRFIELD;

OR, THE INFLUENCE OF SUSPICION.

[Continued from page 128.]

THEKLA MAYVILLE was now eighteen years old. She had seen but little of the world, and mingled only in the plain yet intelligent society of her native village. At an early age, upon the death of her mother, she was placed under the direction and supervision of a maiden aunt, who watched over her with scrupulous and ever wakeful attention. Her aunt is one of those women whose character I could never understand, and of whom I always had an instinctive horror. She is a compound of suspicion, self-conceit, cunning

and prudery; and yet strictly conscientious and devoutly religious, if we may take her professions for evidence. Suspicion however is her most prominent characteristic. Serpent-like, it seems coiled in her mind, ever hissing and ever ready to throw out its venom; but no where does it fasten its poisonous tooth with more tenacity, than upon those gentlemen who pay their polite devoirs to the ladies. She may almost be called a man-hater. Yet she is loud in her professions of the love of benevolence, if not of complacency, towards the gentlemen, and as watchful of their movements as if she was their guardian and censor.

I shall not attempt to account for this *suspicious* tendency of her mind. I will, however, briefly state a single fact which may throw some light upon this subject. The fact is well authenticated, and very generally known among her acquaintance. When she was about nineteen years old, her affections were sought, and apparently won, by a gentleman of worth and rank. He proffered himself to her in the sacred bonds of marriage; but before preliminaries could be settled, she manifested in various ways such distrust and suspicion of the sincerity of his professions, that he was chilled and repelled forever from her society. I am strongly tempted to stop awhile and philosophize upon this fact; but sagacious reader, I leave it for thee—thou wilt see that as one poet hath it,

"Nought but love
Can answer love."

And as another, speaking of friendship, but it applies with equal truth to love which is only a modification, or perhaps the perfection of friendship,

"Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy."

Thekla's aunt not only carefully superintended her education, but sedulously watched the very beating of her heart, and warned her almost daily to be upon her guard against the wiles and artifices of the gentlemen, as she slanderously called their polite attentions. Thekla was too honest and unpracticed in dissimulation herself, to believe others guilty of duplicity. All the protracted lectures of her aunt had very little practical effect upon her. She supposed indeed, that what her aunt said must be true, and received it upon her authority; but like many others who listen to lectures and sermons, her heart was little affected by what she heard.

During her conversation with Mr. Fairfield, which we have related, this trait in her character was perfectly obvious. Without a single thought about her aunt's cautions and warnings, she exchanged thoughts and feelings and sympathies with all the artless simplicity of her nature. She did not see her aunt after her return from the society, until the next morning at the breakfast table. After the usual salutations, she made inquiries relative to the proceedings of the society, and among other questions asked if there were any strangers present in the evening. As Thekla mentioned the name of Mr. Fairfield, her aunt observed with alarm, a blush flit across her cheek. She also noticed that she ate but little breakfast, and appeared unusually sedate and absorbed in some new object of thought.

After breakfast, she requested Thekla to go to her chamber, and promised to meet her there in a few minutes. Thekla repaired to her chamber,

and seating herself by the window which looked out upon the garden, awaited her aunt. Her eye rested on the flowers in the parterre, but her thoughts were on Edward Fairfield. The tones of his deep, mellow voice, still sounded in her ears, and the beauty and justness of his sentiments filled her with admiration of his character.

"What," inquired her aunt, as she entered the room and observed her thoughtful posture, "occupies your thoughts so intensely this morning, Thekla?"

"I was looking, aunt, at yonder cluster of roses—see how beautifully they are studded with dewy gems."

"To me," replied her aunt, "they appear bathed in tears of sorrow."

"Really, aunt, I did not know that you could be so poetical; but you must belong to the mystical school, for I cannot understand your meaning."

"No evasion, Thekla," said her aunt, contracting her brow and assuming a very solemn tone—"no evasion."

"You alarm me," exclaimed Thekla, the tears gathering in her eye and hastening over her pale cheek.

"I wish to produce a salutary alarm," said her aunt, "for I perceive you are in danger. Your mind has undergone some strange change since yesterday. Tell me Thekla," she continued, softening the tones of her voice, "with your accustomed frankness, what unwonted thoughts and feelings have taken possession of your mind? You cannot doubt the purity of my motives in making this request."

"My feelings," replied Thekla, "are so new and undefined, that I could not describe them if I wished."

"Did Mr. Fairfield accompany you home last night?" asked her aunt.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Thekla, "and I wish aunt, you were acquainted with him. He is the most noble and ingenuous man I have ever met."

"I do not know Mr. Fairfield," replied her aunt, "but I know his sex, and none of them, I assure you Thekla, are trust-worthy. This may look like rash judgment, but it is the result of my experience and observation. Thekla, if you had seen one half of the duplicity and trickery practiced by the men, which I have, I should have no fear of your becoming a dupe to their stratagems. But you are young, and have seen but little of the world, and know not the dangers that surround you. You think Fairfield noble and ingenuous; but beware of his apparent honor and frankness and honeyed words; they are put on merely for effect, and I doubt not at this moment he is chuckling himself with the idea of winning your affections, merely to flatter his pride and display his power over a pretty girl's heart."

"Well aunt," said Thekla, "you have destroyed all my confidence in the gentlemen."

"You can have," replied her aunt, "but very inadequate ideas of the trickery and finesse to which they resort."

"Is it possible," inquired Thekla, "that all Mr. Fairfield's apparent interest and generous sentiments were nothing but hollow pretences and heartless flummery?"

"I have no doubt of it," rejoined her aunt, "and I hope if you see him again you will treat him with great reserve and coldness."

I will not detain thee longer, reader, with the unjust and ungenerous remarks of Thekla's aunt. Suffice it to say, that she succeeded in poisoning

the mind of Thekla Mayville with the most unjust suspicions against Edward Fairfield. When Thekla was left alone, she revolved in her mind, again and again, the strange events of the last twenty-four hours. She had ever been accustomed to regard her aunt as an oracle of truth and wisdom. The conflict between the feelings of her heart, and the convictions which the conversation of her aunt had produced in her mind, was long and violent. To crush those feelings which she had indulged towards Edward Fairfield seemed like sacrilege, and harbor them she dare not.

But to return to Fairfield. He congratulated himself that he had at length found a spirit kindred to his own—a lady of sweet simplicity artlessness and sincerity. He despised that artificial state of society which he found in the ranks of fashion, and the mannerism and heartlessness which characterized the young ladies of his acquaintance. He believed Thekla Mayville artless and frank; a girl of genuine enthusiasm, of real soul and sentiment; one who could love without doing it by the rule of three or vulgar fractions, and who could appreciate and return a love deep, tender and enthusiastic as that which he longed to bestow upon some worthy object. She seemed indeed

"The boon prefigured in his earliest wish,
The fair fulfillment of his poesy,
When his young heart first longed for sympathy."

The party of select friends which Mrs. Thornton had invited on Mr. Fairfield's account, met at an early hour the next evening, and among them was Miss Mayville. As she entered the room Fairfield rose and bowed very courteously, but she returned his salutation so coldly and formally, so differently from what he expected, that a deep sense of disappointment seemed for a moment depicted in his countenance. But it is now, said he to himself, no time for sad feelings, and by a violent effort of mind he lashed himself into conversation with a gentleman who sat near him. During the evening he had a little conversation with Miss Mayville, in which she appeared cold and reserved. He framed various excuses for her conduct towards him, and fondly fancied that when they were free from the gaze of curious eyes, she would appear in her natural character. When the party broke up, Fairfield offered to attend her home, to which she hesitatingly assented. She took his arm with a cautious and scarcely perceptible touch, far different from that cordial and confiding manner which she had manifested the evening before. Fairfield introduced several subjects of conversation, but she showed a studied indifference to every thing he said. He spoke of the interest which his conversation with her the preceding evening, had awakened in his mind, and attempted to draw forth some remarks from her. But what she said was cold and repulsive. She seemed the very opposite of what he expected to find her. How to account for this change he could not divine. At one time he resolved to ask for an explanation, but his acquaintance was too short to warrant such a measure, and he determined to bear his disappointment in silence. As the thought flashed upon his mind, that perhaps he should never see Miss Mayville again, an agony of feeling rushed upon him, which he in vain strove to repress, and he resolved to lay open his whole heart. "Miss Mayville," said he, in a tremulous voice, "we have now almost reached the place where I must take my leave of you. I expect to leave your village to-morrow, and I cannot do it until I have made

a full declaration of my feelings towards you. Our acquaintance has been brief; yet it has wrought a great change in me. I am no longer the being I was before I saw you. This confession is humiliating to me, for I clearly see from your conduct that my love is not reciprocated. If you can give me one ray of hope that I may ever win you, speak."

Miss Mayville's feelings, notwithstanding her apparent indifference, were almost irrepressible, and she was upon the point of giving vent to them; but the warning of her aunt came like the voice of an oracle upon her ear, and by a desperate struggle she restrained them, and with as much indifference as possible, replied, "I suppose, Mr. Fairfield, all this is a mere farce, to try your power over my heart: I hope I have sense enough not to be duped by your trickery."

"You do me great injustice," said Fairfield, "by supposing me capable of dissimulation or trickery. I aver most seriously and solemnly, Miss Mayville, that I have made a frank and honest disclosure of the real sentiments of my heart."

"I am told," said Miss Mayville, "that loud professions of honor and sincerity, are very trite affairs among gentlemen."

They had now arrived at the door of Miss Mayville's dwelling, and as the lateness of the hour forbade further conversation, they bade each other a formal farewell.

Patient reader my story is most done. Thekla Mayville, by indulging the suspicions whispered or rather thundered in her ears by her aunt, gave them strength and permanency till they became a part of her own mind. The false construction put upon the conduct of Fairfield, and the continued struggle of months and years to suppress every generous sentiment towards him, have changed her into the very image and superscription of her aunt. Her lovely frankness and sweet simplicity are gone. Suspicion, dark, gloomy, detestable suspicion, has left its withering curse upon her and made her a monument of its blighting power.

Edward Fairfield, left the village of H——, in moody silence, and returned to the University. The conduct of Miss Mayville had changed his views of her character and the sex. I will not describe the alternations of feeling through which he passed before he became confirmed in his suspicions that deception and artifice are universal characteristics of woman-kind. He has become a rabid satirist of the sex, and devotes the powers of his fine mind, when disengaged from professional pursuits, to the detection and exposition of their wiles and tricks, as he bitterly and sneeringly calls woman's sweetest smiles and kindest sympathies. He has thrown himself without the pale of social sympathy, and delights to scandalize and ridicule the fairest work of God, man's choicest boon, and jeers at

"Domestic happiness, the only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall."

Reader, my story is finished. Do you say the events are too hurried and rapid to be natural. Be it so—I will not contend with thee. Yet it describes nothing but what I have gathered from real life by personal observation. But I wrote it for the sake of the instruction and moral which it contains.

Suffer then for a moment the word of exhortation. Art thou a young lady

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again and again, the strange events
ever been accustomed to regard h
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thy own heart, and
eye. It is the very way to se-
It is the very way to se-
and at length to crown thee
Art thou a young man, I
demonstrate by thy conduct,
are a libel on our sex and with-
thy reward.

of the same school with Edward Fair-
You art indeed in a sad dilemma. But
renounce thy suspicious temper—and
Tears of repentance may again restore
and perhaps to the bosom of female affec-

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For the Microcosm:

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CHILDHOOD’S SCENE.

Remember ye grassy mounds and moss-grown rocks,
The haunts of boyhood’s pastime, and the joy
Of juvenile thoughts when long and far away.
Oh, ye are unchanged all ! and here, in days
Which now are garnered with departed years,
I oft have sat, and drank the music in
Of musical streams and whispering winds, and felt
Within vibrating chords which echoed back
The harmony : I loved to trace the stream
Meandering thro’ the thymy vale, or mark
The line of distant hills retreating still
And still more dimly seen, until it seemed
The bending skies recumbent on them lay :
I loved to watch the mountain clouds pile up
Their pyramidal forms, and longed to soar
Away, that I might climb those mounds so pure,
And on their sunny sides reclined, with them
Ride round the world. Here sitting I have watched
The thunder-cloud rise from the west and spread
Its sable mantle o’er the sky—Oh ! it
Was ecstasy to mark the burning lines
The crinkling lightning wrote upon the clouds,
And hear its mighty voice that filled the vault
Of heaven : And the calm sunset too—I loved
To see the crimson sky flushed with the beams
The setting sun poured forth, just sinking ‘neath
The glowing hills ; and then to watch the line
Of shade and darkness, as it in the east
Arose, and ushered in the pageantry
Of stars :—I deemed that just behind them stretched
The plains of heaven, where eyes unseen looked down
On mortal men, to watch their paths and guard
From harm.

stream and vale and mountain top
the clouds still roll across the sky,
as look out at evening—yet the power
all the mind is gone ; 'tis only now
intervals they flash across the soul
The full and perfect vision of the past,
And sweep the chords of sweet yet mournful feeling.
Yet they are still the same—it is the mind
Has changed : it cannot now, free as the wind,
Unloose itself and move at every impulse ;
Strong lines round it are drawn, and channels deep
Of feeling and of thought are worn ; nor can
It deem this childhood scene is all the world.
The mind once taught to take within its grasp
The world, with all its thousand hills and vales
And all the varied forms of teeming life—
Or taught to span the heavens, and by the strength
Of thought expansive to combine in one
Harmonious whole, the vast infinity
Of worlds and complicated systems, that
Are rolling on in harmony, and to
The mind bringing the numbers full and sweet
Of heavenly music—so accustomed,
The mind cannot look on a childhood scene
As once it looked,—tho' in it is a strange
Mysterious power to wake emotions deep
And full of sacredness.

There steals oft-times
From out the mausoleumed past a voice
Of living power. It calls again to life
The faded visions of departed years,
Investing with a holy light each point
Of radiant bliss ; and we in fondness wish
To live again, as once we lived, amid
Those scenes, fondly imagining that we
Should feel all the awakenings again
Of former joy—forgetful that the soul
Has changed. 'Tis not in childhood, nor
In scenes of former joy, to bring the bliss
They once bestowed. Each day—each passing hour—
The thousand incidents of life—all leave
Upon the soul their traces deeply drawn.
Its stronger ken demands a wider view,
And objects large and more commensurate
Are needed for its larger powers. The scene
Is fitted to the soul : before it opes
Immeasurable fields, endless as time
And wide as God's creation—onward still
They stretch and sweep thro' all the untold rounds
And cycles of eternity. Backward
At times, amid its course, the mind delights
To look, and listen to the sounds that come
With all the mellowed sweetness of the past,
And view again the scenes of its young hopes
And early joys.

LESSON.

For the Microcosm.

THE INFLUENCE OF FICTION UPON THE MORAL FEELINGS
AND DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

It was evidently the design of his Maker, that man be governed by reason. Every trace of the Divinity that may yet be seen in his fallen mind, clearly shows that he was created for a noble end—that the purpose of his being is to fill the cup of existence with happiness, to shed a healing and cheering influence around him, and to prepare his immortal nature for the future state to which it is destined. But this truly benevolent design of our Creator can only be accomplished by viewing things soberly and rationally. Fiction, is a miserable agent to be employed in bringing the mind into a proper frame, preparing it to feast upon the real and substantial enjoyments of this life, and to be cheered by the anticipations of that into which we are yet to be born. If a fondness for it be contracted, and that fondness be indulged, it mars the symmetry of the mental and moral frames, and destroys the beautiful proportion which nature has made in the affections; to preserve and adorn which, should be one of the leading objects of life. Why then should we spend our energies in the pursuit of shadows, and exhaust our powers in dwelling upon the sickly and often corrupting productions of imagination? Is it wise for us to pursue objects which can exist only in the world which imagination creates, while we live amid scenes which require the most calm contemplation and sober thought? The human constitution is such that we are inclined by *nature* to fall into reverie, and trains of thought full of the unreal and wonderful; and if this natural fondness for fiction which is implanted in the human mind, be fostered by continually tracing the steps of imagination in her airy flights, the mind will most certainly become wild, be thrown from its balance, and made to exist forever in a state of unhappy deformity. How mournful the spectacle, when what is exalted in its nature and capacities, is ruined and lost! We must beware how we trample upon mind. As it is the most noble and divine of all created things, when shielded from all that would corrupt, so when it *does* go to ruin by the corroding influences which are suffered to reach it, its wreck is most vile and loathsome! There can, we think, be no doubt of the baneful influence of fiction upon the moral feelings. When did folly and impurity of thought, feeling, and language, prevail to a more lamentable extent, than during the age in which fiction may be said to have had its origin? Then it was noble to be vicious, and to give loose reins to the most groveling and malignant passions of the human heart. The taste of that era has been perpetuated, and has fixed a stain upon the soul which, it is feared, will not soon be removed. It will descend from sire to son, and from the generation now upon the stage to that which is yet to come from the land of silence; corrupting the source of every moral, social, and reciprocal feeling, until the days of primeval purity shall return, and moral beauty and excellence shall be esteemed as they ought. Lest, however, our real sentiments upon this subject should be misapprehended, it becomes us to state, that we would by no means include *all* fiction in these objections; for we believe some adapted to purify, rather than corrupt the heart; and to elevate the affections, rather than bind them more closely to the folly and impurity with which our world is filled. We would be slow to condemn the perusal of such fiction as that of Goldsmith,

Pollok, some of Scott's, and some of Miss Edgeworth's. But we are compelled by a sense of duty arising from unhappy experience, to speak against fiction in the mass ; and we would gladly send it to gratify the evil spirits which gave it birth, and feed the evil passions which nursed and reared it.

We now come to the main, important, and practical subject of this communication, namely, the influence of fiction upon domestic happiness. It was deemed necessary to consider its influence upon the moral feelings, as preliminary to this ; for we believe that the happiness or unhappiness of the domestic state, depends very materially, if not altogether, upon the good or bad state of the moral feelings. If these be rendered incapable of performing their office, if the taste be vitiated and the finer sensibilities of our nature made feverish and irregular, how can we rationally expect happiness in the scenes of home, where the healthiest state and liveliest exercise of all these are daily required ? A lady of refined and pious sentiments could not easily bring upon herself a heavier calamity, than to yoke herself with one whose moral system had been palsied by imbibing the pestiferous influence of every piece of nonsense, to which passion or an ill managed and corrupt imagination can give birth, and send forth upon the world. And we hope we shall be pardoned for saying, that a gentleman possessed of the good feelings of our nature, might as well take to his bosom a viper, whose venom should send coldness and death through his frame, as one whose heart, originally warm and kind, the temple of the social virtues, had become the seat of disquietude and disaffection ; whose nerves had become incurably affected at the novelty and peril of her situation, while borne in the fairy's car to the aerial abode of their enchantments, and whose thoughts were perpetually wandering from the realities of her home, to more inviting scenes of their own creation.

This is strong language, and we trust that, upon a subject of such vital importance to the interests of home, plainness will be allowed. It is confidently believed too, that this language will not be construed into any disrespect for the sex to whom reference is made. Surely we should be reluctant to admit, that any one cherished a higher regard, and a more profound respect for them than ourself. We believe we are dealing with sacred truth, and crave the privilege of speaking freely. We speak of the influence of fiction upon *ladies* more particularly, because we feel a peculiar solicitude for that class, with one of whom Providence may perhaps yet grant us the boon of drinking our sweetest cup of happiness ; and because we believe the evil to have grown to a more gigantic stature in them than in our sex. Indeed, we think ladies are *much* more frequently disqualified by it for the domestic state than gentlemen ; and therefore, we ask them to be very particular, and even fastidious in their selection of fiction, lest they prepare to mingle bitter ingredients in the "golden bowl," of a lover's affection ;—disappointing of their fondly anticipated conjugal bliss, those whom they are so admirably capacitated, and divinely constituted to bless and cheer, amid the disappointments we experience and the gloomy scenes we witness, in our pilgrimage to the "upper and better world."

We have seen those who appeared perfectly capable of answering their high destiny, and of consoling and softening the heart of man in the scenes of domestic life, voluntarily sacrificing upon the altar of fiction's God, all those ornaments, accomplishments, and pure sentiments which make woman the object alike of the love and admiration of man ! We have seen them

soured by constant communion with ideal characters, and by indulgence in those habits of reverie which it leads them to form ! We have seen the empire in which their imagination holds its rule, peopled with fairies and lovers, and spread with the banquets of gaiety and mirth ! We have seen them descend again to the earth after such a season of communion with fancy, disgusted with the realities of life, unhappy in the affections of their devoted friend or cherishing companion, prepared only to scatter misery and discord over the pathway of life, and to sunder every tie which binds heart to heart and unites fate with fate in the society of home ! We have seen their gentle and amiable disposition rendered uneven and fretful, and their taste so depraved that nothing was esteemed more becoming than witticisms, puns, and flirtation ! We have seen the smiles and glow of their countenance extinguished, and all their finer feelings so disorganized as to vary with the caprice of every hour ! We have seen all that is amiable and lovely and elevated in their character gradually diminishing, until they were fit only to indulge in dreams of romance, and to act for a little time in the drama of life, as unloved and unwooded dames,—or the companions of the sycophantic buffoon, or the rich and elegant voluptuary,—and then fading and falling to decay, with none to drop the tear of friendship's sympathy over their unnoticed grave, and none to recall scenes of delight which affection had linked with memory ! The coloring of this picture is not, we think, too deep. Indeed the habitual course of our reading and studies *must* by the laws of nature and necessity, form our minds and taste, and give being to such as are to be our ruling passions. And we believe that the native loveliness, and benevolence, and capacities to administer happiness of the female mind, are withered and destroyed,

“ When fancy takes the helm,
And passion is the gale.”

L.

COURTSHIP.

To the Editor of the Microcosm :

I VENTURE to place a thrilling word at the head of this communication. But venturesome as it may appear, my encouragement will be found in your own hazardous observations. I allude to things recorded in No. I. of the “ Little World,” under the head, “ To young Wives.” There, among other sensible remarks, (which I would remind young wives may be read with benefit, quite into the more advanced seasons of the two-fold state) the Editorial pen is authority for the following bold and just statements. “ Their, (young ladies’) habits are not formed with reference to this end, (marriage;) this object is never held up to view ; except perhaps occasionally, by a trifling, jocose allusion.” “ If mothers ever speak with their daughters on the subject of a married life, it is usually as a doom that awaits them, rather than as a sphere which they are destined to fill with honor to themselves, if rightly prepared to enter it.”

In such company I will run the hazard of asking, in as cool a spirit of

calculation as any of your unmarried readers may imagine me to possess, cannot some suggestions be made for the benefit of parties in the season of courtship ; parties especially, *on the eve of those halcyon days*?

Now, if this appear like invoking a snow storm on the flowers of summer, to be asking such a question on such a subject, I appeal to the last word but one, in the interrogation, that I mean no such rudeness or rigidity as that. There is nothing more true, than that certain chords in the human heart will ever be as peculiar in their affections as the strings of the æolian. These indeed are the two harps of nature. You hang the one on the bough or adjust it in the lattice, but you must wait for the breeze that will sweep its strings into their own melody ; that breeze will not come always ; it has its own time—its own power. And what it does, when it comes at its pleasure, is something for those strings only—that wild tenderness of confused harmony. Those chords also, that his Maker attuned in man's heart, when he said, "It is not good for man to be alone," are equally capricious ; they are not eloquent at every impulse ; their music cannot be written. This harp too must hang on the bough ; this will wait for the very breath that can awake it ; it will be silent, unless it may revel in its own notes of romantic tenderness, with which a stranger intermeddleth not.

I say these things, as one that knows better than to be a cynic on a subject like the present. It is not to be doubted, true love *must* run the rugged course of nature. Taste and fancy must be consulted and must decide authoritatively ; and I would go so far as to say, that all is wrong, where that romantic ingredient has not entered into the choice of man or woman.

Here then my inquiry in regard to the regulation of courtships may take perhaps a more appropriate form. *May we not discipline this imperious taste or fancy ?*

Let a conversation which actually took place and which is a specimen of what is often thrown out in regard to this subject, serve to introduce the few practical suggestions that I would make. A young lady of my acquaintance was remarking to another, the latter, in the enjoyment of those thrilling preliminaries to a married life, which are classed under the style of "she is engaged," was considered in the opinion and manner of the gossiping, both the subject and object, of "true love." Her lover was no mercenary, no stoic ; she, it was understood, as well as himself, was ready to live and die, any where and any how, between the poles, at least ; only be it with the object of affection. Said her female friend to her, "It does me good M——, to see you and L—— together : it is all love with you and him ; but there is S—— and G——, why I suppose they love each other—but it always seemed to me so stiff—a sort of esteem—but it is all the same to them I suppose." "O, yes, it does amuse me so," replied the other, in a burst of glee and sarcasm, "I cannot help thinking always, 'ignorance is bliss.'"

Such a conversation is a specimen. It shows what needs to be corrected ; and corrected too among those who have wise opinions and conscientious feelings in other matters. These young ladies were professors of faith in Jesus, and did not dream of being at fault on this point. They only showed themselves partakers in public sentiment, in regard to one of those unfortunate points in morals and religion, which the best of people so strangely and so entirely neglect.

By these remarks I intend to expose an error which seems to me to be widely prevalent. The error, viz. that if a romantic devotion of attachment

can be secured, all *unison* in habits of thinking or principles of action may be disregarded altogether.

Let us follow up this error by remarking farther on the above conversation. That conversation was very superficial ; it undertook to compare two cases of attachment very inconsiderately.

In regard to the first case, the verdict was, "a true love affair ;" for the simple reason, that there was a very open manifestation of strong attachment. It *happened* to be a true verdict ; but it might easily have proved otherwise. For the true love so glaringly manifested may turn out, and not rarely, to be an affection for that very pretty shadow of nothing, the romantic idea of

" Being another's all—
And sole possessor of another."

There might have been just the hollowness of being enamoured of the charming notion, simply, when that notion should be only the attractive dross of more substantial objects of affection.

Here then is the place for a remark of general application. To what an extent are attachments created by the mere impulse of the enchanting idea "I am yours and you are mine, for ever ;" assisted perhaps by some pleasing qualities of person, or disposition, or deportment, with a savor of something *peculiar* in the circumstances that *first* brought the parties in contact. Such little matters, I have already confessed, contribute largely to the efficacy of that touch, which can awaken the appropriate melody of the "inward harp ;" but they cannot give enduring vigor to that touch, so that again and again it shall sweep those chords into harmony, when the freshness of novelty has departed. The truth is, it should be an axiom in all proper views of this subject, that this harp is in every heart, by nature ; and ever ready to be awakened, unless unstrung by some base passion ; and that these little matters are as ready to strike it amidst the smiles and words and circumstances of daily life, as the sprightly breezes the strings that you have hidden among the thick leaves of summer. There is *naturally* enough, in man and woman both, to secure devotion of the real romantic hue, so far as the witchery of the idea of being in love, and the witchery of some personal circumstances is concerned. Thus do we come at the foundation of the error before mentioned. It is *not* generally assumed, as it should be, that to fall in love, and to love to be loved, is human nature. So that the unnecessary lamentation is, "How rare is true love," and the unenlightened caution is almost given,—Daughters, beware of the love that hesitates enough to esteem you.

Now I am one of those who believe that there was more in the second case above noticed, than those young ladies allowed. I believe that the great question is not, How shall the flame be kindled ? but, How shall it be cherished and brightened ? For the first there is warrant enough in human nature, for the latter we must depend on education. And is there education on this point ? Do parents aim at creating enlightened consciences in children in regard to the formation of these peculiar attachments ? Are our youth coming into life with those thorough views of this matter, that will guard them against forming such connexions, as will mar their happiness and usefulness in the marriage relation for life. But does not this relation involve sufficiently the temporal and spiritual happiness of society ; to show

parents that they are not awake to one of their chief responsibilities—that of educating their families with direct reference to the marriage state.

Let me then make one suggestion. Before married life can become generally the choicest state in society, the great and first enquiry of every youthful mind must be, *what shall I love and for what shall I be loved?* Not, how shall I *truly* love and how shall I *truly* be loved? Mothers especially, must come to the point of forming such views and creating such a conscientiousness in the minds of their daughters, that a *fitness* for married life on their own part, and a fitness in those to whom they will give their hearts, shall direct the very taste and fancy in choosing; shall enter into the very romance of these attachments. There is such a thing, we doubt not, yet to be realized.

Let me then add to this crude suggestion of my own, the finished wisdom of the last chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon. I would point to that beautiful description, as affording the standard of conscientiousness which every mother should make *part and parcel* of every daughter's habit of mind. Let the romance of becoming such a wife sweep the chords of youthful susceptibility to their most exquisite, freest notes; they will be "true" notes, and ever deepening—they will be genuine vibrations, and not limited to these fading scenes.

PHILO—"NEMO."

For the Microcosm.

THE SERENADE.

DEFER thy sleep, my maiden fair,
Awhile defer thy evening prayer;
And as we tune each string to play,
Oh, listen to our humble lay!

The moon has left her gorgeous throne
Of silver'd clouds, and proud and lone,
Moves with a slow platonic tread,
In queenly beauty o'er our head.

In her chaste light the hills are seen;
And in soft contrast with their green,
Lies long and deep the forest shade,
Where winds the streamlet to the glade.

The birds are silent—but the breeze
Plays in soft whispers through the trees;
Kisses each fragrant bud and brings
Its richest odors on his wings.

Scarce ruffled is the lake that lies
A mirror to the glowing skies;
Forest and mountain, rock and dell,
Lie bound in midnight's magic spell.

No evil thoughts shall dare intrude
On this all-hallowed solitude;
The hour for music and love was made—
We blend them both in the serenade.

Extract from a Letter.

No harsh note thy ear shall pain,
 Breaking thy fancy's golden chain ;
 Gentle and soft the tunes we play,
 On zephyr's wings they are borne away.

Sleep on, maiden ! may thy rest
 Be with fairy visions blest ;
 And when life's gilded dreams shall fade,
 Remember still the serenade.

The moon has set, the winds arise,
 And dark'ning clouds obscure the skies ;—
 The spirit of music has taken her flight—
 Maiden, good night,—good night—GOOD NIGHT ! W.

For the Microcosm.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

THE following extracts from the private correspondence, when in England, of a late gifted writer may not be inappropriate to the *Microcosm*. While, of the genius and patriotism of the author, America may ever be proud, by his vices she must ever feel disgraced. They serve to show that not only felicity of expression, but delicacy of feeling and correctness of sentiment, are not incompatible with conduct the most gross, and principles the most abominable.—*Com.*

"I very affectionately congratulate Mr. and Mrs. F——, on their happy marriage, and every branch of the families allied by that connexion ; and I request my fair correspondent to present me to her partner, and to say for me that "he has obtained one of the highest prizes in the wheel."

Most sincerely do I wish you all the good that Heaven can bless you with ; and, as you have in your family an example of domestic happiness, you are already in the knowledge of obtaining it. That no condition we can enjoy is an exemption from care, that some shade will mingle itself with the brightest sunshine of life, that our affections may become instruments of our sorrows, that the sweet felicities of home depend on good temper, as well as on good sense, and that there is always something to forgive in the nearest and dearest of our friends, are truths, which, though too obvious to be told, ought never to be forgotten ; and I know you will not esteem my friendship the less for impressing them upon you.

Though I appear a sort of wanderer, the married state has not a sincerer friend than I am. It is the harbor of human life, and is, with respect to things of this world, what the next world is to this—it is HOME, and that one word conveys more than any other word can express. For a few years we may glide along the tide of youthful, single life. But it is a tide that flows but once ; and, what is still worse it ebbs faster than it flows, and leaves many a hapless voyager aground. I am one, you see, that has experienced the fate I am describing. I have lost my tide ; it passed by, while every thought of my heart was on the wing for the salvation of my dear America ; and I have now, as contentedly as I can, made myself a little bower of willows, on the shore that has the solitary resemblance of home.

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For the Microcosm.

THE DEMON'S TRIUMPH.

A FRAGMENT.

THE streets of the city were deserted ; the Angel of Night alone looked down upon its noiseless repose. A driving storm of snow and sleet beat upon high walls and unsheltered windows with that peculiar sound so powerful in producing associations of gloom and dreariness. By the way-side in a narrow and desolate street, lay the wreck of a human being ; one created in the image of God, but now degraded and lost, and bearing instead the impress of a demon. At his side, and low bending over him, stood the evil spirit who had been for years his tempter to sin, and who now rejoiced in anticipation of a final triumph over his victim. With wild exultation he exclaimed, "The work of years is finished ! A star of the first magnitude he was in truth ; but Lucifer, son of the morning, fell—and he too has fallen. What an angel he would have been !" said he musingly ; "he would even have added lustre to that white-robed host, whose brightness I hate. But he will never join them now—aha ! aha ! Well do I remember when I first gave him the bright wine-cup, and bade him drink and be merry. I told him it would brighten his eye, animate his countenance, give vivacity to his wit and inspiration to his genius ; and he believed me ; not seeing, poor fool, that I was drawing him within the outer circle of that whirlpool, in whose vortex he must inevitably sink. I drew him into one circling eddy after another—fast, and yet faster, until no power in earth or heaven could save him. His old father bade him beware, and then I had well nigh lost him ; his sister prayed for him ; could she hope that prayer would save *my* chosen victim ? His Mary too—"his Mary," as he called her so fondly and proudly—I could have killed her for interfering with her tears and her entreaties—but it was too much like encountering one of those pure angels whose very glance I dread, and I *dared* not harm her. How I triumphed in that hour when her influence was over,—when I guided the trembling hand of my victim as he wrote,—"*Mary, my Mary* no longer, forgot—cease even to pray for, the wretched, *doomed* Edward." I watched her from that time fading away like a snow-wreath, till she went to heaven, and became an angel indeed ;—and then the consciousness of his own dark, dreadful, unchangeable destiny came over him like a sea, and he groaned in wretchedness unutterable. "There is no change for *me*," said he ; "I weary myself with looking forward to ages

yet to come, and with tasking this intellect, angel-like though it be in its capacity, to conceive of an *eternity*. I see no end; my thoughts unsatisfied, return upon themselves, and oh! *must this be forever?*"

The Angel of Death passed by upon the night-wind. He had just borne from a circle of weeping friends, their heart's idol,—and though he grieved at their sorrow, yet the smile of a ministering angel was upon his countenance as he conducted the freed spirit to the pearly gates of the city of God; and his heart glowed with the joy of a seraph as he paused upon the wing to listen to her joyous welcome, and to hear the first sweet breathings from her golden harp. Returning to earth, he paused to execute another sad commission; and though his tears fell fast as he fulfilled it, they served but to send another and another chill to the heart of the poor sleeper. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken; the pitcher was broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern. The demon again stood alone by his victim, and while he wove for him a winding-sheet of the drifted snow, his wild laugh of exultation rose again as he exclaimed, "The work of years is finished!—he is mine, and mine forever;—henceforth he shall drink to the full that fiery cup of despair, whose symbol I have so often presented to his lips. Brother of my soul!" said he, "shall I conduct you to our dwelling-place, and teach you how *we* live?" And again as he departed I heard his exclamation, "Aha! aha!" in tones of such unearthly horror as I pray I may never hear again even in visions of the night. A. D. A.

For the Microcosm:

THE FILIAL OFFERING.

ON SEEING A LITTLE GIRL ENGAGED IN PLANTING WILD FLOWERS AT
THE GRAVE OF HER MOTHER.

O, IF it be true that the simplest deed
Of a guileless heart will prevail above,
Like the sacrifice of the just, and plead
For acceptance with him whose name is 'Love.'

And if it be true the seraphim bend
From their starry thrones in Heaven, the while,
And delay their choral hymns, to lend
To the pious work an approving smile.

Then blest is thy task, fair, innocent child,
For the holiest offering that earth can show,
Thou hast made while thy conscience is undefiled,
And thy spirit is pure as vestal snow.

Now depart in peace, and in humble trust
That he who hath said the meek are his care,
And that when the parents lie low in dust,
His ear shall regard the children's prayer;—

That he will around thy unguarded ways
The support of his mighty arm extend,
And will be through all thy remaining days,
Much more than father and mother and friend.

To me be the moral which thou hast taught—
That however by circumstance confined,
To do good requires not labor and thought,
But a ready hand, and an earnest mind.

J. H. B.

For the Microcosm.

A LOVE LETTER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

From the Journal of a Bachelor.

"He seems disordered; something in that letter:
And I'm afraid of an unpleasant sort."

"It's all a tissue of deceit," said my friend Frank Inglesby, as we were once conversing on the *grand passion*; "a gilded mockery; a painted vision; the world beheld through blue spectacles. False curls" continued he warming with the theme, "and false hearts. The Dolphin's iris, which glows brightest just before he dies—the Serpent's diamond eye that ravishes as he stings, and the steel that glitters while it pierces:—to me has love proved nothing save its pains; and woman shown but how she can betray."

"Not so my friend," was the reply, "you speak not always thus; something has stirred up the bitterer portions of your nature, and roiled the fountain of good feeling. I believe that early and unsophisticated love, is a little rill from the great river of paradise, which flows to nourish our withered Eden."

"Early must it be, if unsophisticated," retorted my companion; "for all the wooings I have seen, have been a continuous system of disguise and treachery. Miss is all dimple, courtesy and grace; lambent words, meek shrinking eyes—a rifleman in a thicket. Mr. is all new clothes, new presents, sentiment and devotion—a horse putting on his own bridle. The pair behold not each other, but actors;—they cling to fancies and finally wed ideas."

"Well, well," said I—"all this reflects slight luster upon the suitor. A female cannot make advances inconsistent with custom, unless the gentleman pioneers the way; nor disclose the secrets of her temperament and disposition, unless she perceive equal candor in the other."

"Trash! trash! my dear fellow," said Inglesby, "michaelavliar are they intuitively; there is no reciprocation on the lady's part; she perhaps makes no objection to your honesty, but likes power too well to imitate your simplicity. If accepted long since in her heart, you are fatigued with doubt to the last instant; if rejected prospectively, you are lulled with perfidious hope and awakened by the realities of disappointment. No, no, my friend—you must grope along, like the urchin in a dark closet, who searching for sweet-

meats, dives into a jar of pickles, and grieved to his little soul is nevertheless ashamed to confess his sorrows. An incident drawn from my own history, so forcibly illustrates these sentiments, that if you will lend me a patient hearing, I shall not lack proper apology for their seeming harshness; and if the narrative prove not an entire vindication of their justness, I shall at least stand acquitted of gratuitous misanthropy." Thus having spoken, my colloquist took from his table a gorgeously bound MS. which he termed his Journal, and from it read as follows:

The caresses of woman, are more fascinating and grateful to no individual than the silent and reflecting man, whom scholastic regimen exiles from the glitter of the world; and while he luxuriates in every opportunity for relaxation and harmless amusement, with a zest unknown to professed pleasure-hunters, his delicately moulded feelings, taste and refinement, naturally incline towards the less boisterous merriment of the ladies.

I had ventured one evening upon a tea party; a feat which owing to the restraints and formalities usual on such occasions, you must allow sympathetic reader was, for a man of my diffidence, something extraordinary. For I maintain, despite the congregated philosophy of Chesterfield, Beau Nash, and Brummel, that to balance a cup, saucer, plate and doily, on one knee; and yet be able to make a meal during the excitement, requires prodigious firmness, and takes from the glory of veteran jugglers.

During this drill meeting, I became acquainted with a young lady whose easy manners under the exigencies above set forth, contrasted delightfully with those of her less accomplished companions. Her conversation, a marvel in "polished circles," was freely mingled with good sense; and her personal qualities, although not sufficiently captivating to subserve the purposes of a coquet; or spoil their possessor into a belle, betokened nevertheless, reflection, kindness and affability. I had seen her frequently, yet had never been sensible of her many perfections before. My heart leaned towards her, and I resolved, so soon as I became released from the jeopardy of hot water, to effect if possible a closer intimacy. There is in my mental complexion, gentle reader, this peculiarity—I am prone either to stand totally indifferent, or to be hurried blindly along by emotion, like a locomotive under full pressure. Scarcely need I intimate after this confession, that in the present contingency my momentum increased with every passing minute; and a gallant promenade with madam to her domicile, completed her triumph; and as I then verily believed my *Bachelaureate*. With however the loneliness and quiet of my own chamber, melancholy began to cloud over the glad visions of the previous hour:—and is there solitude more depressing, than such as supervenes upon recent festivities?

Before my imagination arose the horrors of protracted courtship; that long purgatory through which the lover enters the regions of matrimony. I remembered the unfortunate situation of several friends who had succumbed to a grievous captivity, and had been shown up at balls, jams, &c. like tamed tigers. I had listened with chagrin to the various comments bestowed upon their docility, and denounced with just deprecations the tyranny of their magistrates: and finally with a cruel fickleness, had I seen them turned forth, minus time and trouble, peace and pennies; walking monuments of feminine perfidy!

"Shall Frank Inglesby be baffled thus!" exclaimed I, viewing as I spoke my whole person in an opposing mirror.

"Never, till these locks are gray," was the stern response.

"But I love the maiden well," said I.

Better love her less and be happy, than more and be miserable.

"Good logic," replied I, "but unfortunately for my ease impracticable."

"Where hope leads," resumed the same oracle, "a cause must be victorious"; ask her then if you may hope;—if not——!

"Enough," interposed I; "Miss Louisa shall have a letter."

In the very hour, then, of inspiring midnight, borne upon the full tide of feeling, with love chastened by suspense, the flow of sentimental eloquence corrected but not chilled by prudence, I wrote the *initiatory* epistle succeeding:

Miss Louisa Constance—

Dear Lady:

May I not hope the surprise occasioned by this letter will find some apology in the good feeling which dictates it; or that I may not vainly urge the transgression of frigid etiquette in this instance as proof of unusual sincerity. How unfortunate for nobler natures is it, Miss Louisa, that the frauds and jesuitry of polished life, have rendered suspicion necessary, and fettered with perplexities the expression of our most hallowed emotions and fondest impulses; that honesty and hypocrisy must be weighed in the same balance, and the warm hearted aspirations of friendship be adjudged with a severity not exhibited to the most undoubted criminal; thus reversing at the fire-side that lenient provision of the law, which though testing with unflinching scrutiny, still considers all men true till the force of evidence declares them otherwise.

'Tis an inquisitorial system, Miss Louisa, well calculated to congeal the ardor of affection in its nice inquiry for truth; destroying every sparkle of ingenuousness, leaving space for the undermining subtleties of flattery, and almost making deceit excusable.

An oriental Princess was beloved by the young ruler of a neighboring kingdom; and although he daily sent a page with a little urn of *cinders*, and a group of full blown *roses*, in token of the ardent nature and perfection of his love, still the lady remained incredulous, nor would finally listen to the exquisite music of his singers, who every night beneath her windows, made the air delicious with her praises. She had vowed by Allah, to receive for her Lord that man only who would be willing, by some great or daring enterprize, to stamp alike the fervency of his affection, and prove to all nations the potency of her charms. "Go," said she, to her suitor's messenger—"go tell young Azim, that thus saith 'the light of her people's eyes, the flower of their gardens, and jewel of their princes,'—that what Azim sends her many have sent before; that what Azim admires many have lauded equally well; that to gain Ada's love, Azim must prove himself more worthy than others. Bring me then a palm branch from the sacred city of the Prophet, and the heart of thy best friend; for the heart which Ada owns, must be unmingled with esteem for another. Thus may I behold the strength of thy faith, and the constancy of thy affection." This you will conceive was no very pleasing intelligence to Azim, who repaired homeward to consult the favorite Magus of his empire.

"Son of the east," said the sage, "young art thou in years and wisdom. Believest thou that one who would urge thee into such toils and danger, will esteem thee more when the task completed shall prove thee better fitted for her slave than companion?"

The youth hung his head.

"In the days of thy father," continued the sage, smoothing his beard, "men were wise and virtuous: alas, the degeneracy of these! Great was thy father's riches; great his benevolence and judgment; me he endowed with honors and made his friend. To the good, merciful is Allah!"—and the sage bowed himself lowly three times to the east.

"Even so, great sire," cried Azim; "but I burn for thy counsel."

"Peace, son," said the other, "for bethinks me of the deeds of thy father. I tell thee a thousand elephants were his, and an army of slaves; and never went forth pageant more costly than his, when—blessed be his piety—he journeyed to the Shrine. The Prophet is kind to the faithful,"—and again the Magus did obeisance to the Orient.

"Nay, Soliman," interposed Azim impatiently—"thou dronest in thy talk; say on, and a province shall be thine!"

"Hurry not the old camel," indignantly replied the other, "lest stumbling he dash his burden to the ground. Thy father, said I, made a pilgrimage to the temple; thither went I with him; but my beard," sighed the Magus shaking his head, "was then as black as Eblis!"

"Holy Prophet!" ejaculated the impetuous Azim, "it is as easy for me to learn from thy lips, as for the bee to gather honey from the desert! Speak, Soliman, I beseech thee, ere I sleep!"

"Sleep then, my son," was the mild reply, "and forget the world; and could I send thee happy dreams, thou shouldst slumber forever! Thy words ruffle me not. From a Palm Tree which grew near the shrine, I bore home a *date*. Now behold how the good deeds of youth blossom in age. Bending with fruit, stands the offspring of that solitary seed, in yonder towering palm."

"But, sire, what hath this to mitigate my sorrows?"

"Sayest thou not, oh most unreflecting prince," resumed Soliman, "that thy mistress would a *palm branch* from the sacred city;—and was not this tree from thence? Thinkest thou I trifle with thy perplexities? Allah send thee wisdom!" and towards the gates of morning he bowed himself again three times.

"Most excellent are thy sayings, loftiest of the *Muftis*; forgive the young man's haste. As winds from cool waters to the plague-smitten, are thy counsels to the sad-hearted! But there was one thing more, Soliman."

"Cease then," rejoined the sage, "thy useless thanks; wisdom cometh not of much prating. Let me consider. Whose," said he, stroking down his beard, "was that marvelous maxim? Came it from Nasser!—was it thine, Ferdosi? or thine, Hafez?"

"What maxim, sage?" inquired Azim.

"Peace," said his companion, "it may have been Sadi; but thus it ran—'*Believe thy Dog thy best friend, since he alone shares with equal complacency thy fortune or thy beggary.*' Azim, thou shalt sacrifice then, one pet to

secure the other. Thy *dog* shalt thou destroy; and lest thy mistress question of its size, his *heart* thou shalt treasure in this crystal vase, wrought by a sorcerer's skill, transparent, and disclosing all within;—yet from its subtle fashion adding size. Depart then, son, in peace; and send me tidings of success."

Thus, saith the moralist, was noble Azim compelled by the cruelty and suspicions of his mistress, to purchase by equivocation and flattery, that love which undiagnosed candor and simple truth failed to receive as their appropriate reward. Now, although I cannot approve of his deceptions nor commend the lady's taste, the story is notwithstanding no bad paraphrase of common wooings; where the gentleman has labors to perform equally irksome with Azim, although not always with the same prospects of success.

The long and useless probation, before the lover is allowed a bare surmise as to what may prove his ultimate fortune; the staid and courtly demeanor, the studied compliment, in fine the whole methodical campaign; are each and all, calculated to embarrass and make courtship disagreeable.

While, Miss Louisa, I shrink at becoming odious to a lady through misplaced assiduities, I have that respect for my own happiness which forbids my indulging for any one (without some intimations of corresponding tenor,) those gentle predilections, which if unsuccessful in their aim, may leave the heart to bleed or swell with moody disorders, unalleviable by the oblivion of half a life. A trifling condescension on the lady's part would effectually preserve both from unpleasant consequences; herself from unsuitable attentions, the gentleman from more disgraceful rebuff. As a lady generally decides in the earlier stages of an acquaintance, a few visits might suffice to effect this important object; and why may not the same purpose be subserved equally well by a letter? Consider me not, Miss Louisa, as discouraging the attractive diffidence of a sensitive and well educated female; but as showing the expediency and propriety of such precursory understanding as would enable the suitor to progress with hope, or resign his goal with honor. In the case of a stranger, a reasonable probation and scrutiny must naturally enough be required: but when a residence in the same city, and the readiness with which reputation may be gauged by proper inquiry, has measurably forestalled their necessity; surely a lady without rashness may dispense with a portion of those precise forms exacted from the one, and permit the more speedy advances of the other.

Presuming then, upon circumstances just adduced, the writer petitions for a closer and more obvious intimacy with a lady, who, from her retiring and pensive habits, he is led to believe possesses feelings similar to his own; whose manners and conversation sanction the inference of sincerity and intelligence, unvitiated by the paltry ambition of fashionable routine, or the hauteur of feminine conquest.

Awaiting your reply, believe me to remain,

Yours sincerely.

To which, continued my friend, in the course of three weeks, I received the following Delphic response:

Frank Inglesby, Esquire.

SIR,—(The ladies you know never prefix the *dear*)—Your very laudatory letter of the — has been duly received, and perused with not less surprise than *attention*. Notwithstanding the apparent *correctness* of your arguments, and the compliments inspired unfortunately more by politeness than any visible merit in their *recipient*, I have not the presumption to advance *beyond* the usual precincts of custom ; and with all deference to Mr. Inglesby's bland and persuasive style, I think his better judgment will allow that a lady whose merits are not sufficiently *magnetic* to mollify the pains of a *temporary* suspense, is surely unworthy of that esteem, which by a romantic temerity she might in vain attempt to secure.

Adieu, and believe me to remain,

Your friend,

LOUISA CONSTANCE.

"The letter," proceeded Inglesby, "was scored precisely as I have accented it. Be assured I read it over a dozen times, and finally came to—what conclusion, think you?"

"Why, that she was not averse to your making further advances," was the reply.

"I did so," rejoined my companion, "and was *rejected*." J. W. B.

New Haven, May, 1836.

[We suspect Mr. Inglesby has worn "*blue spectacles*" so long, that his sight has become incurably affected by them ; as certain diseases of the eye are said to impart a hue of their own coloring to every object. Now we ask it as a boon of him, to look through the same medium, for a little while, in behalf of this *heartless* and *tyrannical* part of the human race. On an impartial scrutiny, we believe his candor will lead him to acknowledge that not even *poetical justice* is extended to them. We sin at being accurate rather than poetical, when, in the confidence of a mathematical demonstration, we request Mr. Inglesby to examine the statistics of broken vows and broken hearts ; and learn in what proportion they stand on the masculine and feminine side of the question. We will stake the result of a *little* observation, and *considerable* collected information from the experience of others, that the evidence thus obtained will prove parallel to that of a criminal register which we once examined ; in which the proportion of female convicts, in one of the most corrupt nations on the earth, was less than *one tenth*. In point of actual numbers, women compose the larger part of the community, thereby reducing the proportion still more.

We have known young men recount for the entertainment of others, the number and character of their "*love affairs*," as they called their flirtations ; with a degree of vivacity and merriment which left on the hearer's mind but a weak impression of the *depth* of those feelings, which were thus constituted a source of amusement. The frequency too, with which the object of affection was changed ; avowedly from a change in the young man's fancy, or from altered views of the lady's character ; while it established in his own opinion a claim to *experience*, did not so well establish his claims to *constancy*. Such cases are not regarded as of universal application ; they are held up to show that caprice and fickleness are not justly chargeable upon women solely. We think the above complainant has received erroneous impressions on several points, where we would gladly endeavor to set him

right. Go ask the genuine converts, if the 'days of courtship' constituted to them a very intolerable 'purgatory,'—that they should look back upon them as to

"A light that ne'er shall shine" again
On life's dark stream !"

Then ask further, if the temporary devotion so pathetically deplored, was a voluntary submission, in the pride of a self-instituted exhibition ; or a mere despotic exercise of feminine power. That women ever possessed such power is a circumstance of which we were entirely ignorant. With the short interregnum already alluded to, they exchange the parental for the conjugal form of government ; and it seems the gentleman in his aversion to assumed authorities, would cut them down even here. In his love of domination he has lost sight of his accustomed gallantry ; and while he moderately demands perfection in a woman, insists also upon being secured against every doubt, risk, suspense and failure, that may possibly in the order of events assail himself. He should at least bring an assurance of his own *immaculacy*, to justify the demand of a whole and immediate decision in his favor ; for in asking greater facilities of acquaintance merely, if the unfavorable result of that acquaintance is to be equally an occasion of displeasure, it amounts to the same thing as insisting upon the favorable decision at first. Taking into consideration the superior advantages gentlemen possess for a discriminating choice ; together with the fact that a gentleman decides in a measure on the qualities of a lady before making such advances as will warrant a corresponding scrutiny on her part ; we think he will concede the reasonableness and propriety of a little precautionary reserve. It is not always the character that in general terms stands fairest with the world, which affords the best security for domestic happiness. Irreproachable conduct and principles may be associated with those infirmities of temper, or that supreme regard to *self*, which must be destructive to the happiness of another. We would recommend to both sides a more scrupulous examination of character and disposition, as a means of avoiding that late repentance, and those unhappy discords which have brought so much reproach upon the married life.

If our complaining friend has given a faithful transcript of his feelings and views respecting the nature of those reciprocal engagements preliminary to marriage, we advise him in the spirit of friendship to keep clear of them. The prospect must be any thing but cheering, which in anticipation creates a present 'purgatory.' He had better let the whole go, than attempt to build up an airy castle with such materials ;—for distrust and suspicion inevitably murder their entertainers ; and a distorted vision may convert this fair and goodly heritage into a wilderness of thorns.

We would offer one remark on the subject of his eastern story ; which we admire more for its ingenuity than its moral or application. Had we been the lady's suitor, we should have *given her up* on learning the conditions to her favor. The heart which could instigate to baseness and ingratitude (even as a test) was unworthy of confidence and affection ; and he who could prove a traitor to friendship, or trample on one holy and righteous principle for the accomplishment of selfish purposes, would be the last to guard with heedful watch the happiness of another ; or keep his own plighted faith longer than selfish expediency should dictate.

We crave Mr. Inglesby's pardon for the freedom of these remarks, and for thus unceremoniously taking justice into our own hands : but we stand an avowed and interested defender of our sex, so far as they retain good sense, principle and virtue

on their side. Whoever therefore throws down a gage in this cause, throws it at the feet of one who will take it up ; but who in attempting to defend one side, is anxiously desirous to avoid unjust crimination of the other. He may complain that we are more serious on the subject of his ' Love letter ' than he himself ever was. To this we reply that the universal charge of duplicity and treachery is a *serious charge*, to those who feel themselves unjustly included in the condemnation. If we have erred through a partial knowledge, or have grasped too much in the ardor of self vindication, we are ready to make every reparation in our power, and relinquish every unmerited claim. But we must be excused for suspending our own convictions of the justice of these universal imputations, under which women suffer and must continue to suffer, until the truth shall be exhibited in Heaven's Chancery, by the light of a purer faith, and the fiat of a holier judgment than any to be found or expected in this world of sin and sorrow.

For the Microcosm.

ONE GONE ASTRAY.

MATTHEW XVIII. 12.

Our goodly sons, awhile ago, when each was but a boy,
Were five about our winter's hearth, our honor and our joy ;
Now three are getting honest gain by trade on land and sea,
And one is preaching gospel truth, and one—oh what is he !

He grew in stature, and he grew in wayward mad desire,
And then he left our cordial board and ever cheerful fire ;
He sought the tavern, and the cup, and pleasure's way to hell ;
Deceivers took him by the hand—he listened and he fell.

Four goodly sons around us yet in filial duty wait,
And, God be thanked ! we parents are not wholly desolate ;
This hour they are within the fold, together—all but one ;
We love them all—oh how we love that erring, ruined son !

E.

Jan. 1832.

Universal and unqualified approbation it is folly to expect. And although we should by no means be regardless of what others think or say of us, yet the best way, or rather the only good way, is to be more solicitous to deserve esteem than to win it—more solicitous to do well than to obtain the credit of doing well ; and thus, to proceed on in the straight line, without angling for praise, or being too fearful of reproach.

EFFECTS OF BRIBERY.

I PUT the morocco case in my pocket, intending to take it to its owner, and on my way called on Maria to accompany me in my visit; we found Anna deeply engaged with her mother in examining a box of curious things, which seemed to be a new possession, and she called us to the table to examine them with her. As she unwrapped the several articles, she said—

“Papa was disappointed that he could not reach home so soon as he expected, and he has sent me all these things to please me till he does come;” She ran on for some time in terms of admiration; but she was evidently looking for some other thing, which did not meet her eye; at last, in a pouting disappointment, she struck the side of the box with her finger, saying—

“Provoking! papa has not kept his word!”

Maria was engaged in examining some shells, and appealed at that moment to Anna—“This is a very beautiful shell; do you know its name?”

“O, never mind the shell,” she answered; “I have *no pleasure* at all now in any thing; it was very *provoking* of papa to forget what he promised!”

“Perhaps he will bring it with him,” Maria answered.

Anna. I shall not care about it *then*.

Anna threw herself down in her chair; “O, I don’t care for *any* thing now!”

Maria. No, but you will *then*, Anna.

Anna. No, I shan’t; I dare say he has forgotten it altogether.

Maria looked somewhat shocked, and, as if to recal good feelings, she said, “Oh! you had better look again at your beautiful picture, and when you see those eyes, and that mouth that smiled so sweetly, you will think of nothing but your dear father.”

Anna rather started—“My picture! O that’s true, what have I done with it! It will be very ridiculous if I get the chain and have lost the picture; what *can* I have done with it?” She emptied her work-box, turned over her writing-desk—all in vain. “What can I have done with it! I will go and look in my drawers;” and she went out in great haste.

Mrs. Aston and I were now left alone. She had a countenance of painful anxiety, and sighing said to me, “Anna is a very good child on the whole, but there is a disposition in her I cannot correct. We can never obtain her obedience to our desires for her instruction, but by some artifice in the way of a bribe; promise to *give* her anything, and she will then *do* anything; and having now found our anxiety by our indulgence, she fails not to make her advantage of it. That picture she seems to have lost, was given to bribe her to apply her mind to overcome a difficulty she met with in arithmetic; no persuasion could prevail to make her try to work out a sum in long division, until she extorted the promise; and the gold chain was to be given in order to induce her to learn a piece of music of which her father is extremely fond. I begin to think our system is a bad one; and as she has not perfected herself in the music, I requested her father not to send the chain; he has complied with this, but you perceive he has endeavored to soften the disappointment by a profusion of other presents; and I do think, if the truth were known, that he did not like to return without the chain, and encounter the refractory behavior of his own child.” The tears flowed from

her eyes as she spoke, and a bitter sigh expressed the feelings of her heart at the thought of her child's disobedience.

At this moment the two girls returned.

Anna. I can't find it anywhere, mamma.

Mrs. A. I am sorry for it.

Anna. What shall I do ?

Mrs. A. Perhaps, if you wait a little patiently, you may remember where you last had it.

Anna. Do you think papa will bring the chain ?

Mrs. A. I do not know.

Anna. How vexatious ! Well, never mind, (she continued—with an air that expressed her determination to shake off the disagreeable recollection,) when papa sees me so very sorry, he will buy me something else to hang upon it ; perhaps a garnet cross.

I thought it a good opportunity to prolong the present interview, by proposing to Mrs. Aston to accompany me and Maria as far as her home ; adding, " I think it will help to dissipate the *melancholy* Anna feels from the loss of her father's picture."

Anna felt that I had a meaning not favorable, but was glad to put it off by readiness to be of the party ; and Mrs. Aston seemed to meet the proposal as an alleviation of the oppression which weighed upon her own mind.

Do you know, Maria, said I, that many people may be doing the same thing, and yet all have very different *motives* for doing it ?

I do not exactly understand you.

For instance, suppose men were digging different parts of that piece of ground, they would all be doing the same thing ?

Yes.

But suppose one was doing it for hire, at a dollar a day, to be paid for his work ; another was doing it for the profit of the crop that should be produced ; another was doing it to destroy the weeds ; another to ameliorate the soil ; another merely out of love to the owner ; and another simply because it was the right and usual way of managing the ground :—these are different motives : but which motive do you like the best ?

" Oh ! for *love*, to be sure. But why do you ask me that question ?"

I will tell you openly. Because I have been reflecting lately on the duties of children to parents, which duties I am enabled to inquire into on the foundation of the fifth commandment, " Honor thy father and thy mother," and in the light which is thrown upon it by other Scriptures, especially by the Lord Jesus, and by the Apostle Paul in Ephesians vi. 1—3.

Maria seemed to have her heart unlocked by this liberty to disclose her motives ; and she said, " I know the fifth commandment is very good, because it is God's commandment ; but I always think (forgive me if I say wrong) that '*honor*' sounds so cold."

Perhaps, my dear, if you understood it, you would not find it so cold ; and Anna may perhaps think it sounds unprofitable, but if she understood it, it would be found to convey some hope of gain ; for (turning to Anna,) it is a commandment with *promise*—" it shall go *well* with thee ;" and another little girl I know would be satisfied, because it is written, " Honor thy father and thy mother, for this is *right*."

"I should like to understand that commandment," Maria answered; "I did not know it contained so much."

I make a proposal, then, to you and your parents, to meet once a week at my house, for the purpose of coming to an understanding of the fifth commandment; and if the Lord gives us his grace and blessing, I think you will all love to "honor your father and mother;" and your father and mother will love the commandment which maketh wise the simple, and correcteth the heart:—will you consent?

All but Anna said, "Oh! yes, gladly!"

Consent also, Anna; it will agree, you will find, with *ornaments and chains*.

"Very well," she coldly replied. And as it was evident that some conviction had entered her mind, I drew the lost morocco case, which she had left at my house the day before, out of my pocket; her eye glistened at the unexpected sight, but mortified feeling taught her to disguise her pleasure.

Take it, Anna; this reward for a sum of long division will do to hang on a chain when it is earned by the lesson of music, until you have done something *else* to earn a garnet cross, which will sparkle more brilliantly than the eyes of this picture.

She dropped her head in confusion; and Mrs. Aston whispered, "O, my friend, spare her!"

"My dear Mrs. Aston," I replied, "it is a moment worth more than a world: follow it up; from this time cease to offer bribes to your child, and wait till she will find the delight of duty to be its own reward. You are all wrong. Human, selfish, idolatrous motives rule; and no love of God in CHRIST is set before your children as the spring, and motive, and end of love and obedience."—*Selected.*

FICTION.

In our last number, we were favored with some remarks on the influence of fiction, as connected with domestic happiness. We feel obliged to our correspondent for the communication of his opinions on this subject; but while we cordially agree with him in a conviction of the injurious influence of fiction in its ordinary forms and applications, we have been led to entertain views of it differing in some respects from those which he has advanced. Having repeatedly contemplated a discussion of this subject, we take the present opportunity of offering a few remarks in connection with those of our correspondent, feeling the subject to be one where infinite labor might be profitably employed in the work of reformation.

We have thought the censure usually applied to fiction in general, would be more properly aimed at the *abuse* of fiction. In excepting the fictitious writings of certain popular authors, it is admitted in fact, that fiction may be so employed as to become a legitimate source of mental improvement. No susceptibilities of the mind are stronger than those which respond to the marvelous and wonderful; and in the natural disposition of

the mind to demand aliment of this kind, we find a reason for believing that to a certain extent, such food may be provided for it with a wholesome and beneficial effect: nor is this natural constitution of the mind left without its appropriate means of support; either in its present circumstances, or in the eternal prospects opened before it by the direct revelations of God.

It is important to come to a correct understanding of what is meant by *fiction*. Should those writings which are true to nature; true to the principles of philosophy and good sense; be denominated *fictitious*, solely because the medium through which this truth is communicated, is supplied by the author's imagination? When the facts which constitute the foundation of a narrative, are taken from some ancient history—the record of centuries that have long since joined ‘the years beyond the flood’ with all their connecting links,—we do not see how the work can claim affinity to modern times on the ground of *reality*, over one of an wholly ideal character? yet many will approve or condemn a work by just this rule of judgment. Tell them it is founded on ‘*fact*,’ and however monstrous or unnatural it no longer in their view merits reprehension; while another of purer sentiments and more elevated character is condemned, because the circumstances of the narrative are furnished by the aid of imagination. We feel grieved when we hear such sweeping denunciations as are directed by many against the writings of Sir Walter Scott, and others of a similar character; whose authors have labored as philosophers and philanthropists to correct the public taste—to improve the public morals—and to hold up a refined and perfect standard for emulation, to such as will seek examples only in the path of entertainment and self-indulgence. We feel constrained to give the honest testimony of experience, to the profitable influence of a *limited* and *select* perusal of a certain class of fictitious writings. We have concluded such works with feelings of gratitude for being thus taught so much of mind and destiny; for beholding so much of the likeness to divinity as is manifested in the power of swaying mind, when employed in the effort to influence it for good.

It is not fictitious works alone, which make the mind a sickly or depraved subject of vice and affectation. The cause is to be found in the moral condition of that mind that has never learned to choose the good and refuse the evil;—that has no fixed principles in itself—no standard of right and wrong to which every thing may be brought as to a touch-stone, and its character proved. Such a mind will find enough in its own perverted and corrupt imaginings, (could every foreign source of evil be kept away,) to mar the beauty and happiness of every interest connected with it.

From the exciting nature of imaginative works, they should evidently be used with caution. They are to the mental, what luxurious dainties are to the physical constitution; and as such should be used with the same reserve, and qualified by the same correctives. As high-seasoned food to the natural appetite, they destroy, when taken to excess, the relish for plainer and more substantial nourishment; and unless we would vitiate the tone of the mental and moral system, should be used in the same careful proportions with which we would eat sweatmeats and sillabub. We have known them profitably employed as a direct means of mental discipline—by restraining the excitement and curiosity attendant upon the development of the story, and limiting their indulgence to a stipulated season, in subordination to the sober duties and realities of life.

While we are thus compelled to believe that fiction may be lawfully employed as an instrument of good ; like many other things it is more liable to be converted to evil purposes. It is actually so widely and fearfully impressed into the service of sin, that we tremble in view of the danger of making a distinction in its favor ; lest the opinion should be construed into an apology or encouragement of the miserable system of novel-reading, that has ruined and is ruining so many. We agree with our correspondent in the belief, that women are much oftener, and to a much greater extent, disqualified for usefulness and happiness by it, than men are. The business education of men, their constant collision with the world, together with the more substantial character of their mental culture ; all operate as sedatives ; and give a predominating influence to the power of *reality* over their minds. Women have comparatively but small materials for reflection ; and while they are unfurnished with the more effectual means of mental discipline, they are directed and encouraged to *read*, generally, any thing which comes in their way. Naturally fanciful and imaginative, they are peculiarly exposed to the pernicious influence of every mental poison which is presented in a fictitious garb. The evil is rendered still greater by its insidious nature—the poison being disguised by an artificial covering.

The class of fictitious writings of an immoral tendency is infinitely greater than that of the opposite character ; and we do not believe there is an engine of moral evil of superior power in this world of evil influence. It must inevitably send its victims to be the eternal companions of the dark spirits who projected it. The whole of the evil cannot be comprehended in the division of actual commissions :—an untold train of sins of *omission*—of neglected duties—of wasted privileges—of abused blessings—crowd into the register, to lay their account in the judgment with this demon, whose name is “*LEGION*.”

THE INFLUENCE OF SOCIAL AND RELATIVE TIES.

“ ‘Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet ;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet.”—*Campbell*.

I FREQUENTLY see advertisements for board, “*where there are no children*.” If I had the right kind of talents I should like to laugh at such young men, for young I will suppose them to be. I think if I were to advertise for board, a new thing would be seen under the sun. It should run thus—“Board wanted in a genteel family where there are *nine or ten small children* ;” such a sight always stirs my blood agreeably ; and even though the lively little rogues may not always look tidy, and behave like men, I am not at once disgusted with them, but amuse myself with testing and comparing their talents and various inclinations, anticipating the day when they shall come forward upon the busy theatre of life, to add to the renown of the country, and contribute to the sum of human enjoyment. In such a family, if I were a bachelor, I think I could occasionally spend an hour in a way that would keep my

heart warm—smooth the rough points of my temper, and simplify my feelings; for it is no small part of my philosophy to follow nature, and cultivate the genuine and spontaneous sensibilities of humanity.

Those young men who lose the joys and benefits of home, and are early separated from the sanctity of the family board, very soon manifest the privation in ungente and unaccommodating temper,—a disrelish for children, and a contempt of the thousand little enchantments made on purpose for social life, and which constitute the bliss, and lighten the cares of the domestic man. But this contempt of family joys, and this sickly disgust which secludes men from the appropriate duties and pleasures of manhood, is all flummery. What more noble object of ambition can fill the mind, than the education of a family? Is it not an elevated purpose, worthy of the purest heart and brightest talents? To the discreet and virtuous of the female sex, we must look for the moral excellence of mankind. Let such women despise and reject the selfish “lily-livered” dandies, whose hearts feel no generous throb, and whose cares are bounded by the cravings of their own distempered fancies. The man whose leisure hours have been spent at the Porter House and the Theatre, will not long be charmed with the novelty and bliss of a woman’s love. He will soon leave the refinements and seclusion of her parlor, for the bustle and variety of the Coffee House; and even the lisping cherubs who claim his ear with the melting title of “father,” will not secure his attention, and fix the love of home. But it is consolatory to know that when men are degenerate and neglect their offspring, the tender and assiduous mother still keeps her watch over the infant’s alumbers, instills the first lessons of religion and virtue—guides and directs the waywardness of youth, and with increased concern and exhaustless love, follows her immortal charge into manhood, and commends him to Heaven.

Women form the characters of men, and exert a powerful influence upon the virtue and elevation of the human kind, through every stage of existence from the cradle to the tomb. When the female part of creation throw off restraint, and drop the decencies of life, a most important bar against total degeneracy in men is broken down, and crime and profligacy stalk forth unchecked and uncontrollable. I cannot therefore, look upon the modern mode of living so prevalent among commercial men in large cities, but as a calamity. The refinements of well-bred women are measurably or totally lost; the warm and friendly affections of father, husband or brother, have no place in the heart, and send forth no genial rays to invigorate and bind together the elements of human society. Cold hearted celibacy, or the miserly pursuit of gain, chill the flow of good feelings, and liken man to “a blighted plantain, standing alone amid the sandy deserts. Nothing seeks or lives beneath its shelter.”—*Selected.*

“If good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,
And weeds despoil the place for flowers designed;
The human mind ne’er knows a state of rest,—
Bad tends to worse, and better tends to best.”

THE MICROCOSM.

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For the Microcosm.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF YOUTHFUL FEELINGS IN THE AFTER-PERIODS OF LIFE.

"In my poor mind, it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by ; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child :
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll ; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)
Would throw away and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declined her head."

CHARLES LAMB.

It is in the morning of life, when hope is the brightest and every scene wears the most brilliant hues of enchantment. Then too the zest of joy dwells deepest in the bosom, and spreads itself over all the ever-varying prospect. The cloudless sky hangs upon the pathway just opening to the future ; the bland zephyrs breathe over the young visage, radiant with smiles ; the voice of careless gayety breaks out from the soul's inmost recesses ; while in sportive, merry glee, and on the light footstep, bounds forth the youthful aspirant after happiness, buoyant with the impulse of untrammelled activity. No wasting anxieties, no perplexing cares disturb the serenity of the hours which glide on fraught with present delights and pleasurable anticipations. The heart's gush is free and unobstructed ; its warm emotions flow out unchecked toward their objects, and suspicion nor envy lurk by to embitter the current of young affection. Its stream is clearest, for it has not been tinged with the admixtures of a polluting world. New subjects of interest engage the attention, and summon the dawning powers to their privilege of employment. The world lies all before us ; pictured in many a splendid vision, and fancy roves on as through enchanted fields of loveliness, in whose embowering shades beckoning hands and voices of unearthly sweetness bid us stay, rest awhile, and cull for ourselves the choicest garlands of fragrant and undying blossoms. Fresh, uncorrupted by contact with guileful suspicion, the trustful spirit leans in grateful confidence on the proffered arm of friendship. Without fear it presses forward glowing with expectation, its sympathies awakened to respond their welcome to any heart that may beat in unison with its own. Whose memory does not hark almost with a miser's care

many such a recollection. On the tablet of whose heart are not engraven, the gay, sunny, happy days of childhood? Yes, there were then indeed, the little great things which at times would swell the bosom as it were to bursting; but in one short hour, perhaps sooner, the tear was wiped away; the smile sat on the visage as before, for the burden was felt no longer.

“ The tear down childhood’s cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer’s breeze comes by
And woos the bush, the flower is dry.”

The watchful eye of a mother or sister had marked us—her soft voice had sought out our griefs and spoken pence to our troubled spirits. We felt, that we were loved,—that hands were ready to relieve our wants, hearts were nigh to make our sorrows their own, and under such a ministry of affection we grew up in all our waywardness—still cared for—still blest. Oh, why did we ever allow ourselves to wound the spirit so unwearied in its offices of kindness and love? Why did we permit a word of impatience to break forth against those who so bore with us? why did we struggle to throw ourselves out from that circle within which the firm yet fond hand whose grasp was on us, sought to detain us? why did we cause a single tear to dim those eyes which hung over us with such an unwavering gaze of tenderness, and uttered so eloquently their voiceless appeals to the conscience? Could we live over the past, would it be thus again? would not the self-reproach which may be ours, if not altogether cancelled, yet be lessened by the delightful recollections of more assiduous efforts to please and render happy those whom we loved.—We have somewhat wandered from our object. The memories of childhood coming back upon us in their mingling hues and aspects, have betrayed us into a digression. We sat down with the intention of offering a few thoughts on *the importance of cultivating and bearing along with us into the more advanced periods of life, the feelings of youth.*

Perhaps what we have already written above, will not be deemed wholly irrelevant to such a design. In describing the feelings of childhood and youth, as they freshened in our recollections of by-gone days, and as they now meet our constant observation, we have intimated some points on which our thoughts may be stayed yet longer to illustrate our subject. We trust, that no one will do us the injustice to suppose, that we have in view to urge an attachment to puerilities properly so called, or a retention of such fancies or views. We mean no such thing; but with respect to these we would have every one ready to say, “ When I was a child I thought as a child, I felt and spake as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things.” Yet after we have excluded these, still there remains a set of feelings which can be profitably cherished. Such are those we now aim to commend for cultivation. Some may deem it unmanly, little comporting with their dignity or at variance with matronly self-respect, to indulge them. But this is not our opinion. To us it is one of the most beautiful traits of his admirable character, that the man whose gigantic mind commanded the admiration of many a gifted intellect, the lamented Marshall,—even in the proudest days of his fame, and when his palmy greatness was at its height, and to the very last years of his useful life,—could retire from the bench—

where as Chief Justice of the United States Court, he had settled the great questions of constitutional law,—and unbend himself to mingle with the young and happy circle, whose faces glowed with childish delight while they greeted with a hearty welcome their aged friend.

Examples like this, and we might cite not a few, make us feel, that our position is tenable—and we can afford to subject ourselves, if need be, to the contempt of lesser minds and colder hearts.

We read in ancient story of a fountain which possessed the remarkable property of repairing the ravages of time. The faded beauty who bathed in its fabled waters, came forth in all the freshness and bloom of her teens—the decrepid form and wrinkled brow, became elastic and fair; health danced in the veins and joy sparkled in the eye, while ease and grace resumed their sway, over the weak and tottering limbs of age. Many a man and woman in modern times, we doubt not, has sighed for the realization of such a fiction; and stores of wealth would most cheerfully have been lavished to secure an object so dear; to which art vainly seeks to approach, by disguising in ten thousand ways, the withering and blighting effects of passing years on the exterior person. Now we have no such secret to unfold—no such directions to give. We know of no such waters of restoration; no alchemy or magic spell by which to transmute age to youth, or stay the progress of decay on that frame, which, though it speaks its maker's skill and power, yet wears no stamp of immortality. On all such pretensions wherever we find them, whether in the visions of triumphant beauty, or the more obtrusive claims of newspaper advertisements, we write—deception and quackery. But though we have no such lying tales with which to delude others, we think we can point out to them, a method whereby the inward spirit while it matures and gains strength with the flight of years, may still, in a degree, re-clothe itself with the graces and charms of youthful thoughts and feelings. The magic wand is in each one's hand. Yet it must be used; or it is powerless. No virtue will go forth therefrom to quicken again that soul over which the palsy of years is creeping, so long as this talisman is idly held, or no effort is made to test its claims. Nor even were our directions followed, could we promise to every one an equal degree of success. The circumstances of persons vary, their habits and temperaments are diverse. Some are more pliant than others in accommodating themselves to new plans, and more skillful and persevering in consummating them. Here we think our present subject has a close connexion with one on which we lately offered a few suggestions—"An education for Home." Those who are thrown out of this circle of sympathies, who are all their lives long in the bustle or the gayeties of the world, can do but little to cultivate youthful feelings as we now speak of them.

Perhaps this may seem, at first view, very much like a solecism. What, our readers may say—Do not the gay, pleasure-loving and pleasure-seeking, cultivate youthful feelings? Is not youth, a period when fondness for pleasure, for gayety, is a striking characteristic? If the question is, whether youth are aiming at pleasure or happiness, then, we answer, that it differs not from any other period of life. All desire happiness,—the man or woman "in life's prime, where youth has ended," and the aged too, reach forward with as strong a grasp as they ever did, to lay hold of their object of pursuit. Their

views of the method or means of attainment only have changed. But if the intention is, to assert, that youth are fond of amusement and recreation ; this we shall not deny. They may too, find a gratification in those external forms of pleasure, in the enjoyment of which the fashionable of all periods of life seek to kill time. Still our position holds good, that the scenes of fashionable gayety are by no means the ones in which to cultivate youthful feelings for after-life. Youthful feeling is unstudied and without disguise. It flows out unaffected. The ceremonious trammels of fashionable life, convert it into an artificial frame, by which it is molded to suit the heartlessness of a world of show and pretence. It is any thing then, but the ingenuous, warm-hearted feeling it once was. The rivalry of appearance,—the tricks and chicanery of disappointed aspirants,—the hollow mockery of friendship,—who shall call these the cultivation of youthful feelings ? The vain and fulsome adulation,—the exhibitions of pride, and the gauds by which such applause is won,—the tiresome parade of sincerity, beneath which lurk suspicion, jealousy, and scorn ; aye, and even the glee of such as wear their hypocrisy the easiest,—are these the enjoyment of youthful feeling ?

Let no one accuse us as cynics. We are not so. We love to see the young heart give itself up, to its rightful enjoyments. Nor would we crush a single flower, that blooms along the pathway of this happy period of our mortal being. We love to mingle in its flow, and share as we can in the round of its delights. The happy laugh of the child rings joyous in our ear, and goes straight to our hearts,—and if now and then a tear unbidden moistens our eye as it greets us, it is more of joy than of sadness, at the thought how happy they are ; though too the memories of the past may rise to glisten there. But here is no disguise,—we know what they mean,—no double sense to palter with us,—no fears lest while they “ speak the promise to the ear they will break it to the heart,”—no coquetry or fickle play with feelings truer than their own. It is the cultivation of such youthful feelings, that we urge.

These give an amiable simplicity and ingenuousness to the character. They are not inconsistent with manlier moods, or true feminine dignity,—they furnish a well-spring of enjoyment, which pours forth its streams to enrich and bless society. They mingle many a sweet in the bitter cup of which it may be our lot to drink. Often, when the thoughts have been brooding almost to frenzy over some darker visions, how cheering is it to break away,—to turn our footsteps where the radiance and freshness of childhood’s joys and youthful contentment, make us to feel and condemn the selfishness of that spirit which would refuse its participation. The voices there may find an echo in our own bosom. We are transported back to the scenes of our own earlier days, and for the moment, as it were, become children again, we enter into their circle, and seek to enhance their enjoyment.

But we have reached a limit in these pages at which it is proper for us to break off for the present, although we must leave our subject unfinished. In some future number we may, perhaps, resume it, and exhibit more distinctly the modes of cultivating youthful feelings in the after-periods of life.

S. G. E.

For the Microcosm.

TO THE ROBIN WHOSE NEST IS BENEATH MY WINDOW.

THEE ! dwell secure in your own leafy home,
Nor fly from your bower of rest ;
Not an eye shall ever behold but my own,
Nor gaze on your beauteous nest.

I have watched you some time in your airy abode,
And have wished for that swift sailing pinion ;
But never have dared while you were abroad,
To intrude on your peaceful dominion.

I have thought, to be sure, I should like to look in,
And welcome the sweet little strangers ;
For all I can see are their heads now and then,
When they peep on this new world of dangers.

I should like too, full oft, when you're nestled at night,
With the dear ones beneath your own wing,
Just to know what bright visions of purest delight,
From the dreams of a wild bird can spring.

But you must not, you cannot, disclose aught to me,
Of what passes in that home of love ;
Its joys are deep hidden within the elm tree—
Its duties are learned from above.

So in future, sweet warbler, I'll bid thee adieu,
My pathway lies lower than thine ;
I'll spend not my moments in wondering at you—
But acknowledge your *Teacher* divine.

F. A. C.

[The two following articles, communicated to us by a friend of the author, and never before published, were written some years ago by a young lady since deceased.]

REVELATIONS OF CHARACTER IN A BALL-ROOM.

"WHICH shall I wear?" said Elinor, a deep shade of anxious doubt passing over her beautiful face. She was arrayed in a splendid ball-dress, and was now intent upon the last business of the toilet, that of arranging the flowers for her hair. It has been thought by those who are most learned in these matters, that this business requires and displays more skill than all the other arts of dressing a lady.

"To be sure," continued our heroine, "the hyacinths will suit best with my ornaments, but that is nothing, and the rose is far more showy." "Ah ! wear the hyacinths, beautiful lady !" said a voice very near, but so soft that it could scarcely be heard. Elinor started and looked round, but could perceive no one. "I am in this little hyacinth bell," said the voice again,—

"I am a fairy, and am confined here for this night, for disobeying an order of our queen. Wear this cluster to-night, and besides relieving my solitude, you may gain a great deal yourself. You shall be the most beautiful in the ball-room to-night; or, if you wish any other favor within the power of my spells, you shall have it."

By this time, Elinor had discovered from which flower this strange voice came, but could see nothing within, though the sweet, low tones undoubtedly proceeded from it. She thought of the fairy's proposal, and again looked in the glass. She said nothing; but, perhaps if she had given utterance to her thoughts, she would have replied, that it would not require a very great transformation to make her form such as the fairy proposed.

At length, she said, "I will wear the hyacinths, but I choose another boon than the one you offer me. You shall tell me the character of each acquaintance whom I shall see to-night." "I will," said the fairy, "but you will probably find that our opinions of character will be different. The signs by which you judge of the thoughts and feelings of your associates, are also known to the individuals themselves, and are in a great measure under their control, so that it is easy for them to deceive you; but I can see changes in the countenance, which are imperceptible to human eyes, and which are more certain signs on that very account." "Well then," said Elinor, "I will believe you in every thing."

Pass over the arrival at the ball-room, and the first scenes of the gay festival, and behold the belle of the evening, seated in a corner, and whenever unobserved, holding converse with her invisible friend. "Pray tell me," said she, "do you not think that the gentleman who has just left me, very witty and very handsome?"

"He is handsome enough, but as to his wit, all which he has displayed to-night, came from the lips of his friend last evening. Even you might have seen his occasional glance of suspicious fear lest you had discovered his deceit." "But the brightness of his eye seemed to me to tell of genius." "Oh, no—that is a very foolish idea. In a ball-room, mere animal spirits, or a good share of vanity, will give as much brilliancy to the eye as the finest talents. His brow was never formed for thought, and it has never been contracted by contemplation."

"Well, I believe you, my elfin friend, but *there* is one in whom I have felt a deeper interest. You see that young lady who stands alone, leaning against a pillar. I was told that an orphan who, though rich, was friendless, was soon to join our circle. It was added that she possessed superior genius, an accomplished mind, and an affectionate heart. I could not avoid picturing her to myself as a pale, delicate girl, gentle and modest, who would receive every friendly attention with pleasure, and almost with gratitude. She is pale and delicate, certainly—but I think her look is scornful—and, to-night, when I met her for the first time, she received my warm advances with coldness, and indeed with haughtiness."

"There," said the spirit, "you are again mistaken,—and I am more than happy in having it in my power to rectify such a mistake. I can perceive in the eye of that cold-hearted being, the first moistening of a tear, as she looks at you; and I can see, in the rising of her throat and the compression of her lips, the effort she is making to subdue an emotion which she must not

show. Years ago, when she first felt the loss of a mother's love, she imagined nothing could be easier than to gain friends, and expected from her acquaintances, the same affectionate interest she was so ready to give them. She, at first, supposed them to be as sincere in their expressions of affection as herself; but it could not be long before her penetrating mind discovered their real indifference. She tried other friends, and was again disappointed. None saw what she suffered, except in her entire change of character—or rather of manner, for her heart is still the same. She is, as you say, cold, haughty, and repulsive. When you, by your manner, offered her your friendship, she dared not seem to accept it—but now, she remembers her coldness, and thinks perhaps you were sincere.

The conversation between the fairy and the lady grew more and more interesting, but we must be excused from relating the rest.

Greenfield High School, May 25th, 1880.

WISHES.

A GARDEN of flowers, for the long summer day,
Where the almond and tulip and hyacinth blow,
With sweet shrubs, where the bee and the butterfly stray,
And the yellow bird's carols unceasingly flow.

A gay little bower, for the calm summer eve,
Where, 'neath rich scented roses and lilac trees laid,
Dim groups of fair elves I could dreamingly weave,
Of the moon's misty light and the wavering shade.

A window alone, for the clear winter morn,
With volumes of science and beauty all o'er,—
Or, on fancy's swift wing far away to be borne,
Through her realm of enchantment untiring to soar.

The fireside at home, for the chill winter storm,
With the same eyes around it that once were so bright,
With the smiles that spoke truly the bosoms so warm,
And the love that o'er all shed its purest of light.

Greenfield High School, June 9th, 1880.

RELAXATION IN DISCIPLINE.—APOLOGIES FOR MIS- BEHAVIOR.

BY JOHN HALL.

UNLESS I am much deceived, there has been for a considerable time past, a gradual relaxation in what is properly called family government, or discipline. For the last twenty-five years, much has been said and published, in

various forms, on the subject of education. Many projects have been started, many schemes devised, and much money expended, to render the whole business of education more perfect. That these efforts have thrown considerable light on the general subject, and that they have done much good by the inquiries which they have elicited, and by many practical results which have followed, cannot be denied. But that as much good has resulted from them as some appear to imagine, and that no errors have been propagated in the dissemination of truths, I cannot readily concede. Theories are neither to be rejected nor received, merely because they are new. They must be submitted to examination and stand or fall as truth and reason shall determine.

Among other claims to improvement during this period of time, it has been more than insinuated that the family discipline of our forefathers was too severe, and that both reason and nature demand a gentler regimen, and a milder treatment. It is always easier to descend than to climb; and that which comes to us under the guise of gentleness, finds us more attentive auditors, than what is presented under a more rugged aspect. Hence the transition was easy from the rigid exactness of our fathers who lived in the eighteenth century, to the laxer views which characterize their descendants of the nineteenth. I shall not institute a comparison between the opinions on this subject which have been respectively entertained by the two parties; although I must be allowed to say, in consideration of the sweeping remarks which are sometimes thrown out in condemnation of the former, that it seems mysterious how a system of education, which was entirely and radically bad, should have trained a generation to act, on the stage of life, so glorious a part as that which our fathers acted through their revolutionary struggle with the mother country, and in the years which immediately succeeded. Should we of the present day, and our children with us, do better or more nobly than they, with all the refinements and improvements of which we boast?

The opinion is extensively adopted at the present day, that coercive measures to secure obedience on the part of children, if adopted at all, should be deferred until their minds shall be sufficiently matured to understand fully the nature and intendment of discipline. It may be admitted, in the gross, that at some future time, which possibly will never arrive, some degree of coercion may be used with propriety. At present, however, "the child is too young; he is too feeble, too delicate, too sensitive, to meet with severity. It would make him too nervous, too stupid, too timid; and what is worse, it would make him *afraid* of his parents, and so he would never love them." Let him be ever so peevish, petulant, waspish, and unmanageable, there is some excuse for it all. "The darling child has just waked up; has slept too little, or has slept too long; has been suffering from cold, or from heat; is believed to be unwell, for his face is unusually flushed, and he has acted just in this manner for several days; he is afraid, or dislikes to see strangers; his little sister just now got away his playthings, or, what is equally to the purpose, he wants hers; he was never known to act so bad before;" while the fond expressions of the parent and the looks of all present clearly intimate the hope, though for different reasons, that he never will again. The child, at length, outlives the season for this kind of excuses, but new ones are at hand.

He becomes forward, pert, impudent, and saucy. "These are indications of smartness, and of talent; they may be carried a little too far, but discretion at that age is not to be expected, and as he grows older his exuberant feelings will abate." If he plays the truant, "boys, you know, are apt to do so; they are naturally indisposed to regular application, but when they are old enough to see its importance, they will, of their own accord, apply themselves to business. Children must have their sports and amusements, and their own way in many things; to curb their inclinations when they are so young, and to subject them to strict rules of discipline would endanger their health, cause them to be dumpish, and would make them appear like little old men and women, just like Mr. such a one's children, who look so grave, so demure, and so dejected, for want of more liberty, it makes my heart ache to see them. I do not believe that one of them would, for the world, venture across the way to see a playmate, without their father's or mother's permission. I cannot be so very choice and tender of *my* children as to keep them always at home, never trusting them out of my sight. It will be seen, in the end, whose boys are the smartest. The other children, I know, get the best lessons at school, now; but they have to study all the time to do it; and the instructor tells me that he wonders how mine recite half as well as they do, for their eyes are scarcely ever on their books; and he has no doubt that they *might* be equal to any in the school, if they *would*. My boys, it is true, are sometimes charged with being a little mischievous, and roguish; but all boys are apt to be so, who have wit and talents. I love to see them cheerful and lively, and have been amused to see their cunning, roguish tricks, and sly frolics; but I always caution them not to carry their jokes too far." If these frolicsome lads should now and then get into a broil with their fellows, and exchange a round or two of blows, they will probably be received at home with the condoling inquiry, in the first place, "what naughty boys were they who hurt my dear little darlings?" To this, gratifying assurances will follow, that they shall never do so again. Or should a sense of justice and propriety so far prevail as to induce some inquiry into the causes and the beginning of the affair, the examination will perhaps close with the very grave and important injunction, "whenever you get into such a quarrel in future, do you always remember, my children, *never to strike first!*"

(To be continued.)

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A HUSBAND AND WIFE SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"WELL! this looks a *little* like the realization of our dreams of romantic felicity! I can make this pleasant room, and this pleasant hour, in which we are secure from interruption—(though I have enjoyed very much the visit of our friends this evening, and are glad to believe from the lateness of the hour, that they have enjoyed it too,) I can make these common-place circumstances more than an equivalent for those far-famed fairy bowers,

which spring up without foundation, like the creations of Aladin's wonderful lamp, affording a momentary respite to seasons of feverish excitement, restless anxiety or terrific alarm. These seem to convey to some minds the only ideas of romantic enjoyment they are capable of admitting; but such imaginations are tame, sickly and senseless, compared with what I call the *romance of real life*.

To me there is something peculiarly fascinating in the evening light of such a fire as this; where we make a pretence of the first autumn chill, to show the elements how comfortable we can be in spite of them. While this rich, warm, mellow light is thrown around the room and dances over so many pretty things of our own contriving, making the present beautiful,—it is full of the memories of the past. I am never tired of watching the slender shadows of those cedar wreaths upon the wall;—and amid all its beauty, there is a charm in feeling it to be *our dwelling*, and *our fire-side*, which doubles the blessedness of it."

"Thanks to your taste and skill, Alice, for its chief sources of fascination. Yes, I do think many a nabob and lordling might envy us the sanctity and happiness of such a home. There is another charm meanwhile in feeling the happiness to be secure and permanent; in knowing that the helpmate of all your choice will be ever at hand to take the smile from your lip or the cloud from your brow, as the case may be; will be there to-morrow—and the next day—and the next; will meet you with that partnership smile of confidence and affection in your out-goings and in-comings; all which place this kind of social intercourse as far above every other, as *solid specie* is above *paper currency* in value."

"Yet all that we possess or value, is a *rational* happiness, wrought of materials within the reach of every one. How is it that so few discover the true secret and make a happy life out of the circumstances in which Providence has placed them?"

"Many causes go to make up an answer to that question. Among the most prominent, are mistaken views of life and the nature of true happiness; infirmities of temper and disposition; a want of confidence and sympathy in the parties; apathy and weariness in the pursuit of measures for securing happiness—and finally, a callous indifference respecting its attainment.

Some of those strange and monstrous ideas of vicissitude and wild adventure, to which you alluded, enter so fully into the minds of those who have been early perverted by fictitious influence, that they cannot conceive of romantic happiness in a life of uniform tranquility. Such may as well be given over to their '*strong delusions*,' for there is no such thing as converting them to a better faith. Mistaken views of life, in some one aspect, you will find attaching almost without exception, to the visions of the young; arising in part from the very newness and beauty of life to them, making them exquisitely alive to its adversities. We need, as the old Scotchman said, 'to have this keen and sensitive edge *ground off*,' on the rough, hard *whinstone of affliction*, if we would live to be blessings to those around us."

"Much as I have prided myself upon rationality, even I was mistaken in my views of the married life, and in one sense, disappointed. I have not found *less* of happiness in it than I anticipated, but a *different* happiness; of a more quiet, trustful, satisfying nature—which, after I began to comprehend its real worth, I would not have exchanged for all the imag-

inary ways of happiness that have deluded so many. Yet looking at it through the hopes of the future, I unwittingly clothed it in hues of more changeable brilliancy, and decked it with more varied garniture than I found it to possess. I woke as from a dream to realize that I was living a part of the same life that I commenced before entering what then seemed a fairy region—with the addition only of new duties and new interests.

Then I laid in a large stock of fortitude and resignation, for what I called 'the trials of life!'—but these did not meet me at the times, or in the sort for which I had prepared for them. For instance, I was troubled with a vexatious head-ache for several days, at a time when we had planned several excursions of pleasure;—just sufficient to create discomfort, and prevent me from enjoying them. Under these visitations too, I was tempted to the indulgence of irritation and despondence. And had I not cultivated a habit of uniform self-control, I should probably have offended or wounded others by the effects of this irritability."

"This brings us to another source of domestic unhappiness. These very infirmities of human nature, of which we all partake, call for the constant exercise of forbearance and extenuation in all the relations of life. Very few of us entertain a proper sympathy with them as *infirmities*. As vices or crimes I would not advocate the least sympathy with them; and so far as they are indulged without solicitude or restraint, they become criminal. Much, however, that we are accustomed to resent, should, instead, be met by a gentle indulgence or a charitable extenuation, not only between the members of a family, but in like manner extended to the circle of our friends and acquaintance."

"Now we have been telling each other *how good* we are, for some time! They say every picture has a dark as well as a bright side—do you remember the dispute we got into several weeks since, about a foolish matter of opinion, in which neither of us would give up his opinion, or yield the palm of superior judgment in the case?"

"Right well do I remember it! and there again, Alice, I must give you credit for being the first to end the contention by giving up the dispute. Yet neither was convinced by the other—nor would have been, had the dispute lasted a week."

"I do not deserve much credit for ending the controversy, as in so doing I, in my own opinion, gained the victory! It has always been a canon of my philosophy that the one who *gives up* is the greater hero,—for thereby he or she does that which the other is unable to do. But the thought came to my aid just in time to save me, that we were doing the same thing that a thousand foolish people had done before us;—contending for what in itself was not worth a straw, simply in the pride of opinion, and from an unwillingness to yield the contested point. But if I ended the dispute, *you* were the first to make concessions and acknowledgments."

"I made a covenant with myself before I was married, that I would never let an obstinate pride stand in the way of a perfect reconciliation, in case of misunderstanding, so far as investigation and acknowledgment would effect it. 'Tis the only way to wash out all bitterness. I think we came to the conclusion that the dispute proved on the whole an advantage to us, in establishing a better understanding than before. A want of confidence between husband and wife probably works more mischief in this relation,

than all other causes combined. In refusing to communicate their mutual disappointments and vexations, they shut themselves out from the possibility of amendment. Whatever the original cause of alienation, whether unamiable tempers, constitutional foibles or indulged faults, it must be removed at whatever pains or expense. Like the eye or the hand of offense, to be cast away when interfering with the soul's salvation ;—so every indulged and cherished sin must be eradicated, if we would attain to perfect domestic happiness."

"And this is so difficult, that many give up the task in hopeless discouragement, when a goodly share of human perverseness falls to their lot,—and seem to prefer wrangling it through life the best they may."

"Yet the result would more than repay the effort. A good wife might almost *challenge* the wandering or alienation of her husband. I know there have been cases where moral obliquity on the one side has trampled on every sacred right of the other ;—but these are comparatively rare. In ordinary cases, the declension of affection keeps pace pretty nearly with the declension of efforts to preserve it. The wife is too often intent upon winning the admiration of friends abroad, to the neglect of those attentions and graces which would secure the lasting admiration of the husband at home. In making their home so attractive, that whenever he leaves it

• 'Twill be a race betwixt him and the time'

till his return,—every wife would find a personal reward ; for the happiness thus conferred would be hers in a twofold degree."

"People say it is very easy to talk about these things, but quite another thing to practice."

"So it is !—and because we have all talk and no practice, therefore we see so much failure. It would be a curious fact, if the last and crowning work of God for his creature's happiness—the institution which He ordained and blessed—should be inevitably productive of evil, in each particular case, from the *peculiar circumstances* of individuals !"

"Yet the veterans in matrimonial experience and wisdom, always meet my confident happiness with a shake of the head, and tell me I have not tried it long enough. When six years instead of six months shall have passed over my head, they predict that I will 'sing a different song.'"

"Of one thing I am confident, that so long as we adhere to our present principles and continue to hold the balance tenderly and equitably for each other, we can afford at the end of six years to spare these complainers a small portion of our accumulated treasures of contentment.

The conclusion of the whole matter, is, we make our own miseries and our own happiness. The latter can be made as well as the former, out of almost every circumstance and condition of life. A want of adaptedness or conformity to our situation is the reason it is not made. The parties are playing at cross purposes. The wife is too much given to ostentatious parade and vanity ;—the husband is too obstinate and self-willed—as well as the wife—for these latter qualities are pretty equally distributed between them. He is often domineering—has entertained plans and resolutions of ruling and having his own way when he should possess a home of his own ; and if he does not carry these purposes absolutely into effect, evinces the disposi-

tion in an unaccommodating temper. Let a man be master always in his own house. Even his wife will never truly respect him if he is not—but the master need not therefore be developed through the tyrant."

"Amen, most worshipful master!—and I say the woman can always be mistress (*even of her lord and master*) if she has wit enough to find out the true source of influence and power."

"I will not retort your saucy 'amen,' Alice,—but this I will say—that I have not a whispering of doubt but that we can maintain a 'fairy region' within the heart's domain, *throughout life*, if we will—and will be agreed as sincerely as we are now, how it shall be done."

For the Microcosm.

A NEW SOCIETY.

ONE afternoon a few weeks since, while I was on a visit to a friend in a neighboring town, a gentleman called to invite us to be present at the formation of a benevolent society. "A *new society*," said my friend A. "a *new society*! well—thank heaven I shall not live in the next century. By that time, men will perform every moral duty only through the agency of the committees of benevolent associations! One must needs be omnipresent to attend the meetings of the societies already in existence—and could I remember the names of all to which I belong, I should be able to congratulate myself on a memory surpassing that of Crichton."

Now, let no one suppose that my friend A. is an enemy to benevolent associations. By no means—but he thinks that benevolence at the present day, is quite too *gregarious*. He believes that the active exertions of charity should spring from and not *supersede* quiet reflection. And he thinks, that the benevolence of the age is more remarkable for extension than depth. Whether he is right in this opinion, I leave it for better and wiser men than myself to decide.

But to return to the new society. When A. understood its *object*, he concluded that it was well to form *one more* society, and we went to the meeting. When we reached the church, we found about five hundred people collected, but the exercises had not commenced. In looking round on the assembly, I was amused with the diversities of expression in the countenances of those present. Some looked full of hope; the faces of others wore a look of fear and anxiety. Some appeared as if determined on opposition; while a large number showed plainly that they belonged to the class of persons "who can never be accused of having any aim at all," and had come to the meeting merely because others came. The clergy and their families looked extremely cheerful. No wonder! for they felt that the hour of deliverance was at hand.

About a dozen speeches were made. I cannot say that all who addressed the assembly observed that golden rule for public speakers, "never speak

unless you have something to say, and always stop when you have done"—but, on the whole, the speeches were interesting. They were tolerably short, and most of them had some relation to the subject in question.

No speeches were made to prove the existence and prevalence of the evil which the society was designed to oppose ; for it was understood that no one had any doubts on that point.

The first gentleman who addressed the assembly, stated distinctly the object of the proposed society. "It is to be" he remarked, "*an Anti-meddling Society*. Those who join it will be required to pledge themselves never to meddle with the concerns of others ; and moreover, so far as they can prevent it, never to be meddled with—but to use all lawful means for the reformation (or, if that fails, for the overthrow and confusion) of meddlers, and the suppression of meddling." He defined a meddler as "one who attempts to regulate all the affairs of the universe except his own."

Next, a pale, skeleton-looking young man, spoke a few words. He said that he arose merely to thank the benevolent individuals who suggested the formation of this society. He believed it would save many lives. He remarked that he had been all his life a prey to meddlers, and had felt for some time that he was hastening to the grave, the victim of these accomplished torturers—but now, he had strong hopes of life. Should this society flourish, he felt that he might live many years, quietly absorbed in his favorite pursuits, without molestation, without ever again being obliged to address his persecutors in the words of Job, "Oh that ye would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom." He said no more. I have since discovered, that he belongs to that class which meddlers take the highest delight in persecuting ; he is *an author*.

A clergyman next arose, and said he would make a *few* remarks. I groaned inwardly, for I remembered the clerical meaning of the word *few*, and felt sure that patience was to have "its perfect work." It was even so. He gave an account of the origin of meddling, and a sketch of its history to the present time. He remarked that, to give a *complete* history of meddling, would be almost the same as to give a history of the world, and therefore he should not attempt it. "Meddling," he observed, "originated, wonderful to relate ! in Heaven. The first meddler was Satan, who has ever since reigned Prince of meddlers. He persuaded some of his companions to join a meddling society ; afterwards, when the world was created, he tempted Eve to become a meddler." The good minister went on, giving an account of various eminent meddlers—but I must omit a great part of what he said. I will, however, give my readers his remarks on the testimony of the apostles, in regard to this subject. "The evil existed in the time of the apostles, and they have testified against it. There are some of Paul's descriptions of character, so applicable to the meddlers of this age ; and some of his precepts on this subject, so very appropriate just now, that I think he *must* have been favored with a prophetic vision of the nineteenth century. "Avoid foolish questions"—if Paul were to rise from the dead, and preach to this generation, would not this be his first prohibition ? "Study to be quiet, and to do your own business"—would he not very often preach from this text ! (Truly, if it were obeyed, there would be a great deal of hard study !) "And withal, they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house ; and

not only idle, but tattlers also, and *busy-bodies*, speaking things which they ought not"—is not this a most accurate description of certain ladies (so called) of the present day? Peter also wrote on this subject. He and Paul, it is said, disagreed sometimes—but I am certain it was not on this subject—for thus writes Peter—"Let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil-doer, or as a *busy-body in other men's matters*." This is certainly explicit; and mark what good company Peter throws meddlers into! But, is it not as good as they deserve? Certainly, "birds of a feather" should be classed together."

After the minister had finished his "*few remarks*," a benevolent looking man arose, and said—"Were there no other reason for the formation of this society, than the relief of meddlers from their incessant and fatiguing labors, I think that alone would be a sufficient reason, with the humane. It is true, there are some meddlers who merely deem it their duty to *know* all the affairs of others—and such may have a tolerably easy life—but most of them have, in addition to "all knowledge" of such matters, anxious care and immense responsibility. So much have they to do in regulating affairs which nowise belong to them, that they have not the least time for their own concerns; it would indeed be unreasonable to expect that they should have. For they have to adjust the domestic economy of all their acquaintance—to give directions in regard to the diet and dress of every person they come across. They have to decide just how often their neighbors shall have company, and who shall be invited, and how many at a time, and what shall be the expense of the entertainment. They have to tell every individual who crosses their path, how much and when he shall contribute to each benevolent society.

They have to regulate the matrimonial engagements of all their acquaintances; and some meddlers, whose benevolence is very expansive, do this, not for their acquaintances only, but for the whole community. They have to visit the sick, not to administer to their comfort, but to urge upon them some remedy different from that which the physician prescribes. They have to visit the house of mourning, to console the bereaved by telling them that, had the friend for whom they mourn taken such and such nostrums, he might yet have been in the land of the living. They have to spend much time in preparing the way for lawyers, and in watching over the orthodoxy and faithfulness of pastors. They constitute a standing committee of expenditure for the clergy; they have to superintend the apparel of ministers' wives and the education of ministers' children. They have the "care of all the churches," the supervision of numerous schools; and moreover, in a place like this, the management of the faculty and students of a college. But, time would fail me to give a catalogue of their labors. I never wondered half so much that Lord Brougham found time to accomplish all that he has done, as I have at the industry of some worthies of this class. The exploits of Hercules were nothing in comparison with what these persons accomplish. And think too of their entire disinterestedness—for not even so much as thanks do they receive for all these labors! Truly the yoke of a meddler is any thing but easy, and his burden is by no means light! Is it not obviously the dictate of benevolence, to make the most earnest efforts for the relief of meddlers from their wearisome and manifold tasks, in order that they may have time for needed repose, and for the discharge of their own appropriate duties?"

After the close of this speech, it was moved that a constitution should be immediately framed—but, at this moment, a gentleman arose, and said—"I approve very highly the object of the proposed society, and should it be formed, I shall certainly join it, as I make it a point to join all societies; yet I wish to mention an objection which has just occurred to me. I think the objection that was made some years ago to "*Retrenchment Societies*," applies very forcibly to associations of this kind—it is, that they will throw many people out of employment. Think, for a moment, of the *enerv* and melancholy that will afflict multitudes who shall, in consequence of such societies, be taken from their accustomed pursuits and deprived of their chief source of happiness. What sighs will they heave, at the thought of "*aud lang syne*!" As they think on other days, with what emotion will they exclaim, in the poet's words, "*of joys departed not to return, how painful the remembrance*!" Can it be right, to deprive so many individuals of a profession which they have always pursued, and in which they have attained such perfection? Is it humane, to cut off such rich and elevated sources of delight from a countless multitude?"

During this speech, I began to be alarmed for the new society—but my apprehen-

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and said, in reply, "This objection
of the society—but I have thought of
meddling which will still be left
To say nothing of its other advan-
Solomon speaks of it thus—
"a man, having separated himself, (from
the world,) with all wisdom." Having thus disposed of
the objection, I move that we proceed,

proposed and adopted, of which the following are
articles.

Article 1. Every member of this society, shall be allowed to know his neigh-
bor as his own."

Article 2. The numerous followers of Procrustes, the mem-
bers of the society, shall permit to every man the privilege of thinking for himself,
and shall not permit to every man the privilege of life."

Article 3. Every member of this society, shall have some business of his own,
and shall devote at least half as much time as to the affairs of his neighbors."

Article 4. When this article was proposed, a gentleman arose and remarked, that this would
be an obstacle of innovation upon the customs of good society—however, it was
adopted.

Article 5. The members of this society shall permit to each gentleman of their ac-
quaintance the privilege of choosing his own wife, and to each lady, the privilege
of choosing her own mind and deciding for herself, in matrimonial affairs."

Article 6. Several gentlemen, and not a few ladies, looked very melancholy when this arti-
cle was adopted. I saw from their wo-be-gone faces, that some interesting schemes
were at an end.

Article 7. No lady, of whatever age, belonging to this society, shall be allowed the re-
presentation of more than a dozen families, two churches and six ministers."

Consideration pervaded many female minds, at the adoption of this article—and
some ladies expressed their disapprobation by leaving the assembly.

I have not time to mention the remaining articles of the constitution. My readers
will soon see it entire, in the first annual report of the society.

Gentle reader, it was in "the city of elm trees" that this society was formed. If
you live there, will you join it? If not, will you form a similar association in the
place where you reside? But, do not expect that such societies will produce an
universal reformation; for, after all, do what you will, "every fool will be meddling."

A. B. Z.

C—August 21st, 1836.

For the Microscop.

TO A BRIDE.

SWEET Bride, thine eye now beams with joy,
And smiles play on thy brow;
May purest joys without alloy,
E'er crown thy bridal vow.

The rose and lily on thy cheek,
In mingled beauty shine;
May sweeter graces mild and meek
Be thine, aye, ever thine.

Thy star of hope shines fair and bright,
To light thee on thy way;
May its sweet rays of genial light,
Guide thee to endless day.

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For the Microcosm.

MOONSHINE.

* * * * *

My curtain is put aside—I have opened my window—I wait for thee, benign ruler of the night,—shine upon me unreservedly if thou wilt! Now I hail thee, while thou cleavest that envious cloud as with authority; another and yet another is paled and borne away from thy path. Now thou art alone and untroubled. The blue sky is an unrippled sea about thee, which thou wilt float through yet not disturb. O “Sultana of the soul!” thou wilt shine sweetly on D’Israeli, thou wilt at last silver his time-worn tombstone, because he gave thee that fair salutation. He is thy liege servant; so are we all when we are calm and can receive thine image. Thou art dearer than the sun; for we may look upon thee; thou art nearer than the stars, and therefore dearer than they. There is a mild magic in thy face, to transform what thou lookest upon, and always beneficently; veiling insignificance and softening ugliness and adorning beauty. Thou art too lavish of thine influences; I am melancholy, because I am not saintly enough to be quite at home amidst this passionless beauty; I am discontented because I am not an angel, for if I were an angel I would be ‘clothed with light’—I could take it to myself as a fit drapery; nay, if I were an angel, even this light would be insufficient, and it would be needless; for the city of my habitation would have no need of the moon to shine in it—‘the glory of God,’ who made thee and me, would ‘lighten it,’ pouring perpetual day over its golden streets and many mansions, and far and wide over the green pastures and still waters of the surrounding Canaan.

[Here the writer falls into a sheer reverie—it can be nothing else; for one cannot believe he really saw what he seemed to see; if he did not fall into a reverie he fell asleep. At any rate, what he adds is rather instructive, considering there is so much moonshine about it; so it shall be put down here, at the risk of his being called a lunatic. After telling how there came toward him in a strait line from the moon, with a noiseless and almost imperceptible glide, a little body of denser light, which as it drew nearer and took shape he thought was the shadow of an angel’s bust,—and how its wings at length quivered before his eyes, yet as noiselessly as before,—and how darkness then fell all around him, leaving his strange visitant alone bright,—he tells us that when Dian strikes with her silver arrow, the victim knows not the wound, and that the wound quickens even while it bewilders him,—and he goes on describing his strange sight.]

'Surely thou art from above, and thou canst not be evil! Wilt thou be to me a familiar spirit? I look, I listen, as thou knowest, reverently. Where am I, and what?' Having said this, I heard a voice so free from the roughness of human utterance that I knew not whether it was above or around me, but I referred it to the Genius, and it said—

'Truly thou knowest not thyself, nor the world thou dwellest in. To know the one is to know the other also. Thou art estimating the earth by the glance of thine eye; thou art learning the world's history from thine own diary. Thou hast a drop by which to know the ocean! and truly there are wonders in the drop. Study it aright, and thou seest in its realm tiny creatures without number, breaking into life, sporting, writhing, and dying; and this is the history of the monsters of the great deep! Yet thou wilt certainly overlook a world which thou canst dash from thy finger. I would have thee learn the wisdom of a child, and be full of wonder and reverence, in thinking of all that our God holds in the hollow of His hand. Look out of thy little sphere and think how vast is humanity.'

I acknowledge that the earth under my feet is a wonder.

'Yet thou knowest not *how* wonderful. Look upward.'

I looked, and saw a moving world bright as if on fire, filling three quarters of our whole sky with but a portion of its retiring body. As it shone on the thick clouds that lay piled along the opposite horizon, its glare paled all their lightnings, and it moved onward slowly as if at the beat and roll of their thunders. Then it burst into flame, 'all things melting with fervent heat.' The sight was insufferable—but it vanished away.

'Greater than all this to you,' said the voice, 'has been to me the aspect of the earth you tread upon; and greater shall it be, when that earth and all things that are in it shall be burnt up! But it concerns thee more,' continued this strange monitor, 'to see *mankind*, in the extent of their interests and works, so far as thou canst comprehend them. What if in some degree I annihilate before thy sight the space and time which commonly belittle all thy contemplations. Thou hast thought of human *folly*—but the half has not been pictured to thee before; look!—

As far as my eye could reach, crowded together wherever they could stand, I saw men and women of all ages, 'some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred,' blowing soap-bubbles with childish glee, leaping for joy as the tinted globes glided tremblingly away, and then crying for vexation as they burst. I was ready to laugh at the spectacle of vanity—then I would have turned away in contempt—but I glanced at my instructor's face, and it taught me to hide my own in shame and pity.

'Infinitely more folly than all this,' said he, 'has God beheld in man, since first He made him in His own image. And there is folly of a deeper and blacker kind, called *crime*, which you sometimes denounce and lament as if you knew how heavily it has oppressed, how frightfully it has deformed, mankind. See what was done in a part of all the world, last night only, while you slept undisturbed.'

I turned my eyes as he bade me—for a moment I endured the sight of a great city, as it were, spread out beneath me, and reeking with blood and pollution. Every inhabitant was an incarnate fiend, bloated with indulgence, burning with malignant passion, at war with himself and with his neighbor. Their door-stones were slippery with blood, and blood dripped from every

was full of curses ; a dreadful sound was
 eth.' I shuddered at the frightful scene,
 and stopped my ears. 'No wonder,' said I,
 and—with all this folly and madness of sin.'
 the Genius, 'but what hast *thou* seen of its
 a glimpse of the suffering that has been and is
 —thy poor frame shudders at that last assemblage of
 —yet hear me calmly. 'Death by sin !' I was about to
 from all times and places, your sorrowing, sick and dying
 u would see an interminable field crowded with couches,
 bbedts ; and at the side of every dying creature a newly
 , and an agonized group ready 'to go down into the grave with
 ing ;' and every rolling stream would 'give up its dead.' Con-
 s and wailings would torment your ear and'—
 s enough', I cried, 'surely it is enough ! In this wide world of folly
 guilt and sin, there is nevertheless some repose, some devotion, some
 andness. Oh that I might now behold them all.'

'Glory be to our God !' said the Genius, and his voice swelled on my ear,
 tender and tremulous with delight, like an Eolian harp ;—'It has not enter-
 ed into thy heart to conceive how *much* tranquility and prayerfulness and
 beneficence we sentinel-spirits behold, each day and night, on earth. Be-
 hold for thyself so much of what I see to night, as thy weaker vision can
 apprehend.'

Suddenly many houses were unroofed before me—here a cottage with
 shrubbery waving around it, and there a stately dwelling whose rich hang-
 ings rustled in the evening wind stealing through its windows. I beheld
 innumerable groups of sleeping children, and I could even hear their short
 quiet breathings ; one stretching abroad his arms in entire forgetfulness—
 another pressing his cheek upon the little hand thrust between it and the
 pillow—yet another clasping her plaything with hands folded upon her bos-
 om, as if dreaming about it. It was all 'still life'—repose after the toil of
 play. I fancied there yet rested upon them the blessing which the Lord
 Jesus bestowed when he took little children into his arms.

'I see,' said the Genius, 'every night, myriads of such tranquil sleepers.
 Didst thou ever imagine how much repose there is in this troubled world ?
 But I must take off the veil from other sights also, since those hast suffered
 from the exhibition of human wickedness ?'

Again I looked. In every house I saw a family kneeling in prayer to God.
 My eye followed a mother as she rose, to the bedside of her sleeping chil-
 dren, and there she kneeled again. In one retired apartment I saw a profligate
 weeping, repenting, praying, even while in another his sister importu-
 nately prayed that this very hour might come. It was a sight worth living
 for, to see that vast population all still and busy in communion with the God
 of heaven.

'Every morning and evening,' said my visitant, 'I behold a company
 whom no man can number, at this holy work ; as often, I turn to an asso-
 ciate spirit, who has watched with me some wretched wanderer from God,
 and say, 'Behold *he* prayeth !' These which thou seest are comparatively a
 few, gathered into one place from many neighborhoods ; but does not this
 world seem to you now a house of prayer ? But I open upon thee one
 vision more.'

Then I saw a great city, busy in the innumerable offices of a divine compassion. A delicate form went out of a splendid mansion, and threading obscure by-ways came to the hut of a sick old man, where she emptied her basket of choice wines and conserves. A matron was reading the Bible to a blind but devout woman, who had seen brighter if not better days; and a poor family, so ignorant that they could not read, were listening to the 'Shepherd of Salisbury plains.' A disabled sailor was borne along the streets to the open door of a hospital. A deaf and dumb man was making animated signs to his instructor; and a blind boy was feeling studiously the raised letters of his New Testament. There was a part of the city where young men were throwing themselves down under the heavy wheels of a hideous block which mashed them as it moved,—mothers were casting their own children into a deep river,—widows were bound to the dead bodies of their husbands, shrieking in vain as flames were lighted to consume together the living and the dead; and besides these there were innumerable disgusting and dreadful sights; but several men of mild countenances left their own pleasant families, went into the midst of these people, talked with them and wept over them, and did them every kindness, until the very vilest of them became new creatures; then they were all kind and happy and thankful together. I cannot set down half of what I saw, but I gazed, and gazed, with unspeakable satisfaction, begging my good Genius not to change nor disturb the sight.

'Be thankful,' said he; 'but remember all that thou hast seen. Always, if thou wouldest know how much this whole world, in its whole history, affords, to be shunned, rebuked or lamented, how much to be rejoiced in and prayed for and attempted, think of the world's Watchman, who never slumbers over all times and all places.'

'But I cannot see as God seeth.'

'Yet His word is thy lamp; in his light thou canst see light. So let thy heart see the end from the beginning, and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; so live for the universe and for eternity.'

* * * * *

M. P.

Int. Aug. 1836.

For the Microcomm.

THE HEART'S TESTIMONY.

THE year hath gone—

Its hours are told; its deeds are registered;
Its scenes of woe are past; its pleasures dead.
All, all have flown.

My heart, I call

Thee to be still. Come, it is well
To wake the past—come now and tell
Thy good from all.

My steps have led
Where mirth reigned loud—where wit flashed bright—
Where fair cheeks blushed in the mellow light—
Heart. "But they have fled."

And I have stood
Where music fell from lips that seemed
Almost a seraph's—where bright wine gleamed—
Heart. "I felt no good."

And I have trod
Wealth's spacious halls—have met the glance
Of favoring ones in the stirring dance :
Heart. "Forgetting God."

And hear me now—
There's no true peace—'tis all in vain
To seek me joy in the pomp and pain
Of earthly show.

Well, I have met
Where Christians love in prayer to meet,
Imbibing feelings pure and sweet.
Heart. "They cheer me yet."

LONG.

For the Microcosm.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

THE clock had just struck nine as I seated myself at my table, drew the candles nearer, and taking up the Bible commenced looking for a text for my next Sabbath day's discourse. I had hardly opened the book however, when the door gently opened and my little daughter entered the study.

"Father," said she, poor Mrs. Howard is dying, and they want you to come immediately."

"I will, my dear," I replied, and commenced making preparation for a walk of nearly a mile, in the depth of winter, to visit the chamber of sickness, and (in all probability) of death.

Mrs. Howard was a widow. Her story is short but affecting. She married in early life, and her marriage in most respects proved a happy one. But her husband was a sailor, he commanded one of our eastern ships, and in one of his voyages was lost. Though an affectionate and kind husband, he was not a professor of religion, and this rendered the blow doubly severe. His wife had loved him with that fervor and devotion which woman only feels; and when the sad news of his shipwreck reached her, though she gave vent to no violent expressions of grief—though she murmured not—yet those who saw her cheek daily growing paler, and her form becoming more and more attenuated, knew full well that the blow had struck deep, and that ere long, she too would go down to the grave. She had an only child, a boy of eight years, and to him the widow's heart clung as to her on-

ly hope. The boy in return seemed to live but for his mother—they were all the world to each other.

* * * * *

When I reached the house, a neat cottage most beautifully situated, a neighbor met me at the door and conducted me to the widow's chamber. Mrs. H. was sitting up in bed supported by pillows, and one glance sufficed to show that she was rapidly approaching her end. Her brow was damp with the dew of death, her eyes were sunken but gleamed with unwonted brilliancy—she smiled faintly, and feebly stretched forth her hand. "I am glad to see you Mr. F. I am going to depart and be with Christ."

"Does the grave seem dark and gloomy to you now?"

"Oh no! Jesus is my staff and support. He will bear me through the dark valley! But Mr. F. my child—my Edward—what will become of him?"

"Remember the promise, my dear madam—I will be a Father to the fatherless."

"Blessed words! Yes, I do feel content to leave him in the hands of God. But oh, 'tis hard to part with my dear, dear son."

The boy, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, gazing upon his mother in speechless agony, here unable to restrain his grief burst into tears.

"Edward," said his mother—he ceased weeping—"come near me, my son." He knelt by her side. "Edward," she continued, "your mother too, is now going to leave you. You will see her no more in this world—but oh, my dear son, her last injunction is, live in such a manner as that you may meet her in heaven. Mr. F., will you be a father to my boy?" "So help me God, I will," replied I, unable to repress my tears. "Thank you, *thank you*," she said. "Edward, may God bless and take care of you!—kiss me, my child." He bent over and pressed her lips in one long last kiss. When he rose—she was gone!

I took the boy to my own home, and brought him up as my own son. He was an affectionate, lovely boy—but he mingled not in the sports of his companions. His favorite resort was his mother's grave. He early avowed his determination to prepare himself for the ministry, and his thoughts seemed always to dwell upon religion. But the seeds of disease were at work in his frame,—and in less than five years we laid him beside his mother.

F.

EXTRACT FROM "THE DOCTOR."

Would you know whether the tendency of a work is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may, after all, be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others; and disposed you to relax in that self government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue,

—and consequently no happiness! Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend!—Young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case!

RELAXATION IN DISCIPLINE.—APOLOGIES FOR MIS-BEHAVIOR.

BY JOHN HALL.

(Continued from page 169.)

At a more advanced stage, children put on airs of importance, and plainly intimate that they know how to take care of themselves, and neither wish, nor need the continual inspection of others. This is pronounced to be natural, and characteristic of youth; and being a mere matter of course, it should excite no concern. "They are beginning to feel like young gentlemen, and these first attempts of the kind, though somewhat rude, need to be encouraged rather than repressed." These young gentlemen, perhaps, begin to make further essays at manly gentility; are out from home late in evenings, and finally late at night; acquire by degrees the habit of profanity; like an occasional ride of pleasure, not precisely with such companions, nor to such places, nor under such circumstances, as the parents, if left to themselves, would choose, but such as, nevertheless, "young folks are wont to be pleased with;" possibly they drink rather more than is consistent with sobriety of behavior, and carouse a little too hard to render them fit for any profitable pursuit for a few days afterward. They may do, every day, things which they cautiously conceal from their parents, and may have learned the genteel and significant language, so much in vogue,—“what would the old man,” or “the old woman,” or “the old folks say, if they knew what we are about?” They may have acquired the art of obtaining money from their parents under feigned pretences, and of spending it in disgraceful practises; they may have become adepts in cheating them dexterously; and may have gradually become so familiar with false representations, as to lose the consciousness of their turpitude. All these things, and many others alike objectionable, *may* happen, and, what is more to the purpose, *have* happened,

without any direct and effectual reprehension on the part of the parents. If these children absent themselves from home till a late hour in the evening or night, the parents wish, indeed, that they could be contented without so doing; "but it is no worse," it will be sometimes said, "than they themselves did at that age."

Such is an abbreviated outline of that kind of treatment which very many children receive from their parents, and of the apologies which the latter make for them, through the various stages of childhood and youth. If all these things are not said and done precisely in the form here stated, though it is believed that even this will hardly fail of recognition, yet all these, and many more of a similar character, are substantially practised every day, and every where in our country. I appeal to the whole community, for the faithfulness of the representation. But the difficulty, in regard to many, will not consist in their denial of the facts, but in their failing to understand the harm of them, admitting them to be true. Now the harm, if I mistake not, lies here;—the parent, in the first place, is too easy in regard to the faults of his children; he suffers his mind to be too much warped by his feelings and partialities; hence he either sees no faults, or apologizes for them if they are seen; or his standard of proper behavior is too low; or he has never formed the resolution to bring his children to entire obedience to his will; but suffers them to evade it, and to carry their own points at the expense of his authority. He has never taken ground which he had fully determined to maintain; and has vacillated between a few sober conceptions of paternal and filial duties on the one hand, and a mistaken feeling of tenderness, united with too much complacency in his children's erratic dispositions, and too strong a confidence in their power of self-recovery, on the other. In the end his hopes are disappointed. His children grow up with confirmed habits of self-indulgence; with unsubdued propensities to evil; with no maturity of virtue; but in prodigality and vice, sufficiently ripe. Even should children, thus unfortunately trained, become reformed in after life, through the mercy of Heaven, their characters will be less perfect, and possess a more varied mixture of good and evil, than if they had been early modelled by regular discipline, and judicious management. The time afterwards spent in the mere eradication of evil habits, would have been sufficient to expand and multiply better ones with the happiest success, and with no admixture of the grief which is occasioned by the reflection on time and advantages lost, on errors committed, and on talents abused.—*Selected.*

The rout is folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none, decoyed into that fatal ring,
Unless by heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early gray, but never wise;
There form connexions, but acquire no friend;
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood, and devote old age
To sports which only childhood could excuse.—*Cowper.*

TIGHT LACING.

It would seem presumptuous to hope for a hearing, even, much more to expect any beneficial results, from the discussion of a subject which has employed the talents of the wisest and the most learned with but small success;—and we know it is almost as idle to speak against the voice of *fashion*, as it would be to stand beside Niagara and endeavor to hush the cataract into silence. But while we leave an exhibition of the nature and effects of this evil to its legitimate teachers, we would add the effort, however feeble, to the side of humanity and common-sense, in a cause which needs ‘line upon line, and precept upon precept.’

With all the undisguised and acknowledged injury arising from tight dressing, we could never yet find the young lady who would own that she erred in this respect, or dressed sufficiently tight to impair her health. We have known many who would confess, after experiencing years of suffering as a consequence, that in those *former years* they dressed tight enough to kill themselves; who were at the time as confident in the impunity of the practice, as they continued to be in the degree of it which was still retained. We have known parents and guardians who could throw off their responsibilities by a caution; and their fears by the assurances of the victim who was blinded to her own destruction. We have seen many a mother satisfied in the belief that she had done her whole duty, when, attracted by the appearance of her child, she has inquired with apparent solicitude whether she was not dressed too tight. And we have observed that the same reply, in substance, is ever at hand,—whereby heedless and unsuspecting youth cheat themselves and others into security until the danger is beyond redress. “O, No!”—she will always exclaim, drawing in her breath and effecting that momentary relaxation of which the human form, from its flexibility, is always capable,—so as to enable the little self-immolator to get her fingers under her belt,—“*See, I can do all this!*” We know you can do all this—and more. We know that what is so tight to-day as barely to allow of breathing without comfort, is not tight to-morrow;—and so on each succeeding day the lacing-string may be drawn a few notches tighter—and in this stealthy, unsuspected way is the female frame drawn into the experience of almost every disease and pain ‘that flesh is heir to.’ We despise while we pity the poor, weak-minded suicide,—who, too cowardly to live in the face of terror or affliction, can rush upon the unseen realities of a dark Eternity;—fastening the halter which is to swing him into the unknown abyss to the rafter of a gloomy garret;—while the same result is treated as a jest, if attained through a labored and refined process, and under a disguised name. The instrument is but a silken cord, instead of a hempen one; the waist is substituted for the neck; and the victim offered a sacrifice to the Goddess of Fashion, instead of the atheist’s God,—Chance. We know it is appointed unto all once to die—but for the credit of womanhood let us choose a more honorable death! Let not these ‘fearfully and wonderfully’ constructed frames—this ‘harp of a thousand strings,’ be doomed to perpetual discord and distraction by the arbitrary monopoly of *one*,—and that a ‘corset string!’

There is but one remedy for this wide-spread evil, and that is to be found

in correct information. As it exists in ignorance and unbelief, it can only be removed by an enlightened understanding of the nature and consequences of the evil in question. Mothers and daughters must be so thoroughly informed on this subject, as to make them appreciate the danger attending the pernicious custom of tight dressing. They must do more than hear a few popular lectures on the subject, to be forgotten almost as soon as heard. They must read some medical treatise on the structure of the lungs and the circulation of the blood ;—and then see if they can wilfully impair the complicated mechanism of the human frame, which in spite of every effort to destroy its balance, runs so long by reason only of its exquisite workmanship. Mothers must do more than *caution* their daughters against the danger of tight dressing—they must superintend their wardrobe, and see for themselves that they do *not* dress too tight. But this will never be done while so many mothers are themselves blinded to the danger of the practice, and for the sake of making their children the miniature representatives of fashion, hesitate not to sacrifice health, simplicity and childish freedom to the constraints of custom and the tortures of confining apparel.

Whenever a reformation of this abuse is attempted, it is met by a popular objection, incontrovertible to the minds of such as adopt it. They assert the impossibility of fitting their dresses with any regard to taste and fashion without the aid of these artificial assistants. This is a mistake. We have known it proved by no inconsiderable number of experiments. Every fitness consistent with true grace and elegance may be attained without injury to life or health. But admitting in some cases, a necessary sacrifice of fashionable contour, is it not well purchased by the preservation of health, cheerfulness and mental vigor ? We speak to those who are accustomed to be influenced by the dictates of truth and common-sense. There are others, we know, who sooner than make this sacrifice would *rather die* ! Unable as we are to do justice to this subject, we believe it to be one of immense importance to the health of mind and body,—and ‘therefore have we spoken.’

For the Microcosm.

SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.

“WHY, my child,” said Mrs. Buckram, “how *could* you forget yourself so !” “I am not aware that I *did* forget myself, Ma ;” replied a blooming girl of seventeen, whose kindling eye and open features indicated uncommon benevolence of character. “But you ought to be aware of it,” rejoined the offended mother. “It was *exceedingly* improper. You cannot imagine how ridiculous it appeared. And then to see the Disbys and the Pinxleys looking at each other, and making all manner of fun about it—I thought I should die with mortification !—To stand there, like a simple country girl, listening to that vulgar old man, and *crying* too ! What *will* people think of you !”

“Well ! Ma, I am sure you would have cried too, if you had heard his story.”

“Pshaw ! child, who believes a beggar’s story !”

"But old Simon is not a common beggar. His poverty is the result of misfortune, not of indolence. And I own it touched my heart to hear him describe the calamities which, one after another, swept away his little all. It was so hard, after losing wife, and children and property, that he should be cast off by the man whom he had dandled in infancy, and served so many years!"

"But all that," said the mother, somewhat disturbed by her daughter's generous sympathy, "was no reason why you should forget yourself. I am as ready to relieve the distressed as any one; but I never could lose my presence of mind so far as to stand talking with such a vulgar looking man, in so public a place;—much less could I cry with him! Indeed, I think excessive emotion is always unbecoming."

During this conversation I had been sitting by the window, apparently engaged with a newspaper. As the last speaker concluded her remarks, I glanced my eye over the paper, to observe their effect on the young lady. She made no reply; but with a compressed, and slightly quivering lip, a tear glistening under her eye-lash, and a deep-drawn sigh, she resumed her work.

I instinctively sighed with her. Poor girl! thought I, this is one of your first lessons in the ways of the world. You are just beginning to feel the frost of that unkindly spirit which nips in the bud all the genial sympathies of human nature. Whether you will yield to this spirit, and become the artificial thing your mother would make you; or resist it, and cherish these generous sympathies, remains to be seen. I could not suppress a mental prayer that she might be enabled to stand the trial, and prove true to *that* nature which God had given her.

As I changed the sides of my paper, and cast a vacant glance up and down its columns, the words of the mother recurred to my mind with unusual force,—"*How could you forget yourself?*" And so, thought I, to *forget* one's self, is a great breach of decorum! The grand secret of dignity and gentility is to keep one's self always in mind. We must never become so much interested in others, as to forget our own importance. To act from the impulse of benevolent feeling, without first inquiring what belongs to etiquette, is vulgar. I have heard of a Frenchman who suffered a man to drown before his eyes, because he had not been introduced to him. I suppose he acted in strict obedience to the requirement of never forgetting himself, and must be regarded as the very pink of politeness.

Well! I know not how it is with others, "but for my single self, I had as lief not *be*," as to be incapable of sometimes forgetting myself. To be always watching my own dignity, and guarding it on every side with Argus-like vigilance—anxious to know, not what is just and right for a *rational being*, but what is proper for *me* to do or say in the various circumstances of life,—is a degree of selfishness from which I hope to be delivered. Give me for a friend, one who is not ashamed of his own nature—who would not blush to be found weeping over a tale of sorrow, or captivated with the beauties of natural scenery. O give me a friend who can

"—Send abroad a love for all who live,
And feel the deep content in turn they give."

Why are we endowed with sympathies, if we may never allow them to

flow out towards their appropriate objects? We are made to rejoice with the happy; to weep with the suffering; to admire the true, the beautiful, the sublime. These capacities belong to our nature—they are a part of ourselves. When, therefore, we merge the sense of our own wants in a feeling of commiseration for others,—when we are absorbed in contemplation of truth, or admiration of God's handy-work, we are acting out our nature—we are fulfilling the design of our existence. By what authority, then, does this mother tell her daughter that, in weeping over the sorrows of an old man, she forgot herself? She forgot her sneering *companions*; she forgot the factitious notions of gentility by which the world is governed; but in the best sense of the word, she did *not* forget herself. It was the dictate of humanity to weep with the unfortunate sufferer before her, and she obeyed it. Could she have been true to herself if she had done otherwise? If, from a slavish regard for the worthless opinions of light-headed, and fickle-hearted acquaintances, she had quenched this generous feeling, then would she indeed have been guilty of forgetting what was due to herself.

Well! thought I, if such principles are to be instilled into the minds of the rising generation, if the salient springs of humanity are to be kept down,—if the inborn and noble impulses of youthful feeling are to be nipt in the bud, and put into the straight-jacket of conventional politeness,—we shall have a strange state of society. Already its influence is felt.

“ The child has grown as cautious as three score ;
Admits, on proof, that two and two are four.
He to no aimless energies gives way ;
No little fairy visions round him play ;
He builds no towering castles in the sky,
Longing to climb, his bosom beating high ;
Is told that fancy leads but to destroy ;
You have five senses ; follow them, my boy !
If feeling wakes, his parents' fears are such,
They cry, Don't, dearest, you will feel too much.”

Why should we be afraid to trust Nature? Why shrink from following her guidance? Why blush when we obey her voice? She is honest, she never imposes upon her votaries; she never gives them occasion to repent of their confidence in her. What though we may sometimes be deceived in the objects of our charity? We have lost nothing; the loss is *theirs*. We may have done an injury by encouraging the unworthy; but we have no reason to regret the *feeling* which led us to assist them. It is better to cultivate benevolence, even at the expense of occasional imposition, than to shield ourselves from imposition at the expense of our benevolence. Nothing is more to be dreaded than the hardening of the heart to the claims of suffering humanity.

It is objected that sensibility of feeling makes us peculiarly susceptible of misery. But does it not make us equally susceptible of happiness? Besides, who would not rather “pine his loss, than not know *what* he had lost?” The capability of suffering, proves the capability of enjoying; they are inseparable. That in such a world as this the former should be mainly in exercise, is not strange; but to conclude from hence, that it were better not to cultivate native powers of feeling, were to adopt the principle satirized by the poet:—

"Know, happiness is duty. Then, be wise.
You're not to grieve though one you care for dies.
Have many friends, and then you'll scarcely know
When one departs, and save a world of woe."

The rose has its thorn, and every pleasure its pain. What folly, to dream of joy, without tasting the cup of sorrow! What madness, to shun nature, because she opens the fountains of sympathy! B.

For the Microcosm.

AN EDITOR'S DIFFICULTIES.

"Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear."

FOR the benefit of all the gentle and ungentle readers of the *Microcosm*, I will give an account of various remarks that I heard a short time since, while spending an afternoon in making calls on certain ladies of my acquaintance, who are among the subscribers to this work—hoping the narrative may induce these individuals, or some others, to look with a less critical eye on the next number. The last number of the *Microcosm* was lying on the table, wherever I went—and thus furnished a subject for conversation during each call. (For this reason, if for no other, it certainly ought to be patronized by all ladies who walk in the tread-mill of ceremonious calls.)

The lady on whom I called first, was a very good, matter-of-fact woman, who likes no poetry except such as "Thirty days hath September." In speaking of the *Microcosm*, she praised some articles in it which she regarded as *practical*, (oh! that much-abused word!) but remarked that she was sorry to see so much poetry in the work, and thought it would be more useful if it contained only prose.

The next lady on whom I called, admires *all* poetry—and poetry, in her view, is characterized merely by a capital letter at the beginning of each line, and rhyme at the end. Her only comment, as she turned over the leaves of the *Microcosm*, was—"only one page of poetry in the whole number—it is too bad."

Another lady, with a face somewhat less than a yard long, said she thought the work was too trifling. She remarked, "I think it ought to be more decidedly religious. I never read to be amused, but always for improvement."

The next neighbor, a young lady, said she "really wished the Editor of the *Microcosm* would insert a greater proportion of lively, amusing articles, and fewer sermon-like pieces."

Of three ladies in a certain street, one thought the *Microcosm* ought to be devoted more to the benefit of mothers; another that there was too little in the work addressed to wives; and the third said that young ladies were quite too much neglected by the Editor.

The truth is, there are a great many persons who feel that "the world and all that is therein" were made for their own exclusive accommodation; and, in the exercise of this spirit, each lady who takes the *Microcosm* (with some few honorable exceptions) expects every page of it to be suited to her own peculiar taste, and written expressly for her benefit. Just look, for a moment, at the "sum and substance" of the requirements made of the Editor of the *Microcosm*. The work must be all prose, and, at the same time, all poetry. It must be grave and instructive throughout—and yet it must contain every month sixteen pages of amusing matter. It must be all devoted to mothers—every article designed for the especial benefit of wives—and the whole particularly adapted to young ladies. Truly, it seems to be the general opinion that, for an Editor,

"The easiest thing beneath the sun
Is to do more than can be done."

Now, what is an Editor to do in such a case? I am not much in the habit of giving advice—and this for two reasons—the first that it is never taken—and the second that I have observed the *fondness* for giving good advice is generally in an inverse ratio to the *fitness* for it—but, I will venture a few words of counsel to the Editor of the *Microcosm*, and a parting admonition to the reader.

To the Editor I have only to say—Rely on your own judgment, and, if possible, possess your soul in patience—but do not expect to please all or even the majority of your readers.

For the reader's benefit I will transcribe a passage from Erasmus, quoted by Coleridge, in the *Friend*. "A reader should sit down to a book, especially of the miscellaneous kind, as a well-behaved visitor does to a banquet. The master of the feast exerts himself to satisfy all his guests; but if after all his care and pains, there should still be something or other put on the table that does not suit this or that person's taste, they politely pass it over without noticing the circumstance, and commend other dishes, that they may not distress their kind host, or throw any damp on his spirits. For who could tolerate a guest that accepted an invitation to your table, with no other purpose but that of finding fault with every thing put before him, neither eating himself, or suffering others to eat in comfort?" I trust that all subscribers to the *Microcosm*, will thoroughly "read, mark and inwardly digest" this advice—so that, in future, they may be content to receive their "portion in due season," and willing too that all others should have theirs.

☞ N. B. There is one difficulty that I suspect has caused not a little trouble to the Editor of the *Microcosm*, which I will mention here, for the benefit of all whom it may concern. It is that many subscribers have, from the time the *Microcosm* was commenced, judging by their actions, (which, we all know "speak louder than words") labored under the mistake that the work was printed for *gratuitous distribution*. I recommend that the Editor should publish, on the cover of the next number, the names of such subscribers; and, if they shall be considered, by competent judges, as proper objects of charity, I will engage to make an effort to collect, from the benevolent, a sum sufficient to supply such needy patrons of literature with the *Microcosm* gratuitously. But there will be no need of resorting to such a

measure, should this paragraph prove to delinquent subscribers, as I trust it will, the most *affecting* and *effectual* passage in the *Microcosm*.

W. W.

September, 1836.

PROVIDENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

EVEN as a mother o'er her children bending
Years with maternal love: her fond embraces
And gentle kiss to each in turn extending,
One at her feet, one on her knees she places,
And from their eyes and voice and speaking faces,
Their varying wants and wishes comprehending—
To one a look, to one a word addresses,
Even with her frowns, a mother's fondness blending:
So o'er us watches Providence on high—
And hope to some, and help to others lends,
And yields alike to all an open ear,—
And when she seems her favors to deny
She for our prayers alone the boon suspends—
Or seeming to deny, she grants the prayer.

THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL.

THE revolutions and vicissitudes of another year, have brought us to the close of the second Vol. of the *Microcosm*. Here we take leave of our readers. Standing at this point and turning to review the past, it presents like all retrospection, a picture of mingled pain and pleasure. However we may have failed in the results anticipated or aimed at, we feel supported in the consciousness of the best endeavors in our power,—and in the singleness and integrity of our motives. 'In weariness and painfulness often'—with limited resources and impaired health, have we journeyed through the past year, laboring to redeem the obligation assumed by the commencement of such an enterprise. But it would be unjust to dwell only upon the trials and discouragements of the way. We have been cheered and sustained by the sympathy and assistance of many, whose approbation and sympathy were most grateful to our heart;—we have been encouraged by the hope that our labor was not altogether in vain, but that some distant and hidden good might result though our eyes should see it not;—and we have been entertained as well as flattered by the confidence with which matrimonial errors and speculations were brought to us for judgment and decision, by adventurers in its coquetish realm.

We tender our sincere and cordial thanks to those friends, especially, who have contributed to the usefulness and interest of the work by their generous and disinterested assistance ; and we are grateful to our subscribers generally, for the degree of courtesy and good-will they have extended to us.

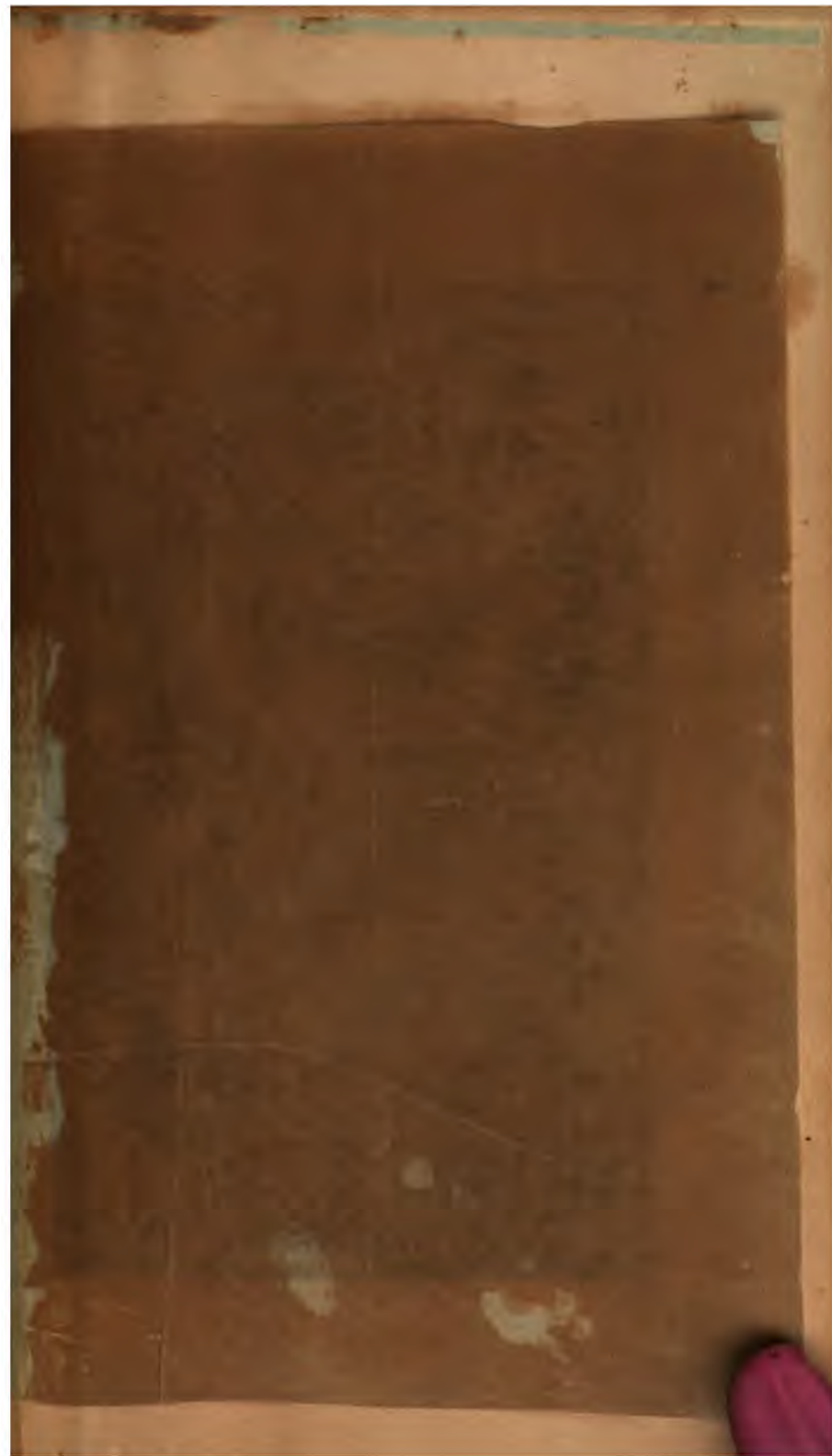
The Microcosm will be continued under the direction of a lady better qualified than its late editor, to meet the varied wants of the reading community. It will be subject of course to such alterations of plan and character as its future editor may see fit to adopt. We can urge in behalf of a friend that which we could not ask for ourselves,—and earnestly hope that all who have regarded our efforts with friendly interest, will continue to give their countenance and support to the work when it is in abler hands. We feel no hesitation in saying its future character will warrant the confidence of its friends and of the public.

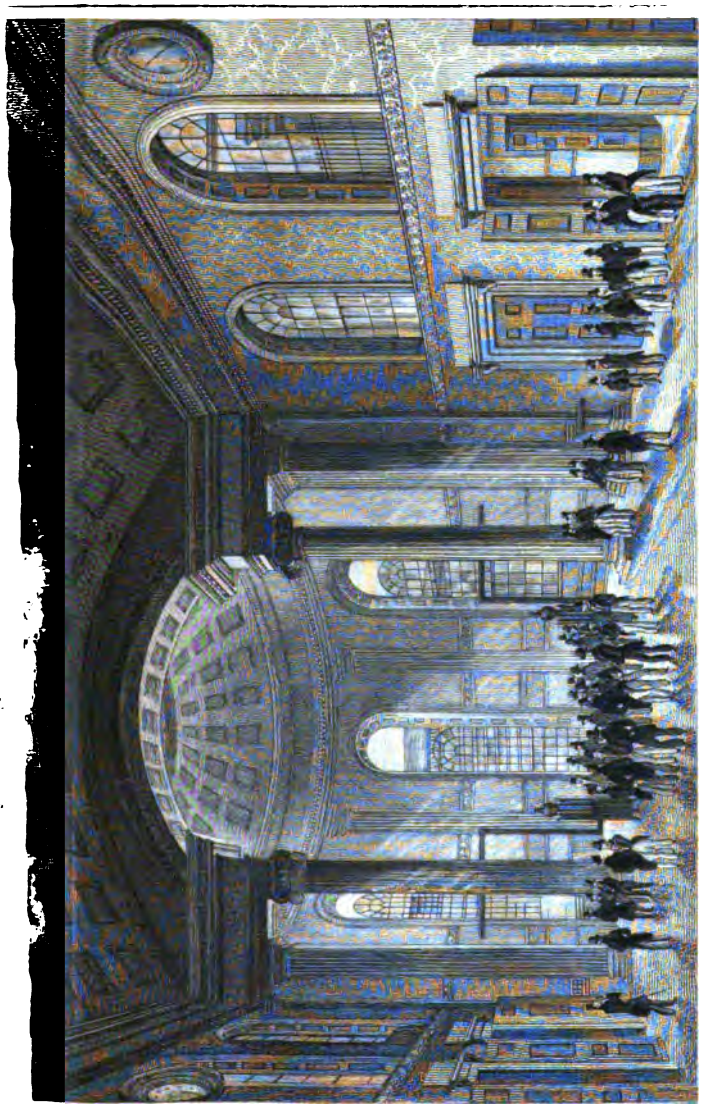
The responsibilities, perplexities and expenses of such a publication, can be appreciated by those only who have had experience in them. The forgetfulness or negligence of subscribers in forwarding their subscription-money, is a constant source of embarrassment to those who make it a dependence. The limited profits of so cheap a periodical will not support the expenses of a collecting agent ; and we have no other resource than that of trusting to the memory and honor of individual subscribers. Each one doubtless thinks it a small matter that the payment of *one dollar* should be delayed a few months ;—and would be surprised to learn that the sum of these omissions at the close of the present year amounts to more than *five hundred dollars*. We never intended to meddle with *politics*—but we venture to propose that the whole editorial corps sign a petition to government for the restoration of one and two dollar notes ; since the difficulty of forwarding small sums in specie, by letter, is the ostensible ground of neglect on the part of many subscribers.

In bidding our readers and friends farewell, we would forget every thing excepting the interests growing out of this relation. It is one of a peculiar character, owing to the solicitude with which we seek to adapt our efforts to the different tastes and habits of our readers ; and the gratification with which we find those efforts met and approved. We love to indulge the hope of meeting some whom we may never meet on earth, in those 'many mansions' prepared for the 'faithful unto death'—and of meeting them as *better friends* for the communion and intercourse of our "*Little World of Home*."

There is something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination, in contemplating the Queen of Night, when she is *wading*, as the expression is, among the vapors which she has not power to dispel, and which on their side are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue, calmly pursuing her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but be dimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny.

Walter Scott.

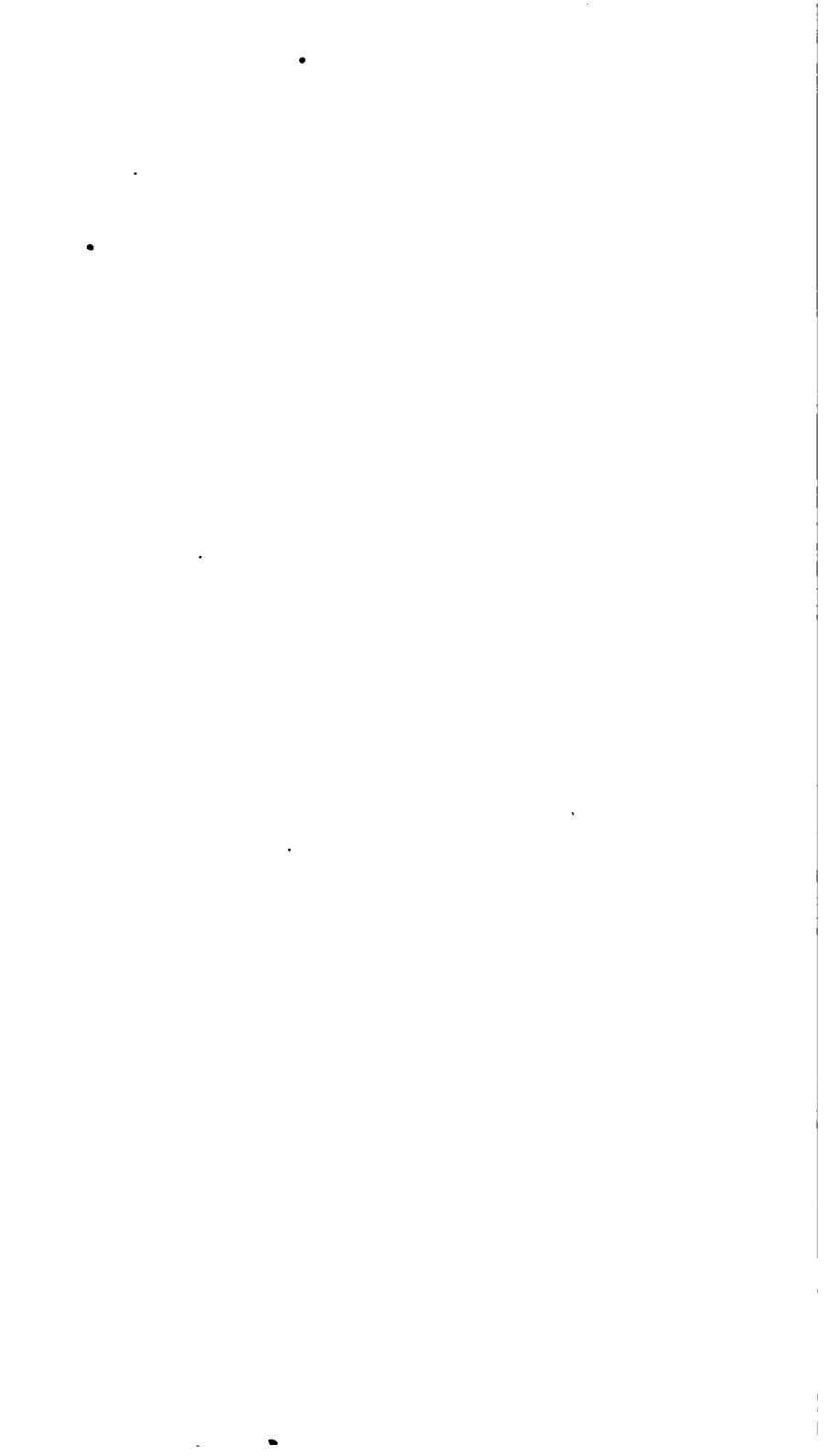




THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, 1863.

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THE
MICROCOSM:

A

LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOLUME THIRD.

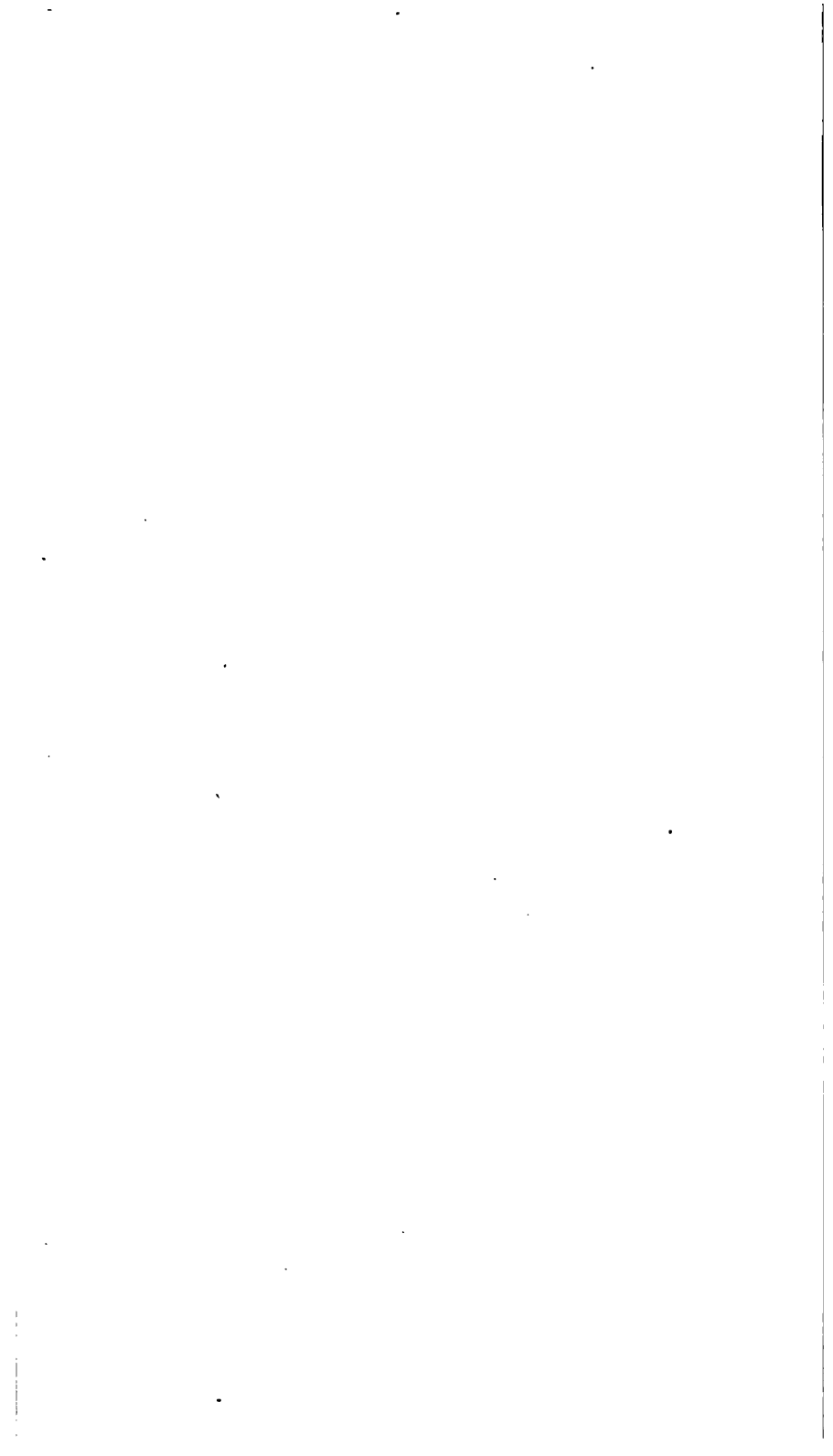
NEW SERIES—COMPLETE.

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ERRATA.

No. 3, page 39, first stanza, fourth line, for *figure* read *finger*.

No. 10, page 157, first stanza, second line, for *rose-hued* read *rosy-hued*.

THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

No. 1.

THE EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

———"Should we, by chance, succeed
In what we write, (and that's a chance indeed,)
Then, friendly reader, gladly shall we see
Our humble offering smiled on by thee;
But yet, we cannot grant that thy *applause*
Is our work's ultimate or only cause."

[*Altered from an old poem.*]

In entering on our duties as Editor of the *Microcosm*, it seems proper to inform our readers distinctly in regard to the proposed plan and character of the work; and this we shall do as briefly as possible.

In the first place, then, the *Microcosm* will *not* be, in future, devoted chiefly to *wives* and *mothers*. We do not feel in the least *qualified* to take charge of a work for their especial benefit—more than that, we do not feel at all *inclined* to take upon ourselves the office of instructing young wives and grave matrons in their conjugal and maternal duties; and though mere *incapacity* seems to be considered, now-a-days, as no reason for declining any undertaking whatever, yet *disinclination* is allowed, by all the world, to be a very sufficient reason.

We shall endeavor to render our magazine interesting and useful to the female sex generally; but it is for the young, chiefly, that we have undertaken the work—and if, by means of it, we can do any thing to elevate the taste, to arouse the intellect, to strengthen the Christian principles of youthful females; any thing to inspire them with a deeper love of excellence, or incite them to more earnest efforts for its attainment—we shall feel that the end for which we labor is accomplished.

We shall aim to make the *Microcosm* truly *religious* in its tendency, but nothing *sectarian* will be admitted to its pages. We hope to present our readers with many articles which shall possess, at the same time, a high literary character and a deeply religious spirit, and which will impart just and elevated views of the nature and destiny of man; but the work will not be devoted chiefly to the discussion of religious subjects. Any thing of a literary nature, calculated to refine the taste, to enlarge the mind, to convey useful information, or merely to give innocent amusement, will be considered suitable for our purpose. We shall endeavor to have the work filled with original papers; but we shall always prefer a selected article, which possesses uncommon merit and is not generally accessible, to an indifferently good original production.

In regard to the literary resources upon which we rely, we have but

a few words to say. We expect the assistance of the late Editor of the work, and of several individuals whose contributions to the Microcosm have been generally acceptable. We hope, also, to obtain communications from some of the most distinguished female writers in the country; at present, however, this is *but* a hope. We have not been able, as yet, to make such arrangements for rendering our magazine interesting and useful as we intend to make. This assertion, with those who know us, will pass for something more than idle words. We think that future numbers of the work will be, on the whole, better than this one; we hope they will be *much* better; but we do not like to make many promises. Our *exertions* to render the Microcosm a valuable publication will, certainly, be earnest and untiring; but it must speak for itself—and, by its own merits, let it stand or fall. If our readers do not form any unreasonable expectations, we think they will not be disappointed.

Those who "judge of a book by the number of cubic inches it contains," may despise our magazine on account of its size. It is, indeed, an insignificant, Lilliputian affair; but has not the wise man (or some other man) said, "The bee is little among such as fly; yet her fruit is the chief of sweet things!" Should our subscription list be much enlarged, we intend to add eight pages to each number of the work, without increasing its price.

It has been said that an author should ask the question, "Reader, how do you *please* me?" as well as, "Reader, how do you *like* me?" And so, we would say to each of our subscribers—if you are one of that class whose leading principle of criticism, we have often thought, might well be resolved into some such aphorism as this—*contempt is the beginning of wisdom*; if you consider it necessary to the maintenance of your reputation for critical acumen to find fault with every thing you come across; if you are quick-sighted in respect to the faults and short-sighted in regard to the merits of every literary production—then, we like you not at all. You may be *very* wise—yea, even a second Daniel, at least in your own estimation; but we write not for *you*. We reverence your wisdom so much that we desire ever to keep at a respectful distance from it; and we have but this favor to ask of you—that you will take your eyes from our magazine, and your names from our subscription list, right *speedily*, and leave us to get along without you as well as we can. But on the other hand, if you are of a kind and charitable spirit; willing to be pleased; ready to acknowledge the merits as well as to point out the faults in our little work—we like you well, and we hope to journey on with you, from month to month, in good fellowship, cheered by your approving smile.

We have engaged in this work with some misgivings in regard to our *entire* fitness for the undertaking; yet not, we must be allowed to say, without feeling ourselves in *some degree* qualified for it. We are prepared for some unpleasant things in the path upon which we have entered, but we trust we shall also meet with much that is cheering. We look, with confidence, for the indulgent criticism and lenient judgment of the enlightened and charitable; and as for the opinion of the ignorant and uncharitable, we shall be most careful not to trouble our

selves about that matter. In conclusion, we respectfully request those ladies who approve the design and character of our magazine to aid us, each according to her ability, by subscribing for the work, contributing to its pages, or speaking a word in its behalf.

I, AND MY WINDOW.

It is very likely that *I* am not even so interesting a personage as my window—but, in order to the proper description of my window and the objects connected with it, it is necessary that a brief history of myself should be given.

In the first place, then, I am a very respectable lady, boarding in a very respectable family, in a very pleasant town, in “the land of steady habits.” Two rooms, on a second floor, belong exclusively to myself and my dear old Tabby. In my front room is the window which I purpose shortly to describe, where I sit, day after day, in an exceedingly comfortable old arm chair, covered with the gayest calico imaginable. Here, secure from the tumult of the world, you will be apt to suppose I am contented and happy—but alas! I have nothing to do.

For a long time past, I have regularly seized on the family basket of weekly mending, and thus, till lately, have been enabled to drive away the *hypo*. But, a week or two since, an old aunt arrived on a visit to the family, and taking advantage of her relationship and my naturally peaceful disposition, has regularly, since then, taken possession of the basket, and thus deprived me of my only business.

Immediately after this cruel deprivation, I was in a most deplorable state, and even endeavored to peruse some of the old novels which my landlady possessed—but finding they only increased my dejection, I threw them by, and, in desperation, have been driven, as you see, to taking up my pen.

The choice of a subject occupied me, for some time, most agreeably. At first, I attempted a history of my own life, but I saw, by its total want of incident, that it could not last me long. Many other subjects I tried, but none satisfied me. At last, my window suggested itself, and as it has hitherto been the principal source of my own amusement, I cannot forbear hoping it may be productive of some entertainment to my readers.

My window is an uncommonly fortunate one, possessing the rare and much envied advantage of being placed directly in front of the most shady street in L——, so that I can look through it to a distance of nearly half a mile, where the view terminates by a broad and very beautiful river. By this window I sit all day long, and am much edified, as well as entertained, by the scenes which fall under my observation. Some of the groups before me, I shall now do myself the pleasure of picturing for your benefit.

What shall I select? Here are ladies, gentlemen, cows, horses, carriages, carts, teamsters, dogs, and children. I will take first our two

greatest belles, who are now returning from their morning shopping. One is a fashionable, the other a sentimental, and they are equally beautiful. A very fine gentleman is just making his bow to them. Pray notice the difference in their reception of it. The fashionable tosses her head with more haughtiness than ever, while the gentle Evelina has put on her most pensive smile and most graceful bend of the neck. Which do you like best?

Next comes a poor, old man, tottering wearily along to the almshouse. His dress is mean and even ragged, but the expression in his face of a deeply fixed and despairing sorrow, is infinitely more touching than the miserable appearance of his garments. He was once rich, but his wealth has been squandered and his heart broken, by his undutiful and ungrateful son. His was the sin of Eli, and Eli-like, full dearly has he expiated his fault.

Look next at that group of boys just dismissed from school. They are all elasticity, and laugh, as they bound along, as if noise and motion were the chief pleasures of existence.

There is one behind who does not join in the sport, but still seems, by his placid smile, to sympathize with the joy of his comrades. It is the little lame boy. His face is the perfection of childish beauty,—and when you see his dark, blue eye, so soft, yet so full of thought,—his Grecian forehead and features—his pale, delicate cheek—his mouth, with that still, tranquil expression we often admire in pictures—all receiving a more finished grace from the thick, clustering ringlets of rich auburn—you would wish heaven had laid misfortune upon any one rather than upon so perfect a being. But in another moment you would change your mind—for you would see that it was *affliction* which gave to his face that expression which you love far more than his beauty—and through that expression, you would discover the pure and peaceful mind, far better than beauty, which affliction has also given him.

The bell rings for dinner, and I must discontinue my observations.

PRUDENCE PRIM.

Greenfield High School, June 23d, 1830.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

As sadly, last night, on my pillow I lay,
While sleep from my feverish eye-lids would flee,
How delighted was I, when my own little fay,
On her wings of soft azure, came floating to me.

'Tis an elf that comes down from her home in the sky,
With her silvery wand, and her mantle of light,
And the brightness that beams from her clear, starry eye
To chase from my pillow the horrors of night.

Last eve, she wove round me her mightiest spell,
 And drew my soul forth from its prison of clay,
 How joyful was I, when I bade it farewell,
 And flew, with my kind, little fairy away!

In an instant, we passed yonder mountains of blue,
 For we shot through the clouds like the lightning's wild gleam,
 But the still air moved not as upon it we flew,
 Nor paused as we met it one pale, starry beam.

The gay, varied landscape, unheeded we passed,
 Nor lingered one moment its loveliness o'er,
 We paused not, until we alighted at last,
 At that dearest of places, my own cottage door.

Greenfield High School, July 14th, 1890.

MEANS OF CULTIVATING YOUTHFUL FEELINGS.

"My heart leaps up, when I behold
 A Rainbow in the sky;
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it, now I am a man—
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The Child is Father of the Man,
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety."—*Wordsworth.*

THE feeling which the poet has here expressed does honor to his heart, and the truth of the sentiment as to the connection of childhood with the current of after-years, is so unquestionable, that no one will think of denying it. The dawn is not a surer token of morning—as, at its first blush, when "blinking upon the hills," it spreads across the eastern horizon, calling up new beauties with which to hail the expected "monarch of day"—than are the incipient developments of character, gleaming out in the mind of infancy and childhood, a promise and a preface of that assemblage of traits and dispositions which the revelation of years of manhood and age will yet unfold. Within that little bosom, scarce beating with new-born life—pent up, as it were, in the delicate frame over which, with all the tenderness of a mother's love, a mother is bending in watchful guardianship, and on which a father's eyes are fondly gazing in proud anticipation—within that baby visage and form, lies enshrined a gem of priceless value—a germ is there, which is yet to shoot forth, luxuriant in its beauty or its unsightliness, and to hang its ripening fruitage, rich in blessings, on the altar of human weal, or to shade and darken by its noxious growth, the fair promises and prospects of life's better joys. Passions are there slumbering, feel-

ings and affections are there just struggling forth into existence, which are destined yet to wake to action, and it may be to make earth to wail, or to wear a brighter smile of gladness. Such, indeed, is the connection of childhood with after-life.

In a former number of the *Microcosm*, we proffered a hasty sketch respecting "the cultivation of youthful feelings in the after periods of life," and intimated the possibility, that, at some future season, we might resume the subject. We now design to fulfill this half-made promise. Our readers, we trust, will bear in mind the kind of feelings which we have designated. It is the unsophisticated, fresh, and warm current of emotions and affections, which leave their traces on the young and ingenuous mind and heart—the sympathies, the charities, the loves, the uttered vows, and the uncorrupted purposes of childhood. *How* are these to be cherished, to be inwoven and incorporated with the hours and years of all coming life; how are the simplicity that charms, the sweetness that wins, the humility that reproves, and the confidence that disarms—how are these, tempered by knowledge and judgment, to be kept alive and influential, so that, though more vigorous and athletic, yet the whole frame work of maturer years may still seem as if imbedded in and quickened by childhood's spirit?

Surely not, we reply, by *despising* this period of life and withdrawing from all participation in its hopes and enjoyments. The moment that we cease our sympathies with any object, that moment we break from the circle of its influence. No matter whether thrown off by some sudden convulsion and sundered at once, or whether by a more gradual and voluntary process we unloose ourselves; yet, if the chain that bound us is severed, a new world of being fastens on us its fetters and we own no more the claims which find no response in our bosoms. The forms that beckoned us on and the scenes that beguiled us then, may not be entirely gone; but they are too shadowy and too distant to catch the eye which is fixed by some newer and nearer objects; the voices have lost their charm, and fall heedless on the ear that is music-bound by other strains. Habit too strengthens the force of every passion and feeling. Are our habits of life so formed and guided, that we strangely seek to deny the testimonies of memory and observation, and view the earlier periods of life only as those of weakness and folly, which it is manly or womanly to despise, and so rush out unchecked, into the more unpardonable follies and vices of increasing years;—not contented with the position our Creator has assigned us, do we put on the flippancy and pertness of precocious self-esteem, and press forward to crowd out those wiser and better than ourselves; to usurp the places for which we are yet unqualified—and, as if ashamed that we ever were children, do we seek to obliterate from the page of memory the record of those days of comparative innocence and peace, and coldly quench the sympathies which now and then call us back to mingle in the glow of youthful feelings—if so, we shall indeed too surely be successful in the maddened purpose. The spark of generous sensibility which, fanned into a flame, might, with more than Orphean power, make even the marble heart to move to its tones of music, and give forth a harmony truer and sweeter than ever was yielded from the

Memnonian statue, suffered to go out or wantonly extinguished, will not longer enliven the features with its attractive play, or lend its choice influence to irradiate and inspire the soul. The young heart too that approaches us, will feel the chilling indifference; the youthful visage, in such presence, will only wear the signs of distrust; and the eye that would have brightened with smiles at our approach, will be turned away in the conscious assurance of finding no kindred look to give utterance with its own to the delight which is felt in such a meeting. Here again, in our waywardness, we shall most likely impute the blame not to ourselves to whom it belongs, but to the innocent being whose proffered favor we have so rudely rejected, and in this alledged course find, as we claim, a new justification for a further departure from the feeling which we had set at nought and contemned.

But a systematic, determined effort of this kind is not the only course which will lead to the result we are deprecating. A *neglect* of the opportunities and occasions, that appropriately tend to strengthen the influence of those purer feelings and enjoyments more peculiar to childhood, may be attended by the same consequences. No benefit is to be enjoyed without a degree of personal interest sufficient to prompt one to aim at its attainment. So is it in this case. When we speak of the *cultivation* of feelings, we mean that some desire, some care, some exertion is requisite. Nor, in this matter, is the aid of the parent and guide of youth of small importance. The bearing of these feelings may be portrayed—the yearnings of the immature spirit after the accompanying claims and circumstances of manhood or womanhood, may be repressed or regulated—the whispers of flattery, those promptings of others which so injudiciously instil the desire to usurp the places of seniority, and often cause the daughter, ere yet the age of girlhood has passed, ludicrously to ape her matron-mother's foibles, may be withheld and discountenanced; the proper rank and position in life enforced, and the unadorned simplicity of childhood, rather than the gewgaws of fashion, be made the suitable object of admiration.

Individuals there are, such we have known, who have maintained in no slight degree the feelings of their earlier days, and they have worn them in all their freshness and loveliness, while, amid the changes of life, sorrow has shaded their path, and years have left the traces of care and toil upon them. Neither the city nor the country could weaken the power of early associations, and unaffected as ever, they move forward, "blessing and blest," on their tranquil way, as if breathing a serener air and possessed by a more untroubled spirit. Fancy, chastened and refined by a truer taste, still can weave for them its tissues of beauty and call up its sprites of an hour; imagination and memory can combine and charm back the scenes of other years; reclothe the fading visions of the past with new brightness, and revel along the sunny way: sympathy discerns and welcomes the claims that come pleading through the consciousness of by-gone days, and life writes no line of their history dearer to them than that which tells of sweet childhood, taught by their influence to cherish the heart's best virtues and shun the world's most tempting snares. On such, a parental power has been exerted. Early were they taught their appropriate place in the scale of being—to rev-

erence age—to honor worth—to love and be beloved, and win their way to the esteem and approbation of the wise and good; content to owe their advancement in life, not to the noisy panegyric of the vain and the “incense of fools,” but to the truth of claims resting on the more solid foundation of their own merits. We say, then, that in promoting the cultivation of youthful feelings as we enter upon the advancing periods of life, parental influence weighs much. On the guides of early days, if we mistake not, is chargeable, in no slight degree, the breaking up of the humility, the simplicity and the ingenuousness of childhood—dispositions which, if fostered, have a nearer affinity to piety, and the influence of which renders their possessors more likely to become subjects of divine grace than those of any other period of life. If *then* they are made to feel, that they are men and women grown, if reproved or taunted for the lingering of the heart around its little chosen spots and means of enjoyment, if urged to sigh for an introduction to the levities, the kill-time inventions of ingenuity and worn-out pleasure; we need not wonder that such bear with them no truthful republication of earlier hours, in every day’s report of their advancing years.

We have thus indicated, hastily and informally, but as well as our want of leisure permits, the method proposed for the attainment of the object which we recommend. It is, to feel its importance and aim at its accomplishment, by all those means which are adapted to the subjects and the end in view. We must seize upon, cherish, prune and invigorate those tendrils of feeling which so put forth, and twine and cling around their fit objects—guard from the hot breath of flattery—shut out the choking damps and poisonous air of dissipation—misnamed pleasure—suffer no chill indifference to nip and blast the slender stem or opening flower; but, with all the care and judgment of love, train it up where the light of life, the smiles of truth, the genial power of confiding trust, and the cheerful, gladsome beams of hope may lend their appropriate influences, to sustain, enliven and strengthen the plant of immortal growth. Systems of education, whose tendency is to foster a pert and self-approving spirit—to hurry on the dawning mind, and rudely break away from the nursery itself the subjects of its care, without suffering them to go through those gradations of discipline and easy transitions of teaching for which God has designed them—these reforms of our age, as they are called, that so dis sever the links which a wise Providence has arranged—have something to answer for, in the corruption and obliteration of youthful feelings. To some, the sacrifice may seem amply repaid, by the plaudits of the admiring many and the gain of power—but dearly is it bought, most dearly, that chaplet twined round the brow of youthful beauty or dignity, if purchased at the price of such a loss as of youthful ingenuousness and the warm sympathies of a confiding heart. No, no, give us rather one sunny hour of childhood’s sweeter joys, with its fountains of true feeling, gushing forth undisturbed and sparkling as waters of pearly brightness—its songs of heart-music, its smiles of conscious hope and love, undimmed by a tear-drop of corroding satiety—let us live over one such hour in memory, let us carry on with us into life, as we tread its varying paths, sympathies, and affec-

tions and remembrances like these—and we ask not that more dazzling, noon-tide show of fame, with its ringing echoes, its highth of dizzy honor, its withered charities, and its heart-consuming cares, which waits on him who, at such a price, has won his laurels, to wear them some brief day of this passing life.

May we urge, for a single moment, on the youthful readers of the *Microcosm*, and on those who influence their destinies, earnest attention to this subject. Will not some one who can do it more justice than either our time or abilities permit, make it the theme of reflection, and favor others with the result. For our readers and ourselves, it is our fervent prayer—May youthful feelings breathe their lasting fragrance over all the wanderings of our pilgrim-life, go with us into the retreats of declining years, soothing, as we pass on, the heart, amid its sorrows—blending, even upon the bed of death, the soft visions which memory brings of childhood's hopes and joys, with present peace of assured trust in God, and with the coming anticipations of a brighter morning, in a world where immortal youth shall never wax old, and its new-born energies and duties never cease.

S. G. E.

New-Haven, Oct. 21, 1836.

RULES OF LIFE, FOR MYSELF AND THE PRESS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

LITTLE joys refresh us constantly, like house-bread, and never bring disgust ; and great ones, like sugar-bread, briefly, and then bring it. Trifles we should let, not plague us only, but also gratify us ; we should seize not their poison-bags only, but their honey-bags also : and if flies often buzz about our room, we should, like Domitian, amuse ourselves with flies ; or, like a certain still living Elector, feed them.

* * * * *

The loftiest mortal loves and seeks the *same sort* of things with the meanest ; only from higher grounds and by higher paths. Be every minute, Man, a full life to thee !—Despise anxiety and wishing, the Future and the Past !—If the *Second-pointer* can be no road pointer into an Eden for thy soul, the *Month-pointer* will still less be so, for thou livest not from month to month, but from second to second ! Enjoy thy Existence more than thy Manner of Existence, and let the dearest object of thy Consciousness be this Consciousness itself !—Make not the Present a means of thy Future ; for this Future is nothing but a coming Present ; and the Present, which thou despisest, was once a Future which thou desiredst !—Stake in no lotteries,—keep at home,—give and accept no pompous entertainments,—travel not abroad every year !—Conceal not from thyself, by long plans, thy household goods, thy chamber, thy acquaintance !—Despise life, that thou mayst enjoy it ! Inspect the neighborhood of thy life ; every shelf, every nook of thy abode ; and nestling in, quarter thyself in the farthest and most domestic winding of thy snail-house !—Look upon a capital but as a

collection of villages, a village as some blind-alley of a capital; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second, sorrow as a minute, life as a day; and three things as all in all: God, creation, virtue!

Carlyle's "German Romance," Vol. 3. pp. 299—301.

SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.

IN the last number of the *Microcosm*, I offered some thoughts on "Simplicity of Character." I am aware that the virtue recommended, like all other virtues, has its counterfeit. Despised as it is by the multitude, there are not wanting those who have thought it worth their while to steal its garb, and attempt to pass themselves off for Nature's children. Excited, perhaps, by the admiration bestowed on some one to whom the merit of simplicity belongs of right, many have endeavored, by a servile and wretched imitation, to win for themselves a like applause. But, in my view, the *affectation* of simplicity is even more disgusting than the opposite extreme. A cold, formal, artificial being, who is always governed by policy, and distrusts all impulses but those of selfishness, is indeed a disagreeable and forbidding object. But a shallow, vain, hollow-hearted pretender to naturalness of character, is, in the last degree, sickening. Both are actuated by the same passion for display; they only adopt different methods to gratify it.

Ever since it became fashionable to admire Wordsworth, (for the critical reviewers have, at length, decided that even *he* is to be admired, and the crowd, of course echoing their decision, now huzza the name they lately hissed,) we have had no want of scribblers in poetical simplicity. Vainly hoping to attain by rule, what exists in him as an original law of his nature, they have nauseated their readers with the dribblings of weak thoughts in still weaker language. How often are we reminded of Coleridge's amusing caricature!

"Oh, I do love thee, meek *Simplicity*!
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness,
Goes to my heart, and soothes each small distress,
Distress tho' small, yet haply great to me;
'Tis true, on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on; and yet I know not why
So sad I am! but should a friend and I
Frown, pout and part, then I am *very* sad.
And then, with sonnets and with sympathy,
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general;
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
All very simple, meek *Simplicity*!"

Nor is this foolish conceit confined to poetical imitators. Many are addicted to it, who never ventured to indite a sonnet. They are such delicate creatures, forsooth, (according to their own account,) are so exquisitely attuned to all the harmonies of nature, that the gentlest zephyr rolls delicious surges of music through their souls. They are like an Æolian harp, which instantly and necessarily responds to each caressing breeze. A butterfly, a flower, a fish, a stream, a tree, a mountain, will throw them (so they say) into perfect ecstasy. Lest the fact should not otherwise be discovered, they will very modestly *inform* us, (looking the while unearthly things,) that they are *so* in love with Nature, they are *so* imaginative and sympathetic, as to be sometimes almost overwhelmed with their emotions. And that you may fully appreciate their native susceptibility, they will tell you to a minute, *how long* they have stood entranced, on a mountain or before a water fall. Because Henry Martyn "felt himself in good company with a withered straw," and Wordsworth could make poetry on a falling leaf, they think they must be in raptures with the very rubbish of the streets. "Oh!" said Angelina, who had just come in from a walk, "I have picked up a *leaf in the street*, and it is *so* faded!" She said no more. Too full for utterance, this eloquent burst of feeling was followed by a most expressive silence!

"Sweet sensibility, O la!"

It is remarkable that these creatures never know what to admire until they are told. I knew a lady who, in visiting a celebrated spot, took a professed artist with her, for the purpose, as she said, of pointing out its beauties; in other words, that he might tell her what to admire! So it is with the multitude; when they ascertain, from those to whom they look up for opinions, that this scene or that object is *considered* beautiful, then they will be heard in its praise. How many are delighted with a *painting*, the *original* of which they have seen a thousand times without interest! A flock of sheep feeding on the hill side, or a herd of cattle grazing in a meadow, they would regard with indifference. But when they see these beautiful groups sketched on canvass, and learn that Rubens or Poussin, or some other great master has done it, and that the work is generally admired, *why then* the case is materially altered; they will know thereafter, that these objects *are* beautiful, and will admire them accordingly. But alas! "Opinions formed from opinions, what are they, but clouds sailing under clouds, which impress shadows upon shadows."

Such people are, of course, liable to unfortunate mistakes. They are in most alarming danger (should they have no Oracle at hand) of expressing opinions which they will be under the awkward necessity of retracting as soon as uttered. For in matters of taste they have no confidence in their own judgment. They may be obstinate enough in adhering to the opinion of others; but as for their own, inasmuch as it is rooted in no good reason, so it can be easily blown away. It is pitiable to see their slavish dependence, and then *what* notions! With some, every thing is *pretty*, from Mignonette up to Mont Blanc; with others, every thing is *splendid*, from Niagara down to Celadine.

Such, or something like this, is the counterfeit of that simplicity or naturalness of character, which is, at the same time, so beautiful and so rare. But there is little difficulty in distinguishing between the true and the false. Nature possesses her own secret, and never will give the key to a pretender. Those who honor her, she will delight to honor, and will open to them her richest treasures. But those who seek her, not for her own sake, but as a means to their selfish gratification, will find no entrance to her inner temple. She never will lend her mighty aid to any who suppose her capable of becoming a means to so vile an end. Indeed, it is impossible to attain, by a system of rules and efforts, that, which to exist at all, must flow forth spontaneously, like the stream from its fountain. There is an undefinable ease and gracefulness in genuine naturalness of character which no art can reach. Art may perhaps dress up a figure that shall look like life, at first view; but the cheat cannot long be concealed; some stiffness of position, awkwardness of motion, or rattling of buckram, will betray the imposture. The pretender always discovers an anxiety to *maintain* his assumed character; an anxiety which results in part, doubtless, from a consciousness, more or less distinct, that it *is* assumed, but mainly, of course, from the love of display. The true character, on the other hand, betrays no such feeling. Having no part to act, he has no appearance to put on. Seeking no applause, he is content not to shine. The former talks to every body; he makes no discrimination between those who can and those who cannot appreciate the things he professes to admire. He is as likely to inflict his studied rhapsodies on a utilitarian as on a poet. Not so with the latter. In early life, it is true, through inexperience of the world, he will occasionally fall into this mistake; and when he does so, the discovery that his words have no meaning to his auditor, is like cold iron to his heart; a feeling of which the pretender knows nothing. But he will soon learn that all men are not alike; that many are strangers to that world which has opened such glories to his beholding; that few and far between are the children of nature. Yearning for sympathy, he wanders through the crowd, seeking kindred spirits with whom he may find communion. Small pleasure does it afford him, to talk of the mysteries his soul hath loved, to those who understand him not. It is *sympathy* he craves, not admiration. One heart that meets his own in full and blessed fellowship, is more to him than the plaudits of a nation. The consequence is, that he will fail to sustain his reputation as a lover of Nature, with those whom he regards as strangers to her power; for he will be slow to express what he feels in their presence. They will be astonished to find him silent, when every one else is trumpeting forth his admiration of some majestic scene. "Why, I thought you were *fond* of Nature," exclaims one after another. Most true, he is; but he cannot join his voice in such boisterous admiration. He would stand hushed and breathless, to receive the full impression of the scene before him. Nor can this reserve be justly attributed to pride or unsocial feeling. It is a law of his nature and must be obeyed.

I repeat it, therefore; we may very easily distinguish between genuine simplicity of character, and its counterfeit. The best imitation is but a thread-bare covering. We hope if any readers of the *Microcosm* are disposed to assume this character, they will count the cost. All

pretension to that which is not our own, is wicked and contemptible. How much better is it to confess our poverty, than attempt to hide it with borrowed gilt. If we were more concerned to *be* than we are to *appear*, we should have discovered the true secret of Simplicity of Character.

B.

STANZAS.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And more—the lyre of genius, must be swept
By the unfeeling touch of death's cold hand;
And holiness within the tomb hath slept,
And oft must sleep, at Heaven's dread command.

But, 'tis the form alone that sleeps in dust;
The glad, unfettered spirit doth arise,
With humble confidence and joyful trust,
To join the glorious throng beyond the skies.

Earth's melancholy shall ne'er enter there—
No more shall dark and gloomy thoughts, and sad
Remembrances, o'ershadow—all is fair,
Within that glorious clime—all hearts are glad.

Onward, still onward to increasing bliss,
Their spirits shall, through boundless ages, roam—
Unfading be their joy, and sweet their peace,
With God conversing, and high heaven their home.

Who would not welcome e'en the lowly tomb,
And leave this earth without one "parting sigh,"
When man, beyond it, may taste such a boon—
For this celestial bliss, who would not die!

C. D. Y.

A GLIMPSE OF JOANNA BAILLIE.

BY THE REV. C. B. TAYLER.

[We extract this article from a work entitled, "The Living and the Dead." Its author is a clergyman of the Church of England, and author of "May you like it," "Records of a good man's Life," "Social evils and their Remedy," and other works. "The Living and the Dead," was published, we believe, in

the year 1896, in England. It was re-published in this country, in 1897; and, we are informed, is now out of print.

The name of the Professor who is mentioned in this sketch, is not given. He is spoken of as Professor M——, of the University of Glasgow. It was at his lodgings in Dawlish, Devonshire, that the author met Joanna Baillie and her sister.]

THERE is something exceedingly striking in the appearance of Joanna Baillie. Though she is no longer young, and her features have lost the glow and freshness of youth, the rays of beauty still linger about her countenance; and over its expression the tyrant has had no power. Her face is decidedly tragic—not altogether unlike that of Mrs. Siddons—and capable of portraying the strongest and deepest emotion. Her air is lofty and reserved, and if there be a dash of *hauteur* in her manner, amounting at times almost to sternness, there is, on the other hand, something delightfully winning in the tones of her deep, fine voice. Her eye—I hesitated long before I could decide its hue, and, after all, I am not quite certain whether it be a dark blue or a hazel—has a most melancholy expression; though time has not quenched its fire, or bent, in the slightest degree, her erect but attenuated form. She appeared about fifty; thin, pale, and dressed with Quaker-like simplicity. And though some might be inclined to say she is too conscious of her powers, and to quarrel with the precision of her manner, there is much of the majesty of genius about her; and, in person altogether, she is one, who once seen, is not easily to be forgotten.

Miss Grizzie—so I think the Professor styled her—is as complete a contrast to her sister as can well be imagined. She appeared a good humored, lively, rattling woman—not altogether indisposed towards the good things of this life—without professions and without pretensions—the *beau ideal* of an attentive auditor, satisfied to see her sister take the lead in conversation, and possess the ear of the company, without preferring, on her own part, any claim to attention—and ready to acknowledge her superiority and bow to her decision, without the slightest feeling of envy or uneasiness.

And the conversation of Joanna Baillie well merited attention. It was indeed charming. More imaginative than argumentative—often highly poetical, and always in good taste—I should style it equi-distant from the dogmatism and learned pedantry of Madame de Stael, and the glitter, and tinsel, and perpetual effort to be striking, of Lady Morgan. There was a description which I well remember she gave us, of her visiting the interior of Exeter Cathedral by moonlight—of the witching effect of the sacredness of the place combined with the stillness of the hour—of the tranquilizing feelings which perforce stole over the spectator, as he watched the moonbeams, now streaming through the painted windows, now falling, in rich gushes, over the prelates, and warriors, and nobles, “who, after life’s fitful fever,” slept below—how it seemed to hush every turbulent passion—to subdue every unholy feeling—and to recall to the recollection even of the most thoughtless and indifferent, “that dim and distant world,” where, after the pageantry of life has passed, we must be, and be—forever. The idea may be mournful, but there is a kind of sublimity mingled with

its melancholy. Under its impression, our hearts involuntarily become better; and the cares, and jealousies, and anxieties, and animosities of life, seem to sink unperceived from our bosoms. I may not do her justice. Indeed, I feel I cannot. But it was a burst of genuine feeling; and only wanted metre to be a passage of the finest poetry.

Nor, in recalling the incidents of that memorable evening, must I pass over an anecdote, very sportively told, of the mother of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, the intelligent authoress of "Letters from the Mountains." The old lady—Miss Baillie described her as on the verge of eighty—when the novel of "Waverly" came out, informed her morning visitors, in the most confidential manner, and as a very great secret, that "*in reality it was written by her daughter!*" The truth was, she had, over and over again, been asked if such was the fact; and with the dotage of age, had firmly persuaded herself it was so. The garrulity and pertinacity of the old lady—the wonder and amazement of her guests, who hearing the fact strenuously asserted on one side, and as positively denied on the other, knew not what conclusion to arrive at—and the extreme distress and utter confusion of her daughter, were most laughably and cleverly depicted.

The same may be said of a little sketch she gave us of a Mrs. Hector Macpherson, an old Scotch lady, who was method and punctuality personified. Alas! in an evil hour, she invited a "*niece*" to stay with her, who had never known what it was to be *exact* in her life! For eight and forty hours, the old lady bit her lips, and saw, with the air of a martyr, her whole household deranged, and every rule she had ever made disregarded, by "that ne'er do weel lassie, her husband's brother's half-sister's child." But on the second morning after her arrival, when Mrs. Hector had waited breakfast for her guest, only an hour and three quarters, she observed in a tone of grave displeasure—"My dear, it is well you are not at the Court of Hayti!" "Hayti, Ma'am?" "Yes, my dear. The Emperor Christophe would have taught you the lesson of punctuality. Exact to an instant himself, he insisted upon precision in others. I well remember, while I resided there, with my husband, seeing one of the black duchesses step out of a prison, where she had been confined a week and whipped twice, by order of the Emperor, *for being a quarter of an hour too late at court!*"

But beyond all question, the *greatest* treat of the evening, was hearing Joanna Baillie discuss the "Waverly Novels." To listen to one highly gifted genius, good-humoredly and yet critically passing an opinion upon the productions of a kindred spirit—and this in no light and common-place manner, but with a depth of feeling and solidity of remark, which proved her intimately acquainted with their beauties and keenly alive to their defects—was a matter of no ordinary gratification.

My memory, unfortunately, will only serve me with a few particulars. The Professor "felt confident that the 'Waverly Novels,' popular as they were, would not go down to posterity;" and stated, at some length, the grounds on which this opinion was formed. From his premises and conclusion, the dramatist differed *in toto*. She was "satisfied they would last as long as the English language should endure." She "felt some degree of difficulty in persuading herself they were all written by the same person; and this, as much from their extreme

inequality, as from the rapidity with which they succeeded each other." I laughed in my sleeve at this last observation, as peculiarly characteristic of the woman; for Miss Baillie, as the Edinburgh Review quaintly enough observed, at the beginning of a most unmerciful review of her "Plays on the Passions," Miss Baillie "writes very slowly." "Ivanhoe" she placed first, as the most faultless; and next, though at a considerable interval, "Guy Mannering"—which, I remember hearing from Mr. Constable's lips, in the year 1819, was the author's favorite, but which, singular enough to say, had, up to that time, sold the worst.

LITERARY NOTICES.

[The limits of this magazine, and our want of critical abilities, alike forbid any articles that could be dignified with the name of *reviews*; but we have thought that occasional, brief notices, of books new and old, might be acceptable and useful, at least to some of our young readers.]

Memorials of Mrs. Hemans, with illustrations of her literary character, from her private correspondence. By Henry F. Chorley. 21mo. 2 vols. New-York: Saunders & Oiley. 1836.

MRS. HEMANS was one of those who "feed on thoughts that voluntary more harmonious numbers." She wrote from the heart. Poetry was with her an impulse, an inspiration, before she devoted herself to it as an art. Memorials of such an one must, of course, be interesting. And these volumes are full of interest. The greater and by far the most valuable portion of the work, consists of extracts from Mrs. Hemans' letters to her friends. The account of her visit to Wordsworth, and the pages devoted to Miss Jewsbury, interested us more than any thing else in the work, except the last three chapters. The book is very handsomely printed, but disfigured by numerous typographical errors. Each volume is adorned with an engraving—in the first volume, is a likeness of Mrs. Hemans, which represents her as "beautiful exceedingly;" in the second, a view of her residence at Rhyllon, near St. Asaph, Wales. We commend the work to our readers—especially to those who are familiar with the poetry of Mrs. Hemans.

Philothea. A Romance. By Mrs. Child. Author of 'The Mother's Book,' &c. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. 1836. 12mo. pp. 284.

THIS is a beautiful Grecian story, of the days of Pericles; and we venture to say it will be decidedly the most useful book that Mrs. Child has written. We believe that her genius had its free course in "Philothea," more entirely than in any thing else she has produced; and, as we think such minds as hers should write only that to which they are urged by a strong inward impulse, we trust she will go on in this path, and no more step aside into regions where her spirit is a stranger. We hope all our young readers will obtain this work, and read it with the attention it deserves.

Nature. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1836. 12mo. pp. 95.

THIS is indeed a refreshing and delightful book, written in a beautifully simple and transparent style. We know not where, at least among recent publications, can be found so much of truth and beauty, in so small a compass. The author seems to breathe "an ampler ether and diviner air," than is common to most writers of this or any other age. In the latter part of the work, there are some things that we do not understand, and others that we do not approve—but, taken as a whole, we can hardly find words to express our delight in it. We commend the volume to the thoughtful perusal of our readers; believing that no one who reads it attentively, and with a right spirit, will fail to become wiser and better through its influence.

THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1836.

No. 2.

MY COUSIN CLARA.

THERE is nothing about my cousin Clara at all uncommon, excepting that she never wished to be thought anything extraordinary. But though it may seem strange, this very indifference to applause, is not only much admired, but supplies to my cousin many of those advantages for which others wish to be admired.

Her face and figure can never be praised as beautiful, and indeed, are never called more than pretty—but her countenance wins every heart with its lovely expression—always charming, whether sparkling with unaffected gayety, or cast down with unaffected pensiveness. Her figure, also, appears uncommonly graceful, from the perfect ease and artlessness of all its attitudes.

She is universally loved, on account of her habitual politeness, or rather, kindness—for, not being accustomed to think of herself, while she never claims attention from any one, and is not offended if it is withheld from her, she is left free to make others happy—and her kindness pleases the more, because it is plain she does not seek by it the good opinion of others but their enjoyment.

Her talent for conversation is surprising, as she is not generally supposed to possess any uncommon brilliancy of mind—but this, also, I think is owing to her humility. Her constant cheerfulness, as well as benevolence of manner, does undoubtedly, give to her discourse a peculiar charm; though independently of this, it possesses others of a more intellectual nature.

While we, her unfortunate companions, are taxing our powers in order to say something smart, and thinking partly of ourselves, and partly of the subject of conversation, and are, of course, unable to think naturally or well, Clara is making, without the slightest effort, remarks that are listened to by every one with admiration, for which, ungrateful being as she is, she does not care a snap. The originality and ease of her conversation, I am determined to ascribe to her freedom from that most perplexing of all cares—the wish of shining.

I remember once telling her she was like the dog in the manger, in keeping from us that admiration which, though it was nothing to her, was to us the very breath of life. She would not laugh, however, and very coldly thanked me for my compliment, though I was sure I had seen, in the first instant, a pleased expression in her eyes. I observed her, for the next five minutes, endeavoring to stifle the first faint feeling of pleasure, as if it were a crime—and I never afterwards dared to pay her the most indirect praise.

But in describing my cousin's advantages, I have only mentioned

those which are nothing to her, or which she wishes to consider as nothing. Her mind is as pure and happy as her countenance. No wounded pride, no envy, no discontent rankle there; and peace of mind must not be considered as mere negative happiness—it gives purity and vividness to every pleasure. I have often envied Clara's calmness and tenderness of delight, when looking upon a fine natural scene, or on any of those places she loves the best—and still more have I envied the pure happiness of her affection, unsullied by envy or rivalry.

What would I not give to resemble my cousin Clara!

Greenfield High School, July 7th, 1830.

INVOCATION TO VANITY.

O THOU! the true, the only muse,
That e'er did poet's heart inspire—
Thou wilt not now thy slave refuse,
Whose very life is in thy fire.

I need not ask thy presence here—
Thy home is ever in my heart,
Nor can my faithful bosom fear
That thou wilt ever thence depart.

But come, with thy reviving power,—
Let weary thought to thee awake,
And o'er my soul thy magic shower,
Till fancy from her slumber break.

Persuade me, that within my heart
Flows the true fount of poesy,
And I will yield me to thine art,
And joyfully be led by thee.

Then, soon shall my enraptured soul
With true poetic fervor glow,
And sparkling thoughts without control,
Over my blotted paper flow.

Dew-drops, and stars, and roses, then,—
Moonlight, and birds, and ladies fair,
All falling from my ready pen,
Shall lie in rich confusion there.

MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

FROM "OBSERVATIONS ON THE GROWTH OF THE MIND." BY SAMPSON
REED.

As all minds possess that in common which makes them human, they require, to a certain extent, the same general development, by which will be brought to view the same powers, however distinct and varied they may be found in different individuals ; and as every mind possesses something peculiar, to which it owes its character and its effect, it requires a particular development, by which may be produced a full, sincere, and humble expression of its natural features, and the most vigorous and efficient exertion of its natural powers.

* * * * *

It is well known, that at a certain period of life the character of a man begins to be more distinctly marked. He appears to become separated from that which surrounds him—to stand in a measure aloof from his associates—to raise his head above the shadow of any earthly object into the light of heaven, and to walk with a more determined step on the earth beneath. This is the manifestation of a character which has always existed, and which has, as it were, been accumulating by little and little, till at length it has attained its full stature.

When a man has become his own master, it is left to himself to complete his own education. "He has one Father, God." For the formation of his character thus far, he is not in the strictest sense accountable ; that is, his character is not as yet so fixed, but that it is yielding and pliable. It is left to himself to decide, how far it shall remain in its present form. This is indeed a period of deep responsibility. He has taken the guidance of a human being, and is not the less accountable, that this being is himself. The ligament is now cut asunder by which his mind was bound to its earthly guardian, and he is placed on his own feet, exposed to the bleak winds and refreshing breezes, the clouds and the sunshine of this world, fully accountable to God and man for his conduct. Let him not be made dizzy from a sense of his own liberty, nor faint under his own weight ; but let him remember that the eye of God is now fixed full, it might almost be said anxiously, upon him.

It is with the human mind, as with the human body. All our race have those limbs and features, and that general aspect, from which they are denominated men. But on a nearer view, we find them divided into nations, possessed of peculiar appearances and habits, and these subdivided into families and individuals, in all of which there is something peculiarly their own. The human mind (speaking in the most general sense) requires to be instructed in the same sciences, and needs the same general development, and is destined to make one common and universal effort for its own emancipation. But the several nations of the earth also will, at a future period, stand forth with a distinctness of character which cannot now be conceived of. The part which each is to perform in the regeneration of the world, will become more and more

distinctly marked, and universally acknowledged ; and every nation will be found to possess resources in its own moral and intellectual character, and its own natural productions, which will render it essential to the well-being and happiness of the whole.

* * * * *

Every individual also possesses peculiar powers, which should be brought to bear on society, in the duties best fitted to receive them. The highest degree of cultivation of which the mind of any one is capable, consists in the most perfect development of that peculiar organization, which as really exists in infancy as in maturer years. The seed which is planted is said to possess in miniature, the trunk, branches, leaves, and fruit of the future tree. So it is with the mind ; and the most that can possibly be done, is to afford facilities by which its development may be effected with the same order. In the process of the formation of our minds, there exists the spirit of prophecy ; and no advancement can create surprise, because we have always been conscious of that from which it is produced. We must not seek to make one hair white or black. It is in vain for us to attempt to add one cubit to our stature. All adventitious or assumed importance should be cast off, as a filthy garment. We should seek an employment for the mind, in which all its energies may be warmed into existence ; which (if I may be allowed the expression) may bring every muscle into action. There is something which every one can do better than any one else ; and it is the tendency, and must be the end, of human events, to assign to each his true calling. Kings will be hurled from their thrones, and peasants exalted to the highest stations, by this irresistible tendency of mind to its true level. These effects may not be fully disclosed in the short period of this life ; but even the most incredulous must be ultimately convinced that the truth is no respecter of persons, by learning the simple fact, that a man cannot be other than what he is. Not that endless progression in moral goodness and in wisdom are not within the reach of any one ; but that the state will never arrive, when he may not look back to the first rudiments, the original stamina of his own mind, and be almost able to say, I possessed all at the time of my birth. The more a person lives in singleness of heart, in simplicity, and sincerity, the more will this be apparent.

It becomes us, then, to seek and to cherish this *peculium* of our own minds, as the patrimony which is left us by our Father in heaven—as that by which the branch is united to the vine—as the forming power within us, which gives to our persons that by which they are distinguished from others ; and by a life entirely governed by the commandments of God, to leave on the duties we are called to perform the full impress of our real characters. Let a man's ambition to be great disappear in a willingness to be what he is ; then may he fill a high place without pride, or a low one without dejection. As our desires becomes more and more concentrated to those objects which correspond to the peculiar organization of our minds, we shall have a foretaste of that which is coming, in those internal tendencies of which we are conscious. As we perform with alacrity whatever duty presents itself before us, we shall perceive in our own hearts a kind of preparation for every exter-

nal event or occurrence of our lives, even the most trivial, springing from the all-pervading tendency of the Providence of God to present the opportunity of being useful wherever there is the disposition.

WINTER MOONLIGHT EVENING.

A wintry night, yet beautiful ! for lo,
 The clear round moon is half way up the sky ;
 Her beams athwart the snowy tree-tops lie,
 And on the white roofs, and upon the snow
 That spreads its level stainless sheet below,
 A chilling shroud, O earth, upon thy breast,
 As if attiring thee for final rest ;
 While the tall trees their blended branches throw
 Between the sky and us with gesture bold,
 New garlanded with many a snowy wreath :
 Ay, all is beautiful, above, beneath,
 So silvery and still—yet bare and cold !
 Like my own window's frost-enamel'd bowers,
 And groves, and palaces, and temple-towers.

M. P.

MYRA.

"MYRA," exclaimed a lady, to her daughter, "how vain you are growing. I really believe you look in that glass twenty times a minute. I should be ashamed to *be seen* looking so much in the glass." Myra was a thoughtful girl—she acquiesced in her mother's remark, and thenceforth applied it to her conduct. From that time, she was never *seen* to look into the mirror, except for some obvious necessity ; but, when alone, she studied her looks more carefully, and treasured in her memory those attitudes and expressions which became her best.

Myra had a mind' quick in reasoning, vivid in fancy, and richly stored with elegant learning. This Myra knew, and she wished others to know it also. To this likewise she applied her mother's principle, and found that in displaying her powers and acquirements, all art must be carefully concealed—her manners, therefore, were to be modest and retiring. She had observed that vivid emotion was always interesting—therefore, whenever the occasion allowed, she was to appear delighted or distressed, yet in such a way that her feelings should seem rather to be repressed than displayed. I do not mean by this, that she had, at any time, deliberately determined upon this plan, but that she had come to it by degrees, and unconsciously.

And now, had Myra been able to accomplish this deceit, she would indeed have been one of the most despicable beings on earth. But for-

tunately, nature was too strong for her. In moments of perfect coolness, she might indeed act an assumed part ; but the least breath of emotion would tear away the slight veil with which she had covered her heart.

In conversation, as long as it continued uninteresting, her remarks were labored and affected ; but as soon as her soul was engaged in the discourse, she was perhaps less brilliant than before, but far more pleasing. A pretty scene, a pretty painting, a common-place poem, would draw from her such expressions of ecstasy as filled every thinking person with disgust. But in gazing on one of those scenes which nature sometimes combines of earth, sea, clouds, the rainbow, and the sun, so as to embody our every conception of mingled wildness and splendor—or a painting, even more divine than this, seeming to embody the most spiritual feelings of man—or a poem, far surpassing these in its pure and powerful enchantments—affectedness was gone, self was forgotten, and nothing but the rapt expression of her eye told the delight which thrilled her frame.

Greenfield High School, July 28th, 1830.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, LESS THAN TWENTY YEARS SINCE, BY A HIGHLY GIFTED INDIVIDUAL.

“ You wish to know how you can attain elevation of character. I can only answer, improve every moral and intellectual faculty to the utmost. By conquering our selfish propensities, we rise at once in the scale of being. Seek opportunities for doing good—feel that every hour is a golden season, given us by God to exhibit the fruits of the gospel. Remember that our means of doing good depend upon our benevolence, and on our knowledge. Let your life be a life of thought—passed in examining the views of others on important subjects,—in communion with yourself as an immortal being—in meditating on the works of God. Think with your pen, and by your fireside, when alone—think in your rambles, in conversation, and insist upon it that the topics shall be elevated ; think, in church and out of it—when you sew, knit, or embroider—at all times, and in all circumstances, *think*. Do not think on a hop skip and jump from subject to subject, but let one theme alone absorb the mind. If you converse with your inferiors, unfold the subject to their view ; and if you *really* think, new thoughts, arguments, and illustrations will present themselves to your mind, and you will be surprised to find how many new views will appear. When conversing with those who have studied a given subject more than yourself, compel them to talk, by your inquiries.

“ All interesting thoughts presented to you by reading, reflection, or conversation, commit to paper, and read them over once a week, and they will soon become your own. In your walks, and when at work with your needle, you will have time to examine them. They will fur-

nish the seed for an abundant harvest. You will be astonished to find how much you will acquire in this manner in a few years.

"Think for yourself. Call no man master. Take no opinion as truth, unless supported by evidence. Your *say so* is as good as Dr. Johnson's. Every man has his hobby, his prejudices, and his dimness of vision, even on important subjects. Remember that, as Sir Roger de Coverly said, "much may be said upon both sides." And, the more important the subject, the more imperative is the duty, to examine what may be said against as well as in favor of it. If you are afraid to examine the *contra*, you will never understand the *pro*. Truth challenges investigation; if it were afraid of it, it would be falsehood. Examine every subject candidly, not to establish your previous opinions, but to discover truth. Cast away all your prejudices as so much dross, and search for truth with all your power, without regard to the opinions of men.

"Finally, ask God to guide and direct you, in all your investigations after truth. Ask him with the humility of a child; feeling your ignorance, and the influence of external circumstances over your mind, and realizing that you need his direction. Ask with faith;—go boldly to his throne, believing that he will illumine your mind, for he has told you if you 'lack wisdom' to ask of him. When you read the Bible, do not make the passage bend to support your previous opinion, but give it all its weight and force, even if it shakes your confidence in some favorite article of your creed. We all have imbibed some errors; feel that you may have them, and that they spread a mist before your mind. When you discover them, renounce them fearlessly, and follow truth wherever she may lead you. Do this, and you will soon behold her in all her transcendent beauty; and you will enjoy a peace of mind, far superior to that of the most oracular dogmatist."

LOSS OF THE ALBION.

SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF PROFESSOR FISHER'S PORTRAIT, IN THE TRUMBULL GALLERY, AT YALE COLLEGE.

[Those of our readers who are ignorant of Professor Fisher's high attainments and early death, are referred to the American Journal of Science, Vol. V, where may be found an interesting sketch of his life and character, with a brief account of the circumstances attending the loss of the Albion, in the wreck of which he perished, "at the moment when Europe, so long and so ardently desired, had just broke on his view."]

GALLANTLY, right gallantly,
The proud ship walked the waves,—
They bowed them down, as she passed by
Like a queen amid her slaves.

Gloriously, most gloriously,
Did the sinking sun-beams play,
On cloud, and sail, and crested sea,
As a shroud for the dying day.

Brilliantly, then, brilliantly,
The sun went to his rest—
And a thousand lights, from their home on high,
Came to pillow on ocean's breast.

Thoughtfully, how thoughtfully
Wandered the mariner's eye,
To the changeful wave and the changeful sky—
For they smiled deceitfully.

Mournfully, soon, mournfully,
The night-winds 'gan to wail,
And the small black clouds came scudding by,
On which the storm-spirits sail.

Hastily, full hastily,
He bade them furl each sail,—
For he saw, those strong ones mightily
Were hurrying on the gale.

Mightily, ay, mightily,
They were hurrying on the gale,—
For they knew that a spirit loftier than they
Was borne by that lone sail.

Joyously, all joyously,
They had waited for him there,—
For they were sent, to bear him away
To a home in a lovelier sphere.

Wistfully, most wistfully,
He had gazed, and longed to know
Of the glorious worlds of the upper sky,
Where the unchained spirits go.

Fearfully, ah ! fearfully,
They gathered the might of the waves,
And bore the ship far down, where lies
Old ocean's coral caves.

Rapturously, then, rapturously,
They carried their brother away,
To the suns and stars he loved on high,
Where the blessed spirits stray.

A STUDENT'S JOURNAL.

(Addressed to a Friend.)

PART FIRST.

[In publishing this Journal, which was originally designed only for the perusal of the friend to whom it was addressed, we omit, of course, whatever is of a private or personal nature. We take the liberty, also, of omitting some other passages, which seem to us rather absurd, and altogether unsuitable for publication.]

Monday, October 3d. * * * Albums are truly the *scape-goats* of modern geniuses—alas that they do not escape with their burdens to some wilderness!

October 4th. * * * I lately met with a catalogue of books for sale in New York—and found on the list, “Milton’s *Paradise Lost abridged*.” The name of the barbarian who perpetrated this sacrilegious act, was not given—“let it rest in the shade.”

October 5th. * * * * *

October 6th. * * * What do you think is the most striking characteristic of the present age? It is often called, and with some truth, “an age of light,” and “an age of improvement.” More correctly has it been described, as “the age of puffing,” and the “mechanical age.” It is the age of bustle, of superficiality, of steam; an age of knowledge rather than of wisdom; an age in which men look *at* every subject, but seldom look *into* any thing. * * *

October 7th. * * * The question has been asked, “Is it better to do *nothing* or *nothings*?” What think you? I am sometimes inclined to prefer those people who are absorbed in trifling pursuits, to those who seem never to have *any* object in view. For a young lady to spend six months or a year in adorning a piece of muslin, for the purpose of exhibiting it to the admiring gaze of fifty or a hundred persons, at the first party she may chance to attend after the hyper-herculean labor is completed; or, to sit down idly, with the senseless lamentation that she has “nothing to do;”—which is the best? It is too difficult a question for me to decide.

October 8th. This is certainly the *age of blunders*. Almost every thing now, is done in too great haste to be well done. The mind marches too rapidly to make very close observations on the countries that it passes through. Soon the *march* of mind will be quite too feeble an expression, to use in describing the movements (I will not say, *progress*) of the human intellect—even now, methinks, the *whirl* of mind would be a more appropriate expression. * * *

I am ready, sometimes, to say of many modern books, and of nearly all newspapers, what David once said, in a hurry, of all mankind. Here is a number of the Westminster Review, and in its quarterly list of books, I find Captain Marryatt’s “Jacob Faithful,” among “Polemics!” Here is a recent number of one of our most respectable monthly magazines, containing a regret that Coleridge’s “*Biographia Literaria*” has never been re-published in this country—and yet, this very book is the

only one of Coleridge's prose works that has, to my knowledge, reached a *second* American edition! Here is a newspaper, that tells us what Charles Wolfe said on the death of his children, and another containing information of some poetry on the death of his wife—but, that Charles Wolfe never made any remarks on the death of his children, or wrote any poetry on the death of his wife, is sufficiently obvious, from the fact that he was one who could say with Burton, "I have *no* wife or children, good or bad, to provide for." He came so near being married once as to—*wish* to be—but this wish was never gratified.

[We take this opportunity of recommending the "Remains of Charles Wolfe" to the attention of our readers. The only American edition of this work with which we are acquainted, is the one published at Hartford, in 1828, by H. & F. J. Huntington.]

October 9th. * * * The sermons of some preachers are like a "coat of many colors," but not at all like a "coat without seam." * * *

October 10th. * * * Why is it that some young ladies, (to say nothing of older ones,) dread *solitude* more than famine, sword, or pestilence?

October 11th. Hazlitt says, "no man is *idle* who *can* do any thing." I am inclined to think there is *some* truth in the remark; yet, there are "young men and maidens," who seem to regard themselves as *geniuses*, for no other apparent reason than because they are too *idle* to make any exertion. * * * I heard a lady say, the other day, that she was "*too old* to learn." She will be older when she reaches heaven—will she be "*too old* to learn" *there*? * * *

October 12th.—I think that the novel-denouncing critics have, generally, written on the subject of fiction, with as little wisdom as those who have gone to the opposite extreme, and certainly with less wit. It seems to me, also, that no critic has yet appeared, who has shown himself at all capable of rightly appreciating the works of Sir Walter Scott. * * *

"A good physician saves, if not always from the disease, at least from a bad physician," says Richter. So the Waverley novels have saved many from reading worthless books. * * *

October 13th. * * * Happiness, unlike wisdom, is *not* found of them that seek her, but of those who, intent on their duties, are too busy to run after her. Trifling pleasures are enjoyed most, by those who are absorbed in important pursuits.

* * * A blind submission to the opinions of great men, is indeed to be guarded against—but *even that* seems to me far better, in the young and ignorant, than the present fashionable want of reverence for the aged and the wise.

October 14th. * * * "Of what *use* is so much study?" says a lady. Of what *use*? Be kind enough to tell me, Madam, of what *use* is food to the body? There is the same necessity of nourishment for the mind, unless we choose that our whole earthly existence should be a "living death." * * *

October 15th. * * * I observe that some writers, in certain religious periodicals of the day, not only attack the opinions, the arguments, the

consistency of their opponents—but descend so low, as to betake themselves to that worst kind of censoriousness—*motive-hunting*. They are not content that God alone should read and judge the hearts of men—but seem to think that He stands in need of their assistance. *Assistance*, did I say? nay, rather, they seem inclined to take the *whole* business of judging into their own hands.

October 16th. If our Creator had thought, as some good people appear to think, that the imagination was to be crushed rather than cultivated, the Bible would have been a very different book from what it is. * * *

October 17th. * * * “A word spoken in due season, how good is it”—and an ill-timed word, how mischievous—and oh! the vast preponderance of the latter, in ordinary conversation.

* * * How much more originality there would be, in conversation, in writing, in conduct, if all dared to give themselves up freely to every innocent impulse—instead of trying to make themselves as different as possible from that which nature designed them to be.

* * * No brilliancy in conversation can, to my mind, atone for the want of straight-forward earnestness—perhaps the word *downrightness* would better express the quality I refer to: Wit and pleasantry are very good things. I like them *much*, but not *always*. I like to hear those with whom I converse, *sometimes* talk in sober earnest.

October 18th. * * * I intend soon to publish, for the benefit of the *rising* generation, a catechism, containing the most important notions that prevail extensively among the *risen* generation. The work begins thus—Ques. “What is the chief end of man?” Ans. “To make money.” Ques. “What is the chief end of woman?” Ans. “To understand and practise, the laws of etiquette and the art of display.” I beg of you to bespeak, for this forth-coming catechism, the patronage of all your friends and acquaintances. E. F. X.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON SATIRE, ITS RESTRICTIONS, &c.

Satire and *severity* are often erroneously confounded. Are there not many persons, without any powers of wit or satire, who are more *severe* in conversation than the *satirical* are? It seems to me that such is the case. I have listened, in many assemblages of *ladies* and *gentlemen*, to the most sweeping condemnation of their neighbors, and the conversation was all very well, (at least so the majority of the company seemed to think,) so long as there was not the slightest approximation to wit;—but if, perchance, some gentleman made a remark, less severe than those which preceded it, but having in it something to excite a smile, then I have seen, a sudden revival of conscientiousness, in those who had been foremost in the work of pulling to pieces the characters of the absent; and, suddenly, I have heard the most edifying remarks, on the sin of indulging in satire. From such proceedings, I have gathered this direction for speaking ill of one's neigh-

bors—You may do it, to any extent, if you will be sober, and dull, and deliberate, in the matter, and intermingle with your barbarous severity some occasional, most serious and heartfelt *regrets*, at the inconsistency, and folly, and wickedness, of your victims ; all this you may do—but beware of playful, unpremeditated satire,—for that is unpardonable.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not defending that satire which indulges in personalities. I think the faults and follies of the age, are always a fair subject for sarcasm ; and, by the way, I suspect that there never was an age or country, that offered more various and abundant materials for satire, than the present age and our own country. But the satirist should beware of holding up individuals to ridicule. There is, to be sure, now and then one, so entirely, uniformly, and voluntarily ridiculous and contemptible, as to render himself a fit subject for the severest satire. But such characters, to the credit of human nature be it said, are very rare. To satirize individuals is, for the most part, wholly unjustifiable. It is easy to make almost any person appear ridiculous ; and this, without any great exertion of intellect :—but to treat the characters of our acquaintances thus, would be as absurd as it would be wicked.

It seems to me that, to discuss characters in general society, indicates a sad want of intelligence and good taste, as well as a deficiency of kind feeling and christian principle ; and whether it is right even for friends, in private, to talk freely of all the peculiarities of all their acquaintances, is rather a difficult question to settle. When there is a good motive for so doing we need not hesitate about the propriety of it—but, is not this good motive often wanting, in such confidential discussions ?

In general, I think, we should say nothing about any person, that we should be unwilling to have come to the knowledge of that individual ; or, if there are cases when it is right to violate this rule, we should be sure that our unwillingness to have our remarks repeated, arises merely from a desire to spare the feelings of another, and not from selfish motives. But, after all, the best rule on this subject is, to cultivate constantly the kindest feelings towards every one, and let our words take care of themselves.

One thing more, and my homily is ended. As we grow older, if our characters improve at all, we find ourselves less and less disposed to make sarcastic remarks upon individuals. I think those who do not find this to be the case, are either quite destitute of moral principle, or entirely heartless. In youth, we may ridicule the follies of others, in utter thoughtlessness—to amuse our associates, or for the mere pleasure that always results from the exercise of any newly-discovered power ;—but, as we advance in life, if we become more thoughtful and intelligent, if our taste becomes more refined, if we acquire new strength of moral principle ; above all, if the trials that we must necessarily meet with in life, have any of the softening, elevating influence upon our characters, which they are designed to exert ;—we cannot help growing less sarcastic and severe, more tolerant, more regardful of the reputation and the feelings of others.

G. C. R.

A COMPLIMENT FOR NOVEL READERS.

FROM COLERIDGE'S "BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA."

As to the devotees of the circulation libraries, I dare not compliment their *pass time*, or rather *kill time*, with the name of *reading*. Call it rather a sort of beggarly day-dreaming, during which, the mind of the dreamer furnishes for itself nothing but laziness and a little mawkish sensibility: while the whole *materiel* and imagery of the doze, is supplied *ab extra*, by a sort of mental *camera obscura*, manufactured at the printing-office, which *pro tempore* fixes, reflects, and transmits the moving phantasms of one man's delirium, so as to people the barrenness of an hundred other brains, afflicted with the same trance or suspension of all common sense, and all definite purpose. We should, therefore, transfer this species of amusement, (if indeed those can be said to retire *a musis*, who were never in their company, or relaxation be attributable to those whose bows are never bent,) from the genus *reading*, to that comprehensive class, characterized by the power of reconciling the contrary, yet co-existing propensities of human nature, namely, indulgence of sloth, and hatred of vacancy. In addition to novels, and tales of chivalry in prose or rhyme, (by which last I mean neither rhythm nor metre,) this genus comprises as its species, gaming, swinging or swaying on a chair or gate; spitting over a bridge; smoking; snuff-taking; *tête-à-tête* quarrels after dinner, between husband and wife; conning, word by word, all the advertisements of the daily Advertiser, in a public house, on a rainy day, &c. &c. &c.

THE YOUNG LADY TO HER DOG.

Yes, Elphin, yes, I understand,
I know you love me well,—
I read, within your sparkling eyes,
Whate'er you wish to tell.

So, sit you calmly at my feet,
And wag your tail no more,
While I will try, to tell myself
What 'tis I love you for.

When I was young, some years ago,
A gay, contented child,
My parents' love was all I asked,—
That love so sweet and mild.

When I "came out," and looked around,
Then, first, it seemed to me,
So many kind hearts had the world,
That some my own might be.

I read of friends, and sought for one,
 And many did I find,—
 They talked and wrote sweet sentiment,
 And were extremely kind.

They flattered me so prettily,
 But that I did not know—
 And when I paid them not with praise,
 Their love was faint and low.

They soon were gone, and ne'er have I
 Sought for a friend again
 But, all the search procured for me
 Was jealousy and pain.

But you, my little Elphin, came,
 And soon my voice you knew,
 And all the time, your simple heart
 Shows its affection true.

Yours is the only heart, that beats
 With joy, when I am near—
 The only one that's bound in mine,
 And should you not be dear?

And you *are* dear; let wise ones laugh,
 And heartless ones deride—
 I'll dare to say I love a dog,
 When Elphin's at my side.

So, cease that little plaintive whine,
 And look not at my pen,
 For gladly, now, I lay it down,
 To play with you again.

A PASTOR'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

FROM "PRIVATE LIFE."

—"You have chosen, incomparably, the better part; but let not your good be evil spoken of—you cannot be too devoted,—you cannot be too useful, but we may all be too busy. The cultivation of personal religion, and of those habits of reflection and watchfulness, upon which its growth so much depends, may be impeded by that restlessness and love of excitement which, not unfrequently, take the form of religious zeal. Bear with me, while I caution you on this subject, and while I point out what I consider to be some mistakes in your tone and manner in general society.

"It is one of the tests of our sincerity as christians, that we are really anxious to discover and correct the defects of our character ; and as I give you full credit for this sincerity, I am disposed to think that you will listen without resentment to the language of expostulation. In my character of pastor, therefore, I venture to say, that I consider you as deficient in practical humility and charity : you set up certain tests by which you decide upon the christian feeling and religious zeal of all your acquaintances ; and the shibboleth of party has but too much influence in the decision. To support certain societies and institutions is, with you, the test of christian and clerical character, the touchstone by which their piety is to be tried, the thermometer by which the temperature of their zeal is to be determined. Now, why should you deny to others, the privilege which you yourself claim, of directing their exertions in the channel which *they consider* most useful ? To stigmatize them as lukewarm, because they avail themselves of this privilege of choice, is at once uncandid and presumptuous. If, indeed, you discover coldness and indifference upon those most interesting subjects, the extension of christianity and the diffusion of religious knowledge,—if the contemplation of that day when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd, awaken no glow of feeling, excite no lively interest, and animate to no exertion, there is reason to fear that the lamp is not carefully trimmed, nor the light brightly burning ; that the spirit of faith and love is not shed abroad in the heart. But even in such a case, the language of harsh invective should never be employed.

"In general, the faith, hope and zeal of a young person, especially of a young woman, is best discovered by a sedulous performance of the duties of her station ; by the control and regulation of her feelings and temper—by a nice and conscientious improvement of time—by a cultivation of all the sympathies and charities that ameliorate and embellish life. To rebuke and to reprove are not her province : it is rarely her duty to use the language of exhortation ; but if a moment occur in which a word in season may be spoken, in what a spirit of gentleness and humility should that word be uttered ! how entirely should the language of dictation and the tone of dogmatism be avoided ! Take care that you do not sacrifice the appropriate and indispensable graces of youth to a zeal without knowledge—that you do not, by turning your energy into an unfit channel, retard your own progress in piety ; take care that while you busy yourself about the duties of others, you do not forget your own. Analyze your own motives carefully—judge your own conduct strictly—but avoid all harsh constructions as to the motives of others, and judge with the utmost possible tenderness of their actions. As far as example can influence, let yours be not only blameless but winning. Early piety is beautiful as the first violet of spring ; let it discover itself, like that unobtrusive flower, by diffusive sweetness."

SPECULATIONS ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

A HAPPY new-year, a happy new-year, for my dear father-land, the land of ancient honesty and truth! a happy new-year, for friend and foe, Christian and Turk, Hottentot and cannibal! for all men, upon whom God causes his sun to shine, and his rain to descend! and for the poor Moorish slave, who must toil all day long in the burning sun!

A glorious day indeed is the new-year's day! I am willing, at other times, that people should be patriotic, and not flatter other nations. To be sure, we must not speak evil of any nation; the prudent keep still every where—and who would wish to slander a whole people on account of its rulers? As I was saying, I am willing that men should be patriotic at other times, but on new-year's day, my patriotism is entirely dead; on that day, I feel that we are all brothers, the children of one Father who is in Heaven, and that all the good things of the world are water, that God has provided for all.

I accustom myself, every new-year's morning, to sit down on a stone by the way-side—to scratch in the sand before me with my staff, and to think on this and that. Not on my readers; I regard them as worthy of all honor, but new-year's morning, on the stone by the way-side, I think not of them; but there I sit and think, how often, in the year that is gone, I have seen the sun rise, and the moon; how many flowers and rainbows, I have seen; how often I have breathed the air, and drunk from the brook;—and then I cannot look up, and I take off my cap with both hands, and bury my face in it.

Then, I think also on my acquaintances who have died during the year—and that now, they can talk with Socrates, Numa, and other men of whom I have heard so much that is good—and with John Huss too; and then the graves of these holy men seem to open around me, and their shades, with naked, bald heads, and long, gray beards, arise.—Good, old men! to your memories, a happy, happy new-year!

ITEMS.

THE "Ladies' Magazine" is about to be united with the "Lady's Book." The new work, formed by the combination of these two periodicals, is to be called "The Lady's Book and Magazine"—and is to be under the editorial care of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who has edited the "Ladies' Magazine," from its commencement to the present time, a period of nine years.

The Messrs. Abbott have retired from the editorial chair of the "Religious Magazine." Professor E. A. Andrews is to succeed them. We feel sure that the work will be improved under his editorial supervision.

A new edition of Mrs. Sigourney's "Letters to young Ladies," has lately been published, with valuable additions.

A volume of "Poems, by Oliver Wendell Holmes," containing not a little genuine poetry, has recently been published, at Boston.

Within a few months, a new edition of Wordsworth's poetical works has been published at this place. It contains an engraved likeness of the poet which seems to us well executed. The typography is sufficiently good to the end of the title page. Beyond that, we leave it to speak for itself, only remarking that we think such a poet as Wordsworth deserves better treatment at the hands of the printers, than he has received in this edition of his poems.

THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1837.

No. 3.

THOUGHTS ON DREAMS.

‘God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man.’

It was so, as long ago as the time of Elihu’s admirable address to Job—instruction was sometimes sent from heaven to men in dreams—God sought to reclaim them thus. Certain it is that dreams have borne a considerable part in the history of our true religion, as well as of most, perhaps all, false religions. The *heart* of man has been made the oracle as well as the interpreter of *heaven*. And where can we find such dreams as in our Bibles! You are acquainted with yours, my respectable reader—at least with the better part of it; I suppose you are, or you would not be reading the Microcosm. Let me just remind you of the patriarch asleep on his stone pillow at Luz—no, we must not call the place Luz, though it was called so ‘at the first’—it was Bethel, ‘none other but the house of God,’ ‘the gate of heaven.’ You remember the ‘ladder set up on the earth—the top of it reaching to heaven—the angels of God ascending and descending on it—the Lord standing above it!’ When we were children, we hardly dared to think of the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob—yet some of us had a glass toy called ‘Jacob’s ladder,’ whose rounds seemed delicate enough for angel-feet, which easily put us into a reverie,—and we could lie down with the holy dreamer and love to gaze on the angels, this one ascending and that one descending, as mediators or winged brethren.

Another sort of dreams fell upon another sort of men—for instance, take the case of Nebuchadnezzar. You remember the great terrible image of gold and silver and brass and iron and clay—the stone ‘cut out without hands’ that broke his feet—the whole breaking to pieces, and the pieces swept off by the wind like chaff—the stone swelling into a great mountain and filling the whole earth. ‘The dream was certain, and the interpretation thereof sure.’ It was the language of signs, not written nor spoken, nor even made, but only contemplated; the king himself had forgotten them, but Daniel recalled them and told what they signified.—But I did not mean to recount here the dreams recorded in the Bible.

It is enough for our purpose now, if we remember that dreams have been matters of great importance. What if the inquiry be started in our minds—Wherein were these ‘visions of the night’ ever inspired?

Perhaps the question is unanswerable, but a little reflection may remind you that however inspired, they were dreams after all ; as Paul's last words to the elders of Ephesus were a human farewell address, though divinely dictated. They were the fancy-work of an individual, as dreams are now, if you please to call them such. It was for some good reason that God once employed them in 'sealing instruction,' that 'he might withdraw man from his purpose and hide pride from man.' Whatever the reason was, and whether any part of it still exists or not, they have a certain claim on our respect from this their ancient dignity. Prove to us that the oracle at Delphi ever uttered the voice of a divinity, and we will reverence it still ; it will then at least remind us of inspiration, as 'an empty orchestra does of music.'

And though the divinity has departed, may he not sometimes revisit the old forsaken shrine ? Since dreams have once borne the stamp of heaven, it must be allowed they have some character which fitted them to bear this stamp. Our very instincts can teach us more than we are always ready to learn ; and why not our fancy too ? Perhaps the mark of inspired visions was that they were accompanied by a certain invincible persuasion of their heavenly origin and design ; and they were not the less certainly inspired because the dreamer alone enjoyed them, nor because he alone felt this persuasion. Yet, in our days, visions asserted to be like them are sometimes slighted for no better reason than this—that the dreamer cannot summon witnesses to justify his convictions. If they are to be disregarded now, it must be for some reason that was not always in force. For aught that appears from their nature—from their fanciful, or as we say unreal character—they may be sent from heaven now. Are they not now as fit to be channels of intercourse with heaven as ever ? Not only must we believe that in their nature they have some peculiar fitness for this sacred office—since they were once actually employed in it—but we may discover somewhat of their fitness. They have certain great advantages for 'sealing instruction' to us, if we are in a right condition ; and if we are not, what can instruct us ? The light of dreams is 'a religious light' beyond any cathedral's. Their pictures are wonderfully vivid and varied. Their music has the utmost compass. Their incidents are rapid without losing or fatiguing our attention. And then, the wonder-working mind crowds more into one dreaming hour than into whole days of wakefulness, and it may be not less effectually. Hence we can see that they were wisely employed of old by the Spirit of truth to instruct docile minds ; nor would it be incredible if they were so employed in these last days. Hence too, if we suppose them to be no longer suggested and governed by the same mysterious agency, they may happen to serve a like end ; and we may put them to this service, as we do other means of influence which God has once directly used, but which we suppose he has now relinquished so far as to leave them to his universal laws and our observance.

So much then in behalf of dreams ; they have been made means of divine instruction, and they may be instructive still. We will have a further conference on this head hereafter. Meanwhile let me answer for them here, against the hasty assault of those persons who cast contempt on whatever they call unreal. Dreams, say they, are not realities. Well—what then ? They may be just as instructive for all that. But,

reader, can you describe satisfactorily the essential difference between a dream and what is called real life—between a thing only dreamed about and a thing existing? What is Reality? You must answer the question for yourself, or let it go unanswered, for the questioner risks no opinion here. If you say the things we dream of have no existence out of ourselves, remember that grave philosophers have tried to prove by the nicest logic—and successfully it is supposed, so far as logic goes—that all material things exist only in the mind of man.—And have we not a real pleasure and a real pain in dreams? Is not the dreamer as much like a man awake as a Jew is like a Christian, according to a certain noted authority? ‘Hath not a *dreamer* eyes—hath not a *dreamer* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, passions?’ In dreams, ‘if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die?’ What would you care for the difference if you were allowed to choose between fourscore years of ‘real life,’ and as many of equally pleasant dreaming? How little difference there might be in the cases, we may conjecture from a fine story in Mr. Bulwer’s ‘Pilgrims of the Rhine,’ of a man who betakes himself to dreaming as a business, and at length contrives to connect his dreams so as to weave them into one continuous life, to which his waking hours are only secondary and tributary, thus exactly reversing the commonly approved process. If a thing be real to you, what more reality can you seek about it? You could not be persuaded that the music you heard one night was not so sweet nor so solemn as it seemed; yet it might be proved you was in bed, no ‘sweet throat’ near, and your own brain at once temple, organ, choir and worshipper. You may have had a vision of Mary, Queen of Scots; and could ‘the real’ Mary have been more beautiful, or was she to you more real? Perhaps you was never more giddy with delight or fear than you have been in dreams; and was the precipice the less appalling because you alone stood upon its edge, or the wing that bore you gloriously through the air the less buoyant, because you alone felt it? There is something to be pondered in the common saying, How much a dream is sometimes like reality!

But how much reality is often like a dream! It is not given to us, when we say that we are wide awake, to see things as they are. Reality is hidden—we must convert the veil into a transparency, if we can. Some near-sighted searchers think they find nature herself when what they find is only a part of her old sarcophagus—the disguise under which their predecessors fancied they embalmed her; and as this does not satisfy them long, they break it; they lift off one fold and then another; they rejoice in their fancied approaches; and at last they rejoice over the mummy, as if it were a living soul! So they are one day making mistakes, and the next day exchanging them for others; it is well if they exchange them for no worse. What a fantastic world we live in! fantastic in science, in religion, in business, in play. What follies, what delusions, what tricks, what whims, what blunders! And never was a sleeper more ignorant of the light in which others saw him, or more unconscious of his phantasy, than we of our waking follies. Since so many of our speculations and guesses and plans prove to be nothing better than grave deceptions before the tribunal of after-thought,

Perhaps the question is unanswerable, but a little reflection will show you that however inspired, they were dreams after the words to the elders of Ephesus were a human dream, divinely dictated. They were the fancy-work of dreams are now, if you please to call them so. The reason that God once employed them in might withdraw man from his purpose and ever the reason was, and whether any have a certain claim on our respect. Prove to us that the oracle at Delphi is, and we will reverence it still: inspiration, as 'an empty orchestra.'

And though the divinity has left the old forsaken shrine? Since heaven, it must be allowed the right to bear this stamp. Our very eyes are always ready to learn; and our ears are of inspired visions was the credible persuasion of their

the less certainly inspired because he alone felt that to be like them are that the dreamer can

If they are to be not always in form their fanciful, heaven now.

I believe that this article has a point as well as an heaven as ever. I have some certain respect for dreams beyond what is commonly have some in the light in which they are most apt to be depre- actually enough they have become standing emblems of all that is in- They have been useless yet not inactive in life, this may be because they we are looked at in an appropriate light. We are all in a great tem- The more we look about us, the more we shall find of utility in all pictur- for the oddest images have their niches, and the oddest niches cor- images; and shall we complain of the painting on the ceiling that te- panels to our sight, because it is smooth to our touch—or shall we not rather say that it is not our part to feel of what was only meant to be looked at! Suppose we bear in mind this subject, and try in the next number to get the right position, the proper light, the just view.

Jan. 1837.

P. A.

Memory is the effect of learning, through whatever avenue it may have entered the mind. It is said the *effect*, because the man who has read a volume and can perhaps tell you nothing of its contents, but simply express his own views on the same subject with more clearness and precision, may as truly be said to have remembered as he that can repeat the very words. In the one case, the powers of the mind have received a new tone; in the other, they are encumbered with a useless burthen: in the one, they are made stronger; in the other, they are more oppressed with weight.—SAMPSON REED.

FRAGMENT.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

not know, what joys
 Full of glory,
 God employs,
 And holy—
 As near,
 Ve
 ven,
 One to save,
 Might be forgiven—
 What scenes of light,
 Our, dawned on thy sight !

C. D. Y.

COUNSELS TO A SON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

Silver and gold have I none : but such as I have, give I thee."

The time is gradually drawing near, my dear son, in which I must go the way whence I shall not return. I cannot take you along with me ; I must leave you behind, in a world where good counsel is not abundant.

No man is wise from his birth ; time and experience are our teachers here.

I have seen the world longer than you.

All is not gold that glitters, my dear son : I have seen many a star fall from heaven ; and many a staff, upon which man has leaned, I have seen break.

Therefore, I will give you counsel ; and tell you what I have found, and what time has taught me.

That is not great, which is not good ; and that is not true, which cannot stand against attacks.

Man is not at home in this world, and it is not by accident that he walks about here in mean garments. For only observe, how all other things here exist and pass away without knowing it ; but man has consciousness. All things around him pass away at the bidding of an unknown will and power ; man is entrusted to himself, and carries his life in his own hand.

It is not a matter of indifference to him, whether he goes to the right hand or to the left.

This world is too small for him ; and the invisible he sees not and knows not.

Hold yourself too good to do evil.

Fix your heart on no perishable thing.

Truth will not accommodate itself to us, my dear son ; but we must conform ourselves to truth.

What you can see, look at with your own eyes ; and concerning the invisible and eternal, rely on the word of God.

Remain faithful to the religion of your fathers ; and abhor theological pewterers.

Fear no man so much as yourself. Within us, dwells a judge who deceives not, and whose approbation is more important to us than the applause of the whole world, and the wisdom of the Greeks and Egyptians. Resolve, dear son, to do nothing contrary to the voice of this inward monitor ; and take counsel of it, in all your ways. At first, it will speak but softly, in the lisping voice of an innocent child ; but if you reverence its innocence, by degrees its tongue will be loosened, and it will speak clearly.

Learn gladly of others ; and whenever they talk of wisdom, human happiness, light, freedom, virtue, listen attentively. But do not believe, at once, all that you hear ; for there are clouds without water, and there are many blanks. Words are only words, and when they drive along so very easily and swiftly, be on your guard ; for horses that draw a valuable load travel slowly.

Think often on holy things. Despise no religion ; you know not what may be concealed beneath uncomely images.

It is easy to despise, my son, but to understand is far better.

Teach not others, until you have learned yourself.

Take care of your body, but not as if it were your soul.

Obe the powers that be, and leave others to contend about them.

Meddle not with the affairs of others, but attend diligently to your own.

Flatter no man, and permit none to flatter you.

Tell not all that you know, but always know what you tell.

Depend not on great men.

Sit not with scorners, for they are the most miserable of all creatures.

Respect not canting religionists, but esteem and follow simple-hearted good men. A man who has the true fear of God in his heart, is like the sun ; he gives light and heat, although he says nothing.

Do what is worthy of reward, but care not to be rewarded.

If you are in trouble, complain only to yourself.

Always have something good in your mind.

When I am dead, close my eyes, and mourn not for me.

Remain with your mother, and honor her as long as she lives, and bury her near my grave.

Think daily of death, and of life—which God grant you may find—and be of a cheerful spirit ; and leave not the world without having openly manifested, in some way, your love and reverence for the author of Christianity.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER—BY CHARLES HODGES.

As once, beside a murmuring stream,
 Alone and musing, Sorrow sate,
 Warmed with imagination's dream,
 A form her figure did create.

Chance guided there the mighty Jove:—
 "What hast thou? pensive goddess, say;"
 "Command it, Sire, to speak and move,
 'Tis but a shape of senseless clay."

"Well, live!—it lives—and henceforth be
 This dust-created creature mine!"
 When Sorrow thus complained—"To me,
 The child, O Jupiter, resign!"

"Was it not moulded by my hand?"
 "True, but I gave the vital flame,"
 Said Jove.—While these contesting stand,
 Another claimant, Tellus, came.

"'Tis mine! from *my* lap, Sorrow took
 The child."—"Hold!" cried Olympian Jove,
 "One comes, and, by his aged look,
 'Tis Saturn—he shall umpire prove."

Spake Saturn: "Take it, take it, *all*;
 For even such is Fate's decree:
 Thou who didst breath bestow, recall
 When dead, its spirit unto thee.

"Tellus, its bones are *thy* just meed,
 No more of it to thee pertains:
 To thee, O Sorrow, 'tis decreed,
 While still the spark of life remains:

"For thou wilt ne'er thine infant leave,
 So long as it existence have;
 Resembling thee, itself 'twill grieve,
 From day to day, unto the grave."

*Fate's edict is fulfilled well:
 This being MAN was after named;
 In life, he must with Sorrow dwell—
 When dead, by Earth and God be claimed.*

A STUDENT'S JOURNAL.

(Addressed to a Friend.)

PART SECOND.

October 19th. * * * * What a pity that we cannot be satisfied to do what is possible! Most truly has some one said,

"The very hardest thing for man
Is to do only what he can!"

October 20th. * * * * Literary persons are accused of pride and reserve, if they do *not* talk about their own plans and pursuits—and of egotism and conceit, if they *do*. * * *

* * * * There are some persons who find fault with a novel, because it is not like a sermon; there are others, who complain of a *grave* essay, because it is not amusing. What a *reasonable* world this is! In the words of a certain poem, from which I presume nobody but its author will ever quote—

"O what a world, for those who love
To laugh at human folly!—
And yet, while laughter it doth move,
It makes one melancholy,
To think what a strange world we live in!"

October 21st. * * * * *

October 22d. * * * Mrs. Hemans is one of the many poets whose lives illustrate the truth of Shelley's saying, "they learn in suffering what they teach in song."

October 23d. * * * * *

October 24th. * * * * In describing some characters, to utter the simple truth is to express unconsciously the severest satire.

* * * * The common saying, that you may know what a man is by the character of his associates, is certainly true; and it is equally true that you may know any individual by his favorite authors—by the books that he reads, recommends and delights in, most.

* * * * The mind may be as seriously injured by reading history or biography exclusively, as by the constant and indiscriminate perusal of fictitious works; and it seems to me that to read merely or chiefly the popular religious books of the present age, would ruin almost any intellect. To confine one's reading to newspapers and literary magazines, would be still worse—for at least nine tenths of all that is contained in our literary periodicals is mere trash.

[Our readers will please to observe that, according to this estimate, they may think themselves well off if we furnish them each month *two pages* of valuable matter.]

October 25th. I have just been listening to a very edifying conversation on *practical utility*, from which I draw the following inferences for your benefit.—

The body is superior to the mind, and therefore to be more regarded.—Every thing which multiplies the means of physical comfort is useful;

but that which only improves the mind is, to say the least, questionable.—Nothing is useful of which all cannot see the immediate utility.—The great object of man's life should be to make a show; for appearances are all, realities of no consequence.—Hannah More should have been working muslin when she was writing books.—Mrs. Child's only work of any value is "The Frugal Housewife."—Milton should have made baskets in his blindness, instead of composing "Paradise Lost."—Paul ought never to have left his occupation of tent-making to write his Epistles—for only think how many tents he might have made! Misguided Paul! would that you had been favored with the light of some modern utilitarians!! * * * * *

October 26th. * * * * *

October 27th. * * * * * If I were to write the popular creed of the age, some of its leading articles should be as follows.—

Every person is fit for every employment.—We have all a right to our own opinions, but it is folly to be willing that others should have the same right.— * * *

* * * Wonderful truly is the march of mind! oh! enlightened, glorious, most christian nineteenth century!!

October 28th. * * * Does the number of poets increase, just in proportion as the spirit of poetry declines? certainly there is some reason to think so. What a host of worshippers have the muses now! Truly, they are "as the stars of the sky in multitude;" but alas! most of them are not much like stars, in other respects. Some one has remarked that, at the present day, it is more of a distinction for a clergyman to be a "Rev. Mr." than a "Rev. Dr.;" and shall we not soon be able to say, with like truth, that not to write poetry, (or rather, not to perpetrate rhymes,) is a greater distinction than to belong to the rhyming race?

October 29th. I remember, shortly after I learned to read, when I was about four years old, having, in common with a brother near my own age, a great ambition to read the Bible through in course; and sometime after we had commenced its perusal, he being in the second book of Chronicles, and myself in Judges, we retired to our room, one rainy Sunday, and read aloud, nearly all day, in the most edifying manner. My brother first read two verses in *his* place, from Chronicles; then I read two, in *my* place; and so on through various books in the Old Testament. I assure you, we made great progress. When our day's reading was over, I believe G. was somewhere in the Psalms, and I had reached the second of Kings. Since then, I have listened to many a *conversation*, which has brought to mind most forcibly that method of reading. * * * *

October 30th. * * * * *

October 31st. * * * This book reminds me, as do many others, of that glorious specimen of school-compositions, beginning thus—"It is pretty impossible for a person to express himself of those ideas whereof he is not himself possessed of."

* * * Are there not, occasionally, some young men admitted to the degree of A. B., in our most respectable colleges, who are not at all qualified for any degree, unless perchance it be for the honorable one of S. M.—i. e. *saltandi magister*?

November 1st. Do you remember our discussion in regard to the definition of *genius*? I have just met with something in a German author, which may enlighten you on the subject—and I will translate it for your benefit. It is entitled, "Account of a genius," and is as follows—A fox once met with a jackass, and accosted him thus—"Sir, every body takes you for a great character, a *real genius*." "Indeed, that's very strange!" said the jackass, "*for I have done nothing foolish!*" * * *

November 2d. * * * There were three young ladies sitting in one corner of the room, discussing the characters of their acquaintances. Among others, they spoke of a gentleman who has devoted his life chiefly to poetical composition, and has produced a good deal of true poetry. One of them, who seemed to be the *oracle* in the trio, remarked concerning him, "What a pity that he does not engage in some *useful* employment!" And the second echoed the words of the first; and the third took up the same lamentation. I looked around, to see how this "wondrous wise young judge" and her companions, who all seemed to have such a sense of the value of time and the importance of being *usefully* engaged, were themselves occupied. They were employed—how think you? each was employed in the high and important labor of—working a pocket-handkerchief! I ventured to throw in a remark something like this—that the time spent in cultivating the highest powers of mind could hardly be considered as wasted. I might have added that, to employ the hands in ministering to a tasteless love of display and the tongue in scandalizing one's neighbors, was certainly not *much* better than idleness.

[We know not who these young ladies are; but if they should happen to be among our readers, we take the liberty of recommending to them the careful study of some small dictionary of the English language; and further, we recommend, as a relief to their friends, and for their own benefit, "silence, for the space of half an hour," daily; and moreover, we think it would be well for them occasionally to devote an hour to the strange business of—*thinking*.]

November 3d. "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—You probably remember this line in *Macbeth*. It seems to me that in these few words, "*life's fitful fever*," man's existence on earth is more truly and forcibly described than in any thing else I have ever read. You may travel through scores of modern volumes, without finding in the whole as much meaning and force as there is in this simple phrase.

* * * * O that this "vexed question," whether the female sex is equal to the other, could be permitted to sleep in peace! What a vast amount of time and temper has been lost in the discussion! A gentleman who is very earnest and noisy in maintaining the superiority of his own sex is *sufficiently* disgusting; but a lady who is warmly tenacious in asserting the equality of the sexes is *still more so*. Such generally prove *one thing* at least—that is, their own *individual* weakness or want of thought. It will do for *very young* ladies and gentlemen to argue pertinaciously about such matters; but in those who have arrived at *years of discretion*, (or, at least, have lived long enough to reach that period,) it is insufferable.—

E. F. X.

A TEACHER'S COUNSELS.

(Addressed to a Young Lady.)

NUMBER ONE.

—— I WILL, most cheerfully, comply with your request that I would send you occasionally some *written* counsels, now that our personal intercourse is suspended. Indeed, before I received that request, I had thought of writing you something of the kind. From the disposition you have always manifested, to listen with attention and docility to whatever suggestions I have made for your improvement, I feel sure that if I shall give you any important counsels, you will not fail to profit by them. And this thought renders what would otherwise be a task, a real pleasure. And now, I will warn you, at the beginning, that you are not to expect an elaborate book of advice, divided into regular chapters, and arranged under appropriate heads; but merely some rambling hints on various subjects, thrown together without any regard to order.—

In respect to the employment of your time, look *above, around, within*, to learn the path of duty. Look *above*, to seek the guidance of Him whom we are to "acknowledge in all our ways;" and never engage in any pursuit, that would prevent the remembrance, "Thou, God, seest me," from being a joyous and cheering thought. Look *around*, on the circumstances and relations in which you are placed. Look *within*, to ascertain what you are capable of doing, what you are *best* fitted for.

Be all that you can be; do all that you can do. In other words, let the object of your unceasing efforts be, to make the *highest possible* attainments in knowledge, wisdom, moral excellence; and to do *all* in your power to promote the happiness, the intellectual cultivation, and moral improvement, of every individual within the sphere of your influence.

Spend as much time in reading and study, as you can without neglecting any other duty. Do not read any book *merely* because it happens to come in your way. Read, first, what is absolutely essential; secondly, what is highly important; and thirdly, (should you ever get as far as this,) what is merely desirable.

Do not indulge in unreasonable expectations—as though every thing could be acquired and accomplished at once, and the labor of a life be crowded into a month or a year—but in all your efforts to improve yourself and do good to others, strive to be very calm and patient, as well as unceasingly diligent and earnest.

———"be it ours,
Both thine and mine, to cultivate that frame
Of spirit, when we know and deeply feel
How little we can do, and yet do that."

These lines, if not very good poetry, are certainly very good advice.

Be not discontented, because you have to spend much time in *little* things. Remember that your character may be improving as much, when you are engaged in what seems to you a very trifling matter, *if it is really a duty*, as when the most important concerns engage your attention.

Keep in mind that in nothing can a high degree of excellence be attained without *self-denial*; and that to be and do any thing worthy, you must constantly strive, with all your might, against indolence, procrastination, idle reverie, and every other species of self-indulgence.

In your intercourse with others, put the most favorable construction upon their conduct and motives. In regard to the faults and errors of those with whom you associate, make the most liberal allowance for their peculiarities of temperament, circumstances, education, &c.—but never *claim* the same indulgence for yourself. Do not judge of the character of others merely by their treatment of you, or their known opinion of your character. Never hurt the feelings of your friends by telling them of their mistakes, when the information is too late to do them any good.

It is about time to draw my remarks to a conclusion. Yet, a few words more. Do every thing *in season*. Do all in the *best* manner. Do, every moment, what is *most* important. Attend seasonably and thoroughly to petty duties, that you may have a free and undisturbed spirit for more weighty matters. And let your life be such that, whatever others may think or say of your course, you may be able, each day and hour, to answer satisfactorily to your own conscience, that momentous question, "*What am I living for?*" Farewell, for the present. If this desultory chapter of advice should be well received, I will send you another before long.———

B. C.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

There is an hour with beauty rife—

An hour that rules with magic sway;
That calms the soul, subdues all strife,
And kindly sheds a softening ray.

But this is not the noontide glare,
That warms and lightens all below;
It is not when the morn's sweet air
Smiles on the earth, with fresh'ning glow.

Nor is it in the night's dark hour,
When gloom enshrouds with sable pall;
And shuts from view the fragrant flower,
Entombs the earth, and buries all.

But it is when the sun's last beams
Are lightly touching hill and glade;
'Tis when the sky, with varied gleams,
Throws on our world a tempered shade.

'Tis then, the soul will sadly rest
On days and joys forever fled;
And think of scenes to memory blest,
That like the sun have quickly sped.

It seems as if a witching spell
 Around the *Twilight* hour was thrown ;
 As if 'twas here the soul should dwell,
 In still and pensive thought, alone.

The glorious orb hath passed away,—
 So have those scenes of former light ;
 The threatening clouds about us stray,—
 So in our hearts the deepening night.

And yet, we shall again behold
 The vanished orb in radiance bright ;—
 So Hope, to each one, will unfold
 Days that may come with cheering light.

W. S.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. : (per legem terræ) Baron Chandos of Sudeley, etc.
 2 vols. 8vo. London : Cochrane & M'Crone. 1834.

WE notice this work merely for the purpose of making some extracts from it, as it has not been re-published in this country, and is probably known to but few of our readers.

Who is *Sir Egerton Brydges*? and what are his claims to public notice? These questions will naturally arise in the minds of those whose attention is now for the first time called to this autobiography; and we shall endeavor to answer them satisfactorily, by extracts from these volumes. Our knowledge of this author has been drawn from this work alone. Previous to its publication, about thirty volumes which he had written, and as many which he had edited, were before the public, but we are entirely unacquainted with them. We will now collect and place before our readers, those passages of *Sir Egerton's Autobiography* in which he narrates the principal events in his life, and gives an account of his various literary pursuits. If any reader should discover a want of orderly arrangement in our extracts, we can only say in excuse that, in the work itself, there is not the slightest regard to order or connection.—

^d I was born 30th November, 1763; the eighth child and second surviving son of a country gentleman. The spot of my nativity was the manor-house of Wootton, between Canterbury and Dover. I derived my baptismal name from my mother's first-cousin, Samuel Egerton, Esq. of Tauton Park, in Cheshire, many years M. P. for that county.—In July, 1771, I was sent to Maidstone school; and in July, 1775, removed to Canterbury school, where I remained till August, 1780. In October of the same year, I went to Queen's College, Cambridge, where I kept my terms till Christmas, 1782; and then removed to the Middle Temple, by which society I was called to the bar in Michaelmas Term, 1787, at the age of twenty-five."

"My sensitiveness from childhood was the source of the most morbid sufferings, as well as of the most intense pleasures. It unfitted me for concourse with other boys, and took away all self-possession in society. It also produced ebbs and flows in my spirits, and made me capricious and humorous; and

the opinions formed of me were most opposite; some thinking well of my faculties, others deeming me little above an idiot. I was so timid on entering into school, and my spirits were so broken by separation from home, and the rudeness of my companions, that in my first schoolboy years I never enjoyed a moment of ease or cheerfulness. But I was perfect in my lessons, and never was punished during the nine years of my pupilage, for I got into no mischief or scrapes."—"Many of those feelings which I should now consider as necessarily associated to a poetical temperament, I then painfully concealed, lest they should subject me to ridicule: but I always entertained the resolution and the hope, some day, to break into notice."—"I remember that, from childhood, I had an aversion to all company, and that visitors put me into agonies. My delight was in the fields and woods; in making bowers, and benches, and little gardens; and in watching the hay-makers, the harvest, the plough, and the woodman's axe. I grieved when evening came, and prayed for the dawn of the next day. My temper was always eager, impatient, and enthusiastic."—"I was never, after the age of fourteen, very fond of bodily exercise. As my love of books increased, my habits became sedentary; and long rides, and especially long walks, fatigued me. My fondness for books was an inordinate passion."

"From eight years old, I was passionately fond of reading, and had always a propensity to poetry, at least from the age of fourteen. I do not believe the theory promulgated by Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley*, that the literary bent a man takes is accidental. I am convinced that it entirely arises from the inborn structure of his mind. I cannot be mistaken in saying that Nature gave me extraordinary sensitiveness of impressions; and that these impressions remained sufficiently long on my mind to enable me to reflect on them, and by degrees make pictures of my own from them, on which it delighted me to dwell. This necessarily led me to love poetry, and to attempt to write it. To write it well is another affair, but as little dependent on accident or art: perhaps it may be partly the result of toil,—of a mind attentive to its own internal movements; but the toil will not avail, if the character of the involuntary movements be not poetical."—"My eldest sister was fourteen years and a half older than me; she had an exquisite taste for poetry, and could almost repeat the chief English poets by heart, especially Milton, Pope, Collins, Gray, and the poetical passages of Shakspeare; and she composed easy verses herself with great facility. It is probable that her conversation and example contributed greatly to my early bent to poetry. Two versifications from Isaiah and Jeremiah, which I wrote for school-tasks at Christmas, 1777, my age fifteen, and which gained great applause, fixed my ambition to write verses for life."—"At an early age, *Bachanan's Latin poetry* was a great and intimate favorite with me, and I got Milton's juvenile poems almost by heart. I generally carried these little volumes (the *Elzevir* of *Buchanan*) in my pocket. I read them on stiles, on banks, and under hedges, when the season allowed, as well as by the winter fire, when the weather kept me in-doors. From fourteen or fifteen, I dreamed of authorship, and never afterwards gave up the ambition. Collins also was one of the earliest objects of my enthusiastic admiration. Enthusiasm is an inseparable part of my nature. 'Be calm,' those around me used to say; 'do things with more moderation; do not be so run away with; admire, if you will, but admire coolly; husband your energies; proceed gently, and you will sooner reach your end.'—'Throw cold water on the boiling caldron,' I answered, 'and see what you will gain by it. The heat will spend itself best in its own unobstructed way.'"

"From the '*Biographia Britannica*,' I began at eight or nine years old to contract my passion for biography. I had the work constantly in my hands during the holidays, which I almost invariably spent at home. The volumes always lay in one of the windows of the common parlour at Wootton; and how often have I rejoiced, when the rain and snow came, to keep me by the winter fireside, instead of mounting my pony, to follow all the morning my uncle's harriers! and when I was out, how I counted the hours till I could return to my beloved books! The moment dinner was over, I drew my chair round to the fire, and one of these large volumes was opened upon my knees. I grew peevish if any one interrupted me; and was so totally absorbed in myself, that I was lost to all that was passing around me. At that time, I was much more

delighted with this work than with all the books of poetry that offered themselves to me. With me it set imagination at work, instead of merely loading my memory. I was not an unapt scholar, but was rather pleased with matter than words; and have, from the time I grew up, been very impatient at learning languages."—"I am not sure that I have not loved biography almost as much as poetry: many say that I have succeeded better in it. I should be unwilling to admit this; because, however instructive, it is of an inferior order to poetry,—though it cannot be well written without eloquence and the light of imagination."—"I was fond of bibliography from the age of thirteen, and began at school to collect editions of Horace."—"A variety of accidental circumstances led me early to a fondness for genealogy and antiquities; and especially to the history of the English peerage."—"I never met with one who seemed to have the same overruling passion for literature as I have always had. A thousand others have pursued it with more principle, reason, method, fixed purpose, and effect: mine I admit to have been pure, blind, unregulated love. The fruit has been such as mere passion generally produces—of little use and no fame."

"On my arrival at Cambridge, October, 1780, I gave myself up to English poetry. I had, in studying Milton's noble sonnets,—noble in defiance of Johnson,—convinced myself of the force and majesty of plain language; and I resolved never to be seduced into a departue from it. The consequence was, that my first poems were coldly received, though praised in 'Maty's Review' of May, 1785. I would not change my system; but this coldness chilled and blighted me for some years; and from 1785 to 1791, I wrote no more poetry."—"The years from twenty-two to twenty-nine ought to have been the most vigorous period of life: with me it was a fall of faculties which I cannot contemplate without deep debasement. I remember how I pored over 'Dugdale's Baronage' during that time, and transcribed pedigrees from the British Museum! The consequence was, that I sunk in the estimation of the few who knew me into the character of a mere compiler. I suspect that I did so even in my own estimation. I can scarcely account for the spell that broke through this superincumbence. It was a mist that broke it too!—a walk of an October morning through the thickest gray vapours I ever encountered. Then it was that the outline of the tale of 'Mary de Clifford' darted upon me; and I went home and wrote the first sheet, and sent it to the printer in London by that post. Seven years of dulness had not rendered my pen unpliant when I thus took it up. Thought, sentiment, poetry, language, flowed as quick as I could write. The 'Monthly Review' had said that there was a stiffness in my first poems, 1785: no one will accuse of stiffness the language of 'Mary de Clifford.'"—"This little novel, published anonymously in January, 1792, immediately obtained some popularity, and is not yet, after forty-one years, entirely forgotten. It was written with a fervid rapidity, which no one seems to believe; and the sheets sent to the press by the post as fast as they were scribbled. It found its way without name, advertisements, or the smallest interference on my part; and after a few months, the publisher soliciting to buy the copy-right of me, I sold it to him for a mere trifle, happy to release myself from the expense of the printing and paper, but not getting enough to pay the cost of the two etchings executed by Morris, a pupil of Woollet."

"But the success of this tale only reassured me for a moment. I relapsed for six years more; but not into the same abasement. I made several vain efforts to get into Parliament, and I accepted a troop in a regiment of fencible cavalry, which I held for two years, from 1795 to 1797. During all this time, my elder brother's claim to the barony of Chandos was going on, which began in October, 1789, and ended (unsuccessfully) in June, 1803."

"On retiring from my military occupation to Denton, which manor-house and estate I had bought in 1792, I gave myself up to literature, as far as distracted affairs would permit me. I compiled a new edition of 'Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum' with great additions, and collected 'Memoirs of the Peers of James I.' I also wrote my novel of 'Arthur Fitzabini,' 1796; of which all the copies were instantly sold; and which gave great offence to some of my country neighbors, who supposed their characters alluded to."

"My life at Denton, from 1797 to 1810,—that is, from my thirty-fifth to my forty-eighth year, was a life of mingled pleasure and extreme anxiety. I loved its quiet scenery, its solitude, its books, and literary occupations; but it would

have required a gigantic strength, or obduracy of mind, to have suffered its interposing persecutions, without the deepest disturbance of spirits. I married at the early age of twenty-two,—much too early—without an income adequate to my habits, unless with great economy, and I had no economy. I could not sift bills, cast up accounts, examine prices, and make bargains. There was therefore every kind of mismanagement; and I soon became involved. In short, mine was a sort of 'Castle Rack-rent,' in which all was disorder, and all was waste, while those that plundered me most, and lived on me most, abused me most. Confusion grew upon confusion; and every day it became a more tremendous task to look into things. My bitterest enemy cannot condemn the utter thoughtlessness of worldly affairs in which I then lived, more than I do. It was a sort of infatuation, which, having once been plunged into, I had not the courage to extricate myself from."—"I had a large family of children, and saw but little company, except my own alliances.—I could not have fixed on a spot more unpropitious than that where I placed my abode. It was full of local jealousies and enmities, and the habits of the country gentlemen were not literary, nor were those of the surrounding clergy more so."

"In 1801, my novel of 'Le Forester,' in three volumes, was published. As it was not supposed to contain the same personalities as 'Fitz-Albini,' it was thought less attractive, and had but a dull sale.—In 1806, I began the 'Censura Literaria,' which was carried on to ten volumes; this was followed by the 'British Bibliographer,' four volumes; and 'Restituta,' four volumes; which last ended in 1816; so that I was engaged ten years in the conduct of a monthly periodical, which it is admitted has revived much curious matter of our old literature, then buried in scarce books. There was not much mind in all this; it was principally manual labor. How much more I might have done in literature, if I had been in a state of less mental turbulence, I cannot venture to calculate: situated as I was, I never could command my faculties, nor collect them together."—"Men must work progressively and uninterruptedly,—not by fits,—to find the extent of their own powers; and they who are diffident work only by fits, when some momentary impulse overcomes their fears. Thus I passed at least forty years of my life. How different would have been the effect of perseverance in a regular, unchecked plan!"—

For want of room, we must close this article abruptly. We intend giving our readers other and more interesting extracts from these volumes, in our next number. For that we reserve, also, the few comments we have to make upon the work.

TO OUR READERS.

We have several literary notices written, which we designed to insert in this number of the *Microcosm*; but on looking them over, we found they did not amount to very much, and so came to the conclusion, that the space we had allotted to them would be better filled by extracts from the "Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges." The works which we intended to notice, are Pellico's "Prisons" and Maroncelli's "Additions" thereto, Degerando's "Visitor of the Poor," and Miss Sedgwick's "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man:" and this is the "sum and substance" of the page or two we have written about them,—that the volumes of Pellico and Maroncelli are the most attractive and truly delightful books that we have seen for some time; that the "Visitor of the Poor," translated by a lady of Boston, and published in that place, in 1832, is a good book, and deserves to be widely circulated; and that those of our readers who are not acquainted with "The Poor Rich Man," are advised to procure and read it forthwith. In regard to this last work, we will add, for the benefit of those very orthodox people who have discovered all manner of heresy in it, that we are inclined to think their marvellous discoveries may be accounted for in very few words—even in these—"He that seeketh, findeth."

We are again obliged to apologize for the delay of our magazine. After the publication of the next number, we hope to issue the work on or before the *fifteenth* of each month.

THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1837.

No. 4.

A STUDENT'S JOURNAL.

(Addressed to a Friend.)

PART THIRD.

NOVEMBER 4th. * * * Why is it that the general intercourse of society is so unprofitable and uninteresting? I believe it is occasionally owing, in a great measure, to an excessive regard for something mis-called *propriety*; more frequently, perhaps, it results from a want of *tact* in introducing subjects of conversation; but still oftener, it arises from a want of *toleration* for the opinions and prejudices of others.

* * * I do not like people who never contradict me—but I think the state of society would be wonderfully improved, if all would learn to contradict *mildly*, if none would resent a difference of opinion as if it were really a personal insult.

November 5th. * * * There are times when we feel happy and are conscious of it. There are other times, much more delightful, when we are too happy to think that we are so; and it is not until some time afterwards that we can reflect on the enjoyment of such periods.

* * * The deep meaning of truths that we have long known and believed, comes over us at times with startling vividness. Then, the transient and the earthly fade away into their true insignificance; the spiritual and the eternal rise to their just importance, in our view. We feel, at such moments, that the invisible is *more* real than the things that are seen; we catch a glimpse of *things as they are*.

November 6th. * * * *

November 7th. * * * "L. E. L." and some others say that it is not well to let our best friends know how much we are attached to them, how greatly our happiness depends on them. But, when our friendship for any individual with whom we are in the habit of associating intimately is *very* strong, I do not think it either possible or desirable to conceal it; and moreover, such things are not to be made a matter of calculation.

* * * How much we need to exercise daily a *thoughtful* regard for the feelings of others. Where this exists not—and sometimes, indeed, where it does exist—

"Many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds aim the archer never meant;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May wound or heal a heart that's broken."

November 8th. * * * Would we but keep the heart awake to all holy and blessed influences, whether from nature, from human life, or

from above, and the intellect open to the reception of truth from every quarter, oh! what a temple of love and adoration, of knowledge and wisdom, of holiness and happiness, would the mind become. There would be light within, and no darkness. "Joy and gladness would be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Then would the mind know something of its high capacity, and glorious destiny; then would the spirit of man again be one with the God from whom it emanated.

November 9th. Have you read Silvio Pellico's "Prisons"? It is a good book to cure misanthropy. Mrs. Hemans speaks of it very beautifully, in two or three of the letters published in her "Memorials." In one of these letters, she says—"How beautiful a picture is presented, by the gradual expansion of the sufferer's mind, under all its fiery trials, to more and more all-enduring charity, tenderness, and toleration! I have read it more than once, so powerful has been its effect upon my feelings. When the weary struggle with wrong and injustice leads to such results, I then feel that *the fearful mystery of life is solved for me.*"

Those who think that a Catholic cannot be a Christian, ought to read this work. I have heard people say that, although they believed in the piety of some *ignorant* Catholics, they thought an *intelligent* Catholic could not be a true Christian. Silvio Pellico is, to say the least, as intelligent as the great majority of educated men; and, if there are persons who can read the story of his sufferings, and mark the fortitude, and meekness, and resignation with which he endured them, and observe the love to God and man, so manifest in his conduct, and so simply and beautifully disclosed (not *displayed*) in these pages, and, after all, doubt whether such a man is a Christian—if there are *such* persons, I must own I can have no sympathy with their views of Christian character. I think that the dissemination of works breathing such a spirit as pervades this book, whether written by Catholics or Protestants, will do more for the cause of pure religion than all the "Awful Disclosures" and other Anti-Popery absurdities of this absurd age can ever accomplish.

November 10th. * * * It is well to do good by means of benevolent associations; but I think there is at present too great a tendency to make these a *substitute* for individual effort. In nothing is this tendency more manifest than in regard to the relief of the poor.

* * * I have no patience with the opinion that we should relieve the wants of the well-deserving *only*. Such a course seems to me most inhuman and unchristian; for I remember the saying of a wise man—"To punish human error, is the province of heaven; to relieve human wants, the duty of man." I remember too that we are commanded to be like our Father in Heaven, who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." And if this is not enough, surely the remembrance of our own deserts should keep us from such an unmerciful course.

* * * Let people say what they will about the *ingratitude* in the world—for my own part, I believe that if we exert ourselves in the right way to do good to others, we shall, instead of being disposed to complain that our favors are ungratefully received, often have cause to say in the words of my favorite poet—

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning,
*Alas! the gratitude of men
 Hath oftener left me mourning."*

November 11th. * * * Although it be true that those who profess to admire all things alike, never really admire any thing—it is equally true that those who make it their main business in reading, to detect faults, are utterly incapable of appreciating the beauties of a composition. Indiscriminate admiration speaks far better for the intellect, as well as for the heart, than indiscriminate contempt. Many mistake fastidiousness for true taste; but these two things seldom exist together. The counsel that has been given to a religious inquirer—"Never be afraid to doubt, if you are only disposed to believe," may be thus altered, and applied to matters of taste—*Never be afraid to find fault, if you are only disposed to admire.*

* * * In order to be profited by the teachings of a great poet, we must come to the study of his works, not as judges to a criminal, but as disciples to a master. We must sit at his feet, and receive his sayings with a faith inspired by love and reverence. "Good will leads to perfect knowledge." If we would learn any thing thoroughly, we must betake ourselves to it with childlike docility.

* * * In common-place poetry, all that is beautiful lies on the surface, and is apparent at the first reading. In the higher kind of poetry, there is often a depth of meaning that no reader can fathom at once. Such poetry every time we read it, seems clothed with fresh beauty. As we gaze on it intently, it is "transfigured before us."

November 12th. If you ever attempt to write a review, after the most approved method, you must take care to observe the two following rules:—

First, if the author under review differs from you on any important subject, set him down immediately as a man of weak mind and dangerous principles, and prove this to be the case by a string of unconnected passages, taken altogether at random from his book.

Secondly, if there is any thing in the book that you do not understand at all, call it *mysticism*, and devote a page or two of your article to the deification of common sense.

Perhaps you will object to this last rule, and remind me that there was once a man named Solomon, who spoke of "the words of the *wise* and their *dark* sayings." But, my good friend, have you yet to learn that many have since arisen "*greater than Solomon*," who assure us that every thing that is not perfectly obvious at once to the dullest intellect, must be mere nonsense? and shall we not receive their testimony in preference to his? Would not Solomon himself, if he were to return to the world, bow with reverent submission to their superior wisdom?

November 13th. * * * *

November 14th. * * * Paul says, in his epistle to the Ephesians, "*Children, obey your parents*"—but I am told that this is now generally admitted to be a mistake in our Bible. Call at the house of almost any lady who has several small children, and she will prove to you—perhaps not in so many words, but in all her actions—that it should stand thus—

"*Parents, obey your children.*"—I am informed, there is soon to be a new version of the Scriptures published, called "*The March-of-Mind Bible,*" in which we shall have the correct reading of this passage, with a corresponding change in the fifth commandment, and various other improvements of a similar nature.

E. F. X.

HOME.

(First published in the New York Observer.)

Beyond yon barren, rocky range,
A spot all desolate there lies,
More darkly wild, more sadly strange,
Than any 'neath the pleasant skies.

There, no sweet, shaded valleys lie,
'Mid gentle hills of brilliant green,—
No mountains, towering to the sky,
Beyond enamelled meads, are seen.

No crystal brook, in joyous play,
Springs murmuring o'er each shining stone,
Or wanders silently away,
Through verdant glades and arbors lone.

No trees in grandeur seek the sky,
Or weave their graceful garlands there,—
Not e'en one flower of tender dye,
Pours perfume on the soft May air.

'Tis all a desert, sad and wild,
Of stagnant pools, and bushes low,
Dark rocks, in strange confusion piled,
Where scarce the humble moss may grow.

A lowly hamlet there hath been—
Its cottages are now decayed,
For those who dwelt their walls within
A freer, brighter choice have made.

Yet, there's a heart, to whom that place
Is e'en as Eden's blissful land,
Who, hour by hour, its paths will trace,
Or, pondering o'er its ruins, stand.

I saw him once;—the sudden tear,
Quick recollection's trembling start,
Showed something made those ruins dear,
And bound them to his very heart.

O'er all the scene, his tearful eye
 Beamed, with a tender, sorrowing love,
 Or wistful gazed upon the sky,
 As some dear spirit hung above.

At last, words seemed unwilling to come,
 From quivering lips they faintly fell—
 I only heard, "My home, my home,"
 And then, I knew his bosom well.

Home! sure some spirit formed the word,
 For some bright, holy clime above,
 And then, o'er every letter, poured
 His sweetest spells of power and love.

Greenfield High School, June 2, 1890.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NATURE AND ART.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

THERE was once a European traveling in America, who wished to see a celebrated water-fall in a certain river. For this purpose, he engaged a savage to guide him thither; for the land was as yet uncultivated, and there were no public conveyances. When they had finished their journey and arrived at the water-fall—the European opened his eyes wide, and examined it very closely; and the savage threw himself upon his face, and remained prostrate a long time. His traveling-companion said to him—"Wherefore and for whom, do you that?" And the savage answered—"FOR THE GREAT SPIRIT."

ECHO AND SILENCE.

(Written Oct., 1782, in the Author's twentieth year.)

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
 And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
 As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
 Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high,
 Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
 And, lo, she's gone!—In robe of dark-green hue,
 'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
 For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
 In shade affrighted Silence melts away.

Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still
 With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
 Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
 Ah, mark the merry Maid in mockful play,
 With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

ONE says of friendship—It is found everywhere; another says—It exists nowhere: I know not which of the two is the most mistaken.

If you hear Paul praise Peter, then again you will hear Peter praise Paul; and so they are called friends. But you will find often, that each of them is only his own friend, and not the friend of the other. This I call, "*Elder-tree friendship*"! Look at this young branch of elder; it appears strong and substantial—but, cut it off—you find it hollow, and nothing within but a dry, spongy substance.

To be sure, we cannot expect human friendship to be perfectly pure and disinterested; still, the first law of friendship must be this—that one should be really the friend of *the other*, and not merely *his own* friend.

And the second law of friendship is—that whatever of good or evil befalls you, you should share it with your friend as it comes. The tenderness that leads you to spare your friend, and to keep this and that trouble to yourself, is for the most part a false delicacy; for it is *for this very purpose* that he is your friend—to share your sorrows, and lighten your burdens.

Thirdly, never let your friend ask any favor of you twice. And when you need help from him, hesitate not, but straightway go and ask for it, with perfect freedom and undoubting confidence.

If you see any thing in your friend that you do not approve, conceal it not from his knowledge, excuse it not to his face; but with a third person, conceal or excuse it. Be not hasty in your friendships; but when they are once formed, remember that your friends, with all their faults, are to be preferred before other persons. A certain degree of indulgence and partiality towards the characters of our friends, appears to be necessary to friendship in this world; for if we merely love and honor in them those qualities which are altogether worthy of esteem and affection, what is our friendship worth? the most impartial, indifferent stranger does that. But we must take our friends, with all that is in them, to our arms, for shelter and protection.

There is such a thing as mere animal friendship. Thus, two horses that have stood together a long time become friends, so that one cannot do without the other. Many and various are the kinds and occasions of friendship. But there cannot be *true* friendship without *sympathy*; and where this exists, friendship will spring up spontaneously. For instance, those who have suffered shipwreck together, and have been cast upon a

desert island, become friends ; for they are united by the same feeling of need, the same hopes, and the same desire of relief ; and friendships thus formed often continue through life. Like feelings, like wishes, like hopes, always unite ; and the more inward and noble these feelings, wishes, and hopes are, so much the deeper, so much the more elevated, is the friendship that grows out of them.

But, say you, according to this, all that dwell on the earth should be united in the bonds of friendship ? So should it be ! and if it is not so, I am sure it is not my fault.

Postscript. There are *some* friendships that were decreed in heaven, and are fulfilled upon earth.

THE CHOICE OF COLORS.

The day was beautiful, the air serene,
And the mind's eye seemed ready for the scene,
As nature, in her summer dress arrayed,
Her rich and varied ornaments displayed.
The question rose in thought, which should most dear
Of all her colors to the heart appear ;
Which of their emblems should the soul most prize,
Of all the rainbow tints of earth and skies.

Which of refracted rays more beauty shows,
Than in the *red* of the rich tulip glows ?
What hue more glorious can the sight descry,
Than *ruby* mantlings of the sunset sky—
A color marking by its splendid light
One of the moving worlds of starry night ?
What emblem brighter of those joys which crown
The gay of earth, or mark the world's renown.

At rosy morn, the *pink* its name would raise,
As from the dew it lifts its head in praise.
Had it in nature's book no other claim,
Its incense pure would make you love its name.
But look, on earth, on sky, its blush still throws
A softening hue where brighter radiance glows,
E'en as the gentler virtues soften mirth,
Which is too glowing for this tearful earth.

The golden corn speaks of the bounties given,
The *yellow* sheaf waves gratitude to heaven ;
While fruits, and flowers, this sun-like color wear,
At morn and eve its radiant hues appear ;

While noon-day beams seem all absorbed in this,
 As hopes and wishes lose themselves in bliss.
 This primrose color, then, an emblem gives
 Of its own source, by which all nature lives.

Behold those *purple* tints, surmounting high
 Those lighter rays that mark the eastern sky,
 A royal arch-way o'er the vestibule
 Through which the king of day comes forth to rule.
 This hue of majesty the violets wear,
 And flowers more humble still this signet bear.
 Instruction here, is drawn from pen divine—
 Man's greatest glory these sweet flowers outshine.

Come, list the praises of the bright *blue* bell,
 The myrtle and wild violet of the dell;
 The soft, mild beauty of the azure eye;
 And the pure concave of the vaulted sky;
 The blue bird on the wing; the distant view
 Of the blue hills, and lake to sky so true.
 Sure, here's a color, emblem meet to prove
 The truth and purity of Heavenly love.

Yet what were all these colors, to be seen
 Without their home and bowers of verdant *green*?
 Were nature's face exposed to sun and air
 Without this veil of beauty rich and fair,
 Where were the charms which now so touch the heart,
 And make the eye unwilling to depart?
 Where were her forests' beauty, and her pride,
 Her velvet lawns, and walks at eventide?

And when the autumnal winds and winter's power
 Have drank the life-springs of each brilliant flower;
 When many a tree, and earth itself, hath lost
 Its mantle green, by the destroying frost;
 Even then, some verdant vestige will remain,
 A token sure, that all will live again.
 And oh, how sweet the emblems here that rise—
 The Christian's hope of life beyond the skies.

As *green* makes other hues of earth more bright,
 So earth's best pleasures borrow heavenly light;
 As green survives, even 'mid stern winter's blast,
 Like spark'ling emerald on the snowy waste,
 So pure religion lives 'mid sorrow's storms,
 And the *soul's life* is safe in death's cold arms.
 As green extends the world's broad landscape o'er,
 So will religion spread from shore to shore.

Then give me *green*, of all the hues of earth—
 'Tis the first embryo sign of spring's glad birth;
 'Tis lovely, though divested of all flowers,
 Like virtue in life's calm or saddest hours.
 Its twinings tell of an immortal wreath,
 Which crown each victor at the gates of death;
 Its promise speaks of endless joys to come,
 When the freed spirit finds its heavenly home.

Resolve all colors to their pristine light,
 And naught remains, but one pure ray of white.
 So trace the fairest, dearest things of earth,
 Back to their sources at creation's birth,
 And all that now is stained with many a dye
 Is one unsullied breath of purity.
 Be ours the aim, in this dark world of care,
 To find that spotless robe which angels wear.

Litchfield, Ct.

REMARKS ON SOME SAYINGS OF THE PREACHER SOLOMON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

COMPOSE your minds, my good friends, and receive thoughtfully and kindly what I have to say.

The first thing to which I would call your attention, is that well known and every where current saying: *All is vanity*.

If a famous word-monger, who is very fond of haranguing—or a young project-maker, who has just been disappointed in some idle scheme—or a foolish old man, who is forced to quit his sinful pleasures—if these should say that all is vanity, then indeed the meaning of the saying would itself be vain. But with Solomon the case is different.

Imagine to yourself such a man as Solomon, endowed with great talents, who gave his heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven; who had the means in his hands to procure and taste all that men deem good and desirable, and who, moreover, according to his own testimony, did actually procure and enjoy all such things: if such a man says, honestly and without affectation—I have done this and that, “built me houses, planted me vineyards, made me gardens and orchards, had servants and maidens, gathered me silver and gold, got me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, and withheld not my heart from any joy—and, behold, *all was vanity* ;” this saying should make an impression upon our minds. And methinks his experience might save us much trouble.

For example : Thou desirest to be this or that—chief butler, or chief baker, perhaps—and for this thou art spending thy life in anxious care and weariness ;—my friend ! Solomon was more than chief butler or chief baker ; he was king over Israel, over the most remarkable nation on earth, but what did this avail him ? And what would the office of king's cup-bearer avail you ? Have patience then, and be of a cheerful spirit, and leave others to trouble themselves about promotion.

Again : Thou wishest to have this or that—perhaps a nobleman's estate, perhaps a mahogany table—for, be the object of desire great or small, it is all the same. Thou wishest, then, for a mahogany table—and spendest sleepless nights in thinking about it, in longing and contriving to obtain it—with this table, happiness will come to thy house ! But, remember, Solomon had the most beautiful furniture, and the choicest treasures ; and he said all these fine things did him no good ; what good, then, will only a table do thee ? So disquiet not thyself on this account, but be happy with thy plain table of pine or walnut. A cheerful spirit, says Solomon, in several places, is the best thing in this world. Thou shouldest rejoice in all thy *labor*—and that, says the wise man, is the gift of God.

There are two ways to maintain the balance of debt and credit ; the one, to increase our income ; the other, to diminish our expenses. The last is the most advantageous, and little and great financiers have ever deemed it worthy of all praise. So there are two ways to maintain a balance in the *heart* ; the one, to have all that we wish for ! and the other, to wish for no more than we have ! The former is difficult and dangerous ; the latter is an approved method, and is in the power of every one.

But the mahogany table, and the cup-bearer's office, look so beautiful, as they hover before the eyes ;—True, but it is the state of thy mind alone that makes them so attractive ! Thou seest, in the case of Solomon, that such things can be viewed with different eyes ; and thy own experience must already have taught thee, in a hundred cases, how time changes the aspect of things.

The history of the Emperor Charles the Fifth at this moment occurs to me. He was, as all know, a high and mighty prince, who, far from considering his greatness a vain thing, sought by many battles and sieges to establish it, and succeeded in doing so. But there came a time when things would not go according to his will, and his health failed—and he felt that *all was vanity*. He laid aside his two crowns, and went into a cloister at Estremadura. Here, he gave himself up chiefly to meditations on death, and to religious exercises ; and, at intervals, amused himself by making clocks. But he soon grew weary of this last employment ; and would think and hear of nothing but death. Finally, he went so far as to have funeral ceremonies performed over him, while he was yet alive. There lay the Emperor in his coffin, clothed like a corpse ; on each side of him, stood his servants, with burning wax-tapers in their hands ; and the priests performed the funeral rites, and prayed as for his departed spirit ; and he joined in the prayers fervently, as he lay in the coffin. Not long after this, he died.

Death is a very strange person. He tears off the rainbow-covering

from the things of this world, and brings tears into the eyes, and sobriety into the heart. We may, to be sure, think of him too much, and fear him too much; and this is commonly the case, near the close of life, with those who have, in time past, heeded him too little. He is indeed a very singular character, and a good *Professor of Morals*! And a great gain would it be, if we would do every thing, as before his reading-desk, and under his very eyes.

[*To be continued.*]

THE PULLEY.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessing standing by;
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in nature, not the God of nature:
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness:
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.

A BLESSED SPIRIT TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

HERE, all is holy, all is pure and high!
 Earth's joys concern us not; earth's sorrows now
 Disturb our peace no more. Yet, even here,
 We think full oft of dear ones left behind,
 And still we love them, oh how tenderly!
 But with a purer, more exalted love.

LITERARY NOTICE.

*The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of Sir Eger-
ton Brydges, Bart. : (per legem terræ) Baron Chandos of Sudeley,
etc. 2 vols. 8vo. London : Cochrane & M'Crone, 1834.*

We resume our extracts from this work.

"In October, 1810, I removed to my son's house at Lee Priory, in the parish of Ickham, four miles from Canterbury, he having then come of age. Two years afterwards, I was elected M. P. for Maidstone, after a severe contest, thinking the right of peerage did not seclude me from a seat in the Lower House, while a writ of summons to the Upper House was denied me. I was now on the verge of fifty years, when men can rarely hope to attain for the first time the powers of oratory. My natural shyness and timidity were overcome with so much difficulty that I seldom spoke, but hundreds of times sat with a palpitating heart till I lost my turn, and let others in succession rise before me till it was too late. But, altogether, I have no reason to complain of the treatment I received in the House."

"During this parliament of six years—1812 to 1818,—I did not give up my literary pursuits. I edited many things from the private press of Lee Priory; and wrote the 'Sylvan Wanderer,' a set of moral essays; a poem called 'Bertram;' and several pamphlets on the poor laws and copyright act. But I had not much leisure for calm thought, and the pressure of my private affairs added to the distraction of my mind. I made strenuous efforts to amend the cruel burdens of the copyright act, and had advanced some way through an organized opposition, when the dissolution of parliament, in June, 1818, put an end to farther proceedings, and undid all which had been done."

"In my 'Recollections of Foreign Travel,' (in two volumes, 8vo. 1835,) I have given an account of my movements, opinions and feelings, which it would be improper to repeat here, and which must be taken as a part of my life. I went over nearly the same ground which Rogers went over almost at the same date. Those 'Recollections' bring my diary down to about November, 1834, when I arrived at Paris from Geneva. I remained at Paris till June, 1836, when I returned to England, and remained till the 1st of November, 1838. I then passed again to Paris, and arrived once more at Geneva on the 15th November following."

"I have since passed my time not altogether idly;—I have written many things; with what success, others must judge. 'The Lake of Geneva,' in seven books, 1831, is my principal poem. It consists of about 6400 lines in blank verse, written in May and June, 1831. Very few copies have reached England, where I understand all poetry is now out of fashion. I am content to wait, and to let this memorial of my feelings speak for me when I am dead. Some things I have also written for the public journals, which my friends have been pleased to speak well of. While my health will allow my mind to work at all, I work strenuously; and the more I work, the less unhappy I am."

"One more work I have printed since my return to Geneva, which, though miscellaneous, may give perhaps some slight information or amusement to critical and biographical readers. I entitled it 'The Anglo-Genevan Journal, for 1831,' (two vols. small 8vo.,) meaning to continue it; but I found the trouble and expense of sending the copies to England too great, and there could be no sale here for an English work sufficient to pay any part of the expenses."—"At one time I amused myself with French literature, and at another with Italian, and made myself tolerably acquainted with the bibliography of each country, as I had formerly done of English—but I have given over all those things now; and as my memory is very fugitive, I remember but little about them."

"My mind will not endure idleness; and when left to its thoughts on individual concerns, it preys upon its own vitals. Intellectual employment therefore I must always have, even though I incur the censure of the *cacoethes scribendi*. My health is various, and has been at times for months together in a very dangerous state. I am at this moment well, and can take my daily walks, though of course somewhat feeble under the weight of years. I am now a re-

cluse, thinking myself entitled to consult my own ease and tranquil habits, and to throw off all the vanities of the world; leaving others to make such comments on my appearance and my peculiarities as they choose, without feeling any annoyance on my part. I dress as I like, keep my own hours, and conform to the world in nothing."

"The reader may want to know a little more of my intercourse with foreign manners and habits. But of late I have been an almost entire recluse: I am calmest and happiest in solitude; I can command my own hours, and can sleep in the day, and toil by the lamp at night. The day I write this I have worked for seventeen hours uninterruptedly; and, having begun at sunrise, may probably prolong my vigils till midnight, of which there wants little more than two hours. My eyes, on the verge of seventy-one, are good, and I have never used spectacles. This day I have not quitted my bed. Usually I take a walk of six miles in the morning amid this magnificent scenery. The gales of the Lake blow freshness upon me and brace me."—"As to the climate of Geneva, it agrees with my constitution far better than England; nor do I find the winters more severe. To live among snow-clad, sky-touching mountains, and broad, blue, mighty lakes, does not with me lose its stirring effect by its familiarity. Grandeur of scenery gives enduring impulses to the mind. But there are wanting some features of landscape and nature which England exhibits—large, old, forest-like parks, and meadows and plains cropped by immense herds and flocks: and however fine a lake is, it is not like the ocean."

"There are many deductions from the pleasures afforded by a long residence on the remote and most picturesque parts of the continent. The distance of communication, the forgetfulness of friends, the advantages taken by the dishonesties of agents, the difficulty of intercourse with domestic literature, the loss of all interest in the state, or in society at home; the opportunities given to enemies to spend their calumnies without fear of being refuted,—all these are grave mischiefs."—"I have been in England for only twenty-eight months since June, 1818; and my spirits were so low during that time, that I could not bring myself to visit my most intimate friends in London or elsewhere. I know not what there was in the air of England, but I found it so heavy that it destroyed my health. The 'comfortless despair' that I then felt was more frightful even than eloquent poets have described,—

'And forms of woe, as evening's veil appear'd,—
More horrible and huge their giant shadows rear'd.'

I could find no enjoyment in any thing; I could not write; I could not read a page of a book; I could not take exercise; I could not enjoy the air; I could not dictate a common note. It was, no doubt, bodily disease. I was in a stupor, but it was not an insensible stupor; it was full of pain. It is not necessary to describe the diseased phantoms of the brain. I came abroad again, but I have ever since felt the sad effects of so inconvenient and destructive a distance from England."

"In these closing chapters, I may be expected to give a summary of the features I would wish to convey from the long rambling pages of matter which have preceded:—now that I have arrived at this point, I am inclined to shrink from the attempt. No one will take me at my word for any praise of myself; on the other hand, it is my duty not to be suicidal. So far I may venture to say, that no man ever pursued literature through a long life with more fervour, or with less mercenary views."—"Can one analyze his own mind better than another? I think he can. I mean that one who has been habituated to turn his thoughts and observations inward, can. From the age of eighteen, I have drawn from my own sources and a keen watchfulness of my own emotions. The poems which I published at twenty-two prove that I thought and felt then in the same tenor as I think and feel now. But I could not write then with so much facility as I write now,—it cost me much more toil; and I persuade myself that my compositions are now more mellow. Rapidity is now charged against me as a fault; but I cannot feel that the charge is just. I do not blame others for a different mode; I only ask them to leave me to my own."

"There are few things of my life which I regret more than having suffered myself, by the ascendancy of bad criticism, to be restrained from entering at

ful liberty into the genuine paths of the Muse. Imagination should have been given her ample and unchecked range."—"I think that there are certain critics who mistake what is the true principle of poetical imagination. I continue to contend that it does not lie in flowery language, gaudy images, and unnatural combinations; but that it lies in invented exemplifications of high, and beautiful, and affecting truths. Under this definition, I have a calm confidence that I am not deficient in true poetical imagination. This claim will be deemed by many very arrogant. But I observe that many think the plainness of my language, and the absence of attempts to surprise by marvels and monstrosities, a proof of my want of poetical invention. I set myself against all buckram strength, artificial polish, and technical beauties."—"If I had adopted more glare, and had had more violent colours, more violent imagery, and more extravagant incidents, thoughts, and reflections, I might, and am convinced I should, have attracted more notice; but I could only write what my heart dictated, and could never lash myself into foam."

"By the endeavour through a long life to embody in language elevated thoughts, and refined and pathetic sentiments,—which others may have equally thought and felt, yet have not had the courage or practice to bring out,—I consider that I have contributed 'to raise the fancy and to mend the heart.' I aim to strengthen the hopes of younger minds against the fear of the approaches of old age, by assuring them, with the utmost sincerity, that in the midst of privations, neglects, calumnies, and tremendous injuries, I have the conviction that life is yet altogether joyous to me,—perhaps more satisfactory and even delightful than in the effervescence of youth and strength of mature manhood. My eye is as delighted with the grandeur and variety of inanimate nature, and my heart is as open to all the virtues and friendships of human society."—"Of the little passions which tormented me in my junior days, in common with the multitude, I have overcome the greater part. I believe that I am mild, well-wishing, still warm and energetic, with a glowing imagination and a trembling heart; not unenlarged in my views of society and human nature; ready to be pleased; melting to kindness; visionary as a child, yet not unskilled in life; more ductile than becomes my years; more solitary than is consistent with worldly wisdom. 'Oh!' my traducers will exclaim, 'what a fanciful picture he has drawn of himself!—how unlike the original!—Surly, stern, misanthropic, captious, contradictory, furious, confused, moody, melancholy, querulous, arrogant, vain, awkward, dull, pusillanimous, a lover of show, recklessly expensive, avid of titles and rank, and aspiring to all employments without any regard to his fitness for them;'—and all sorts of other degrading epithets. Some day, these calumnies will be forgotten."

We have thus extracted for our readers, those passages in this work which contain an account of the prominent events in the author's life, and of his principal literary pursuits; together with a few of the many passages in which he speaks of his own genius and character, his hopes, fears, and feelings. In a list of his works at the close of the second volume, we find, besides those mentioned in the preceding extracts, "Letters on Lord Byron," 8vo. 1824—"Gnomica: Detached Thoughts," 8vo. 1824—"Odo, Count of Lingen," a poem, 1824—"Imaginative Biography," 3 vols. 1834; and other works which it is unnecessary to mention. It seems, moreover, that since the publication of his Autobiography our author has not been idle, as we find his name in an edition of Milton's poetical works, (published in London, in 1835,) as editor, and as author of a life of the poet which forms the first volume of the series.

We subjoin a few miscellaneous extracts from these volumes, in order to give a specimen of the author's manner of writing on other subjects besides himself.

"Johnson had an acute and gigantic understanding; but little imagination, and still less sensibility. I am afraid that his piquant bitterness was among the attractions which common readers find in him. He examined the personal

characters of those of whom he wrote with a dissecting knife, which searched for inward deformities and morbid humours. He was himself a mingled character;—he had great moral virtues, but also great and repulsive faults. His unfeeling rudeness to others, his sensitive non-endurance of contradiction himself, were scarcely pardonable moral failures. His childish jealousy was a contemptible littleness; his superstition was folly; his pedantic pomp was often disgusting, if not laughable: but his keenness was mighty, and his discrimination like a flash of lightning."

"To generalize shows a great power of mind; but Johnson's generalization often extends to vagueness. In this there is sometimes a delusive sort of ingenuity, in which there is more of show than of instruction and deep thought. 'The Rambler' is full of this; and stale truisms are often dressed in a pompous roundness of words, which are mistaken for the oracles of original wisdom. They form a strong contrast to the simple style of Cowper, who is full of observation and precision of ideas. Compare them also with the style of Gray's 'Letters'—who, when he carelessly describes the scenery of nature, gives distinctly, in a few brief touches, every leading feature."

"That Johnson, with all his acuteness and force of talent, has done more harm than good to our national poetry cannot, I think, be doubted. The predominant result of all his doctrines is this—that the school of Dryden and Pope is the best. He has admirably described the characteristics of that school, and conferred upon them all the praise that his powerful language could give; but I do not admit that he has made out the pre-eminence which he wished to demonstrate. Before I can admit that, I must admit that observance is better than invention, and ratiocination than sentiment. If it could be proved that the imaginative faculty is of a lower grade than reason, and less conducive to the discovery of truth, then Johnson's poetical canons would be unanswerable."

"There are many who will ask whether all the intense feelings expressed by Byron were not factitious extravagancies in which he was not sincere, and which his life belied: I say, sternly, no! it is a mean and stupid mind which can suspect so; no one can feign such intensities as Byron expresses: when he wrote, he was sincere, but his feelings were capricious, and not always the same. If it can be contended that inconsistency destroys merit, woe be to human frailty!"—

"A large portion of what is called poetry is, it must be confessed, useless and childish. It is essentially defective, because it is not an embodiment and exemplification of truth. I do not mean a particular truth which has actually occurred, but abstract truth. To this great design a poet should give his days and nights: there are inexhaustible subjects for such grave and instructive inventions. A minor poet, however, deals in trifles which bring the art into disrepute. He has no invention, but merely attempts to supply the ornaments of a glittering dress. But the multitude are too apt to love these gewgaws and sweetmeats, rather than solid matter and substantial food, and the trickery of false poetry, rather than the eloquence of true. If it is not buckramed, and gemmed, and harmonized into an insipid polish, it does not strike them."

"We do not live in an age of high enthusiasm; a cold philosophy has damped and extinguished it. There is an attempt to bring down every thing to a matter-of-fact sort of utility; but things must not be tried by their mere material fruits. Even the common labourer for his daily bread could not solace his existence, and go through his toils, but by the aid of some pleasures of mind."

"The public now, perhaps, read a great deal, but in so confused and immethodical a manner that they retain no impressions; it is like an evanescent stamp upon moist sand. All they learn is to deface what they once had been taught, and to have no opinions at all,—except that every one may think after his own fashion, and that all old received principles are narrow and unenlightened prejudices."

We may be expected, in conclusion, to give some opinion of this work, but we do not see that any important end would be answered thereby—and so, instead thereof, we will conclude with a few extracts from some letters of Southey to the author, which we find in the second volume. These letters are five in num-

ber. From the second, dated "Keswick, Nov. 14th, 1829," we extract the following:—

"Your whole letter would have been to me as entirely pleasing as it is full of interesting information, if it were not for the tone in which you speak of yourself and of your own labours. That you might have taken a high place among English poets, had you received the early encouragement which ought to have been given, and had you submitted to that patient labour without which no great work can be accomplished, I do not doubt: for I know not any poem in any language more beautifully imaginative than your sonnet upon 'Echo and Silence.' Circumstances have led you to raise for yourself a distinguished reputation in another branch of literature, in itself of a very interesting kind. No other person, I believe, has contributed so largely or so well, to the materials for a literary history of England. And this, as it is a lasting benefit, will draw after it a lasting remembrance. I have profited, and hope to profit more, by these your labours, to which in due time I shall make my thankful and respectful acknowledgements."—

"You have then done much, Sir Egerton, for which to be remembered,—far more than many of your contemporaries, whose reputations will fade as rapidly as they have flourished. And if you have fallen short of your own youthful aspirations,—who is there that has not, if he aspired at any thing generous? Who that can afford to compare what he has done, with what it was once his ambition and his hope to do? Gray hairs bring with them little wisdom, if they do not bring this sense of humiliation."

The Laureate's third letter contains some poetry which we have not seen elsewhere; and with these verses, we conclude our extracts:—

"Having no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample perhaps than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.

"My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

"With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

"My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons, seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

"My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Thro' all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

"These stanzas were intended for my Colloquies, in which I thought at first of interspersing poems, as Boethius has done: but, giving up that intention, this little piece was left unfinished, and so it remains."

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THE MORALS OF DREAMS.

THIS business of dreaming is not wholly profitless, after all ; or rather it need not be wholly profitless. If some men dream to very little purpose, perhaps that is no more than can be said of the doings of most men when they are wide-awake. If money is to be made, or a railroad surveyed and "graded," or an election turned, dreaming is a most unprofitable work ; but nobody thinks of going to sleep for such purposes ; we have other ends that are as good in their place as these, and which dreams help to answer most admirably. It is recommendation enough for them that they are natural ; but furthermore, they are often comfortable, and they may be very often instructive.

In their behalf let me introduce a friend of mine, a middle-aged man, who is of a social turn, somewhat enthusiastic, and if he were not my friend I might say a little visionary. Nobody can deny that he is a sensible, good man, and in the better sense a man of the world, though bodily ills have held him aloof from the great crowd of mankind and the whirl of their active concerns. There is no need of saying more about him ; but he happened to dream away two or three nights and days in a pleasant family, within the circle of his friends and mine, where he discoursed one evening, as he has often done since, on this matter of dreams, to the satisfaction, so far as I can learn, of the numerous group about him, even down to little Kate, who was allowed to sit up later than usual that she might hear him talk.

"Why should any body speak contemptuously of dreams, and even try to be rid of all dreaming ? To me they have the charm of a child's 'high spirits ;' for they are the heritage of youth. As the world in its early being was favored more than ever after with privileged visions, so is every individual brain before it is racked or deadened with cares and evils. We can remember that we dreamed very early, but how early we cannot remember. We seem to dream asleep, as soon and as naturally as we see awake. And what odd little fancies must play about in a child, when we see him slumbering in his mother's arms ! When his short breathing is interrupted, perhaps he sees somebody taking away his silver bells. He spreads and curves his tiny fingers, it may be to grasp the moon, little lunatic as he is. He will not remember these present dreams when he comes to talk, and as we cannot remember our own we must be content with conjecture. But where is the boy who does not dream with as much vivacity as he plays ? The young man who has no dreams must have grown old before his time. The days of health and buoyancy, of spontaneous movement and enjoyment, are

the festival-days of fancy. Therefore I love dreams—nature has put her kind sanction on them—I would have them, even as I would have youth.

“ Besides, there are people in this world, though we are apt to forget them in the midst of all our comforts, whose common wants are hardly supplied except in dreams ; whose nights are a sort of compensation, poor indeed, yet all that they can get, for their unwelcome days. Nobody cares for them out of their dreams. In dreams they get their best dinners and wear their best clothes. Many a beggar as soon as he shuts his eyes rides off in a coach and four, and returns when he pleases to his palace, and sits down to a sumptuous table. The ragged lad who cannot hunt up for himself work to live upon all the day, as soon as night comes says to one man and another, Do this, and he doeth it. Whole families live night after night on dreams, as happily as their richer neighbors by day.

“ But I am sure that dreams are richly instructive, if we study them with a teachable disposition. Perhaps to most people they are about as valuable in this respect as soap-bubbles ; but why ? They are slighted and forgotten. An oracle must be taken care of, it must be respected, it must be listened to ; otherwise all its wisdom is wasted. My young friends, take care of your dreams—take pains to dream pleasantly and respectably. You smile, but you can do more in this way than you suppose. Think and feel right all day ; work enough and play enough—not too much ; eat as little as you can comfortably ; and then at night you may dream to some advantage. On the other hand, if you, my lad, will eat a late supper, just as likely as not you will find yourself against a perpendicular rock, in the dark, thirty feet in the air, your toes on a ledge two inches wide, your hands holding only the feet of a skeleton above you, which has hung so long that the wind makes whistles of its bones, and presently the legs will snap and you will—wake up in a perspiration. It is all according to the great law, As we sow we reap.—But you must not only take care of your dreams ; you must respect them. We cannot learn to advantage without reverencing our instructors. The truth is, wisdom is light from above, and it falls only on the upturned eye of reverence. If you account your dreams no better than amusing trifles, they will be to you nothing better.—Moreover, you must listen to the nightly oracles. Think of them ; bend your ear to all the truth that is as it were echoed in them. In the morning recall the dream, which your breakfast will otherwise be apt to banish ; and if you please, tell it ; in this way you may turn it to account, if it can unfold any lesson of truth or awaken any healthful impulse.—And now while we are on this track, tell me two or three of your dreams ; though I am no prophet, perhaps I may interpret them with some little advantage.”

Here a lively boy in the circle seemed so restless, as if he had something to say and yet were too bashful for it, that my friend turned to him encouragingly, and after a little urging, the boy related how he had been disturbed the night before. He had just closed his eyes, when he saw a little spot in the air no bigger than a pin's head, which began to spread and whirl in the same place faster and faster, till he grew dizzy with the speed of the strange thing, and presently it became as large as the great globe that stood on the table, vapory yet hard-looking, still

whirling irresistibly. At last, it was transformed into a score of school-benches, dangling and twirling in the air, almost hitting him, yet not quite, until he awoke crying aloud in affright.

"All I can say of this case, my lad," answered our instructor, "is that you had eaten a wrong thing, or too much of a good thing, too near your bed-time. It was the nightmare's experimental lecture on temperance. Now let the next tell us what he can."

And the next, who was a young man in business, answered as follows—"I was cheated in trade, Sir, most innocently I was sure—miserably cheated—and though I was asleep, never was a known bankrupt more wretched. I wandered about discontented, desperate, first in the city, and then in the woods, and then again in the city, while the sunshine was sullen to my eye, and the nightfall a dismal consolation. At last, I was found murdering my destroyer in cold blood—and then all men shunned me—I was not so much pitied as hated—I was tried and sentenced—and as the hangman knocked away my footing, I awoke with the struggle."

"Then you have learned by the experience of a dream the difference between misfortune and crime, between guilt and wretchedness, between regret and remorse! May it not teach you in your day-life to endure wrong rather than to do it? But this is not all. When you awoke, how heartily you thanked God that it was all a dream. Your fancied ruin was a picture that should awaken you by contrast to a sense of your real prosperity. You cannot quite appreciate the privileges of your own free land till you tread the soil of oppression. So in the world of dreams we see how much more miserable we might be in our waking-world, than we actually are even in our poorest estate. In your visions at one time and another, perhaps nearly all human conditions may be effectually painted for the illustration of your own. If you will, then, you may thus learn contentment and thankfulness."

A young lady who sat next in order, after a little urging, which the sex feel bound to require, told how the very morning before, between the time she should have risen and the time she actually rose, she went up in a balloon and sailed over a whole state as though it were a map, though she dozed only fifteen minutes. Then a boy, who had always longed to fly, described himself as springing into the air, putting his arms under his legs, and sailing swiftly over innumerable house-tops till he would have stopped but could not, when at last a chimney that drew smoke the wrong way, as many do, drew him downward, and he awoke before he was "done too much" on the fire; yet all this took place in two minutes by the watch, as he nodded over his bed-side, instead of dressing, with his hands under his knees.

"There is a stronger case," said my friend, "in the Arabian Nights, or some Eastern story,—a case which might easily be a dream, and has been indeed substantially—of a man who at the bidding of a magician thrust his head under water, and in the little time he could hold it there, ran through months and years of active life. In dreams, what becomes of time? And—think of it—what is time? Practically, we measure it by our own thoughts and feelings and actions. When I ask how long you have lived, I might as well ask how much; that is, how much you have endured and done. One's own mind is his own time-

keeper. One man is said to live faster than another; not only his life is shorter, but there is more of it in a given interval. The animal time-piece goes sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow; it is wound up, it runs down. It has irregularities, but what metallic clock has not? I have known an individual who could commonly guess the hour within a few minutes of the town-time, even on suddenly waking up at night; more nearly indeed than many respectable-looking watches. If we pretend to regulate a big clock by the sun, making due allowances, we may as well remember that even the sun himself is not, what many seem to consider him, the great centre-clock of the universe. But the question I would have you ponder is, whether that sort of time which is most important to every man is not his own time; whether, instead of taking out your watch, it might not be often better for you to listen to the tick and stroke of the moral machinery in your soul?"

The father of the family was carried back to his youth by this dream-telling; not that he was now old, but of matured and sobered years. "I remember," said he, "a fragment of fancy-work which made more impression on me than many a whole dream has done. I thought I was in bed, as to be sure I was, but not yet asleep, when I heard a noise like the jar of a door opening or shutting, I could not tell which. Near the foot of the bed on my right hand, which was my wall-side, was a closet, the door of which I thought shut against the wall itself instead of a wooden frame, and so produced a singular jar which I now remember most distinctly. I raised my head; that door was shut, and seeing no one, I concluded somebody must be in the closet and I would of course catch him if he came out. So I lay down quietly and listened. We are not commonly so satisfied with our conclusions in such cases! Presently I heard the jar and raised my head; the closet was open, and a slight figure moved, yet hardly moved, along the foot of the bed, stooping a little, loosely clad in white, with snowy hair falling in curls upon its shoulders. I rose from my bed deliberately and met him. Just glancing at his face in the faint star-light, I was overcome by a sense of something unspeakably venerable in immortal youth and purity. He stretched out his arms—I dropped my head upon his bosom—his arms with their ample drapery lay about my neck like folds of light, for I could not feel them—I heard in a silvery voice at my ear the name of the Lord Jesus Christ—I awoke as quietly as a child at dawn."

All were silent for a minute. The name of Christ fell upon them like a spell. At length, my friend said, "Thou hast had a vision of the Lord whom no man can see with his outward eye and live. No waking fancy could have made it so distinct. Thou hast not forgotten, thou canst not forget it, and I know it has been like a talisman to thy spirit."

"I have roved abroad in my time, as you know," said the other, "and out at sea, at midnight, at mast-head, when in despair I would have thrown myself down, I have remembered that sight which men told me was nothing but a dream—I have remembered the Holy One, and hid my face in his bosom, and become as a little child."

"I have learned," said the interpreter, "to realize a religious truth from a homelier scene, which might have happened in real life, but would not have impressed me then as it did in my dream. I was an

inquisitive boy, and had been looking into a great factory where several sorts of work, mostly in iron, were done by water-power. At night, in my dream, I was there again, staring at the great building, whose naked rafters I could just see by a dim, dusky light. I felt of one thing and another curiously, with some feeling of awe, however. At length, I took hold of an iron rod that reached down to my head near a forge, not knowing its use in commanding the machinery, and boy that I was, I pulled it slightly. Upon this, I heard a click, and a plash, and the great water-wheel began to go round; all about me and over my head, the machinery of the whole establishment got into a crazy motion, until I was myself almost crazed by the hum of wheels, and the flapping of leather bands, and here and there the buzz of screws, doing their unreasonable work. What to do I knew not, but instead of pushing up the rod which I did not think of, I pulled another, supposing any change must be for the better; but alas, the big trip-hammer now rose and fell upon the anvil, first slowly, and then faster and faster, till the whole shop rang with the furious din. This uproar was the more painful because I knew not how much mischief was going on, nor how I had done it, nor how it could be stopped. My knees would hardly support me—but I put my hands to my ears—and away I went down the lane, the hum and clang resounding at my heels, till I pitched into a hollow, which I found to be my bed.—It may seem strange, but I always remember that dream when I hear those words, ‘Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!’ Our least doings may have wonderful consequences, as I learned to my dismay. So complicated is the machinery of this world! What mischief the weakest hand may bring down on a village, on a nation; what confusion the most innocent movement may throw the world into; while God only knows who did it, and how he did it! Especially, how easy is it for one to work his own ruin under one thoughtless impulse. And as this world for us may turn upon a blow, upon a word, so is it with the world to come. A figure lost from the account we are to balance here—we may be bankrupts there. The hour that is struck in time echoes in eternity.”

Here the clock struck eleven—my friend started—took his lamp—and retired, saying, Good night and profitable dreams!

P. A.

March, 1837.

CONSTANCY.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Who is the honest man?

He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true:

Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
 So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
 Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay,
 Till he the thing and the example weigh:
 All being brought into a sum,
 What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
 To use in anything a trick or sleight;
 For above all things he abhors deceit:
 His words, and works, and fashion too,
 All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
 At close temptations: when the day is done,
 His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
 The sun to others writeth laws,
 And is their virtue; virtue is his sun.

Who, when he is to treat
 With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
 Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
 Whom others' faults do not defeat;
 But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
 When the wide world runs bias, from his will
 To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.
 This is the marksman, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

Note.—Chester Norton has been tried, and sentenced to death, upon fictitious evidence. The chapter opens with his return to prison, where his betrothed, (Ellen Plummer,) after escaping the vigilance of her friends—comes secretly to condole with him. The remainder of the chapter, with this explanation, will be sufficiently intelligible.

I WAS remanded to my cell until the day of execution. No kerchiefs waved on my return, the balconies were all empty, a few friends followed me "afar off," while the troops which had been employed in the morning to prevent my rescue by the populace, now defended me

from insult and injury.—It is a fearful thing to have no better security for life, than the unstable approbation of the multitude.

Shut out from all external objects which might momentarily wean me from the contemplation of my own melancholy situation, I now became more capable of realizing the certainty of approaching doom; and my feelings which, crushed and stunned by the first shock, seemed to lose all susceptibility to pain, and had endowed me with a sort of torpid resignation, or deathlike calmness, now seemed quickened with a new and insupportable sensitiveness. As a tree when released from the pressure of a blast recoils as far in the other extreme. The blood rushed swiftly through its channels, my face burned, my brain grew dizzy, and throbbed to bursting; a fierce strength convulsed my muscles, a mad hilarity my heart. I sang, and leapt, and clanked my chains, and laughed, and shouted, and cursed the day of my nativity, and the impotence of my friends, and the malignity of my enemies. I shook the iron gratings of my window, till my hands were clotted with my own blood, and dashed my forehead against the cold walls, till I became stupified with self-inflicted torture. It was the very holiday of phrensy! the gambolings of despair! With a cruel precaution every instrument with which I might have produced a kindly wound, had been removed from my dungeon. I would have twisted my heavy fetters about my neck, and baffled the gallows, and the executioner; but the jailer had studied well the annals of crime, and knew well the dreadful alternatives, by which the condemned sometimes endeavor to avoid the ignominy and delay of a public execution, and had therefore so shortened my manacles, that every attempt at self-destruction with these was abortive. With a strong effort I ceased to breathe, until my heart and pulse waxed slow and faint, and almost ceased to beat; but as insensibility stole gradually over me, nature resumed her sway, the dull and heavy sense of suffocation departed, again I panted into life, and again essayed new methods for self-destruction, till finally exhausted by incessant ravings, locked out as it seemed from death, yet condemned to die, alone, disgraced;—too horror-stricken to pray! too desperate to weep! I hurled myself at full length upon the oaken floor of my prison, in the very drunkenness of agony.

* * * * *

From this lethargy of wretchedness, I was finally aroused by the creaking of hinges, and looking up, I saw my cell-door standing open. A female figure, attended by the jailer, had just entered—and the latter, placing a lantern upon the dirty and ill-fashioned table which cumbered my apartment, retired to the space-way, and left me in company with the strange visiter. A light shawl hung loosely from her shoulders, partially concealing her person, and a deep straw bonnet with a long sweeping veil protected the beautiful features beneath, as well from idle curiosity as from my immediate recognition. In one hand she bore a small fancy-basket, and taking up the lantern with the other, advanced towards that corner of the cell whither I had withdrawn myself, and where I now sat, reclining against the walls in gloomy silence.

“Who have they sent now?” at length muttered I, in a tone harsh and unnatural even to myself; “who have they sent now, to disturb the solitude of the outcast and murderer? away with you, friend or enemy!

this is no place for either love or hatred ; begone ! and leave me to the executioner." The apparition, if such I might denominate the delicate and breathing form which stood before me—paused, as though doubting suddenly to approach the object of her mission, and then, elevating the light to give me a clearer view of a face which, though wanting its usual bloom and gladness, was at once familiar, she came boldly forward, while a voice more than musical by contrast, responded to that of her hoarse challenger.

"Compose yourself, Chester Norton—alas ! you know not who it is, or surely you would not question her so roughly—'tis Ellen, your betrothed—but do not look so wildly on me—I have come to mitigate, if possible, your afflictions,—to share your prison, and go forth with you, and never until then." Thus speaking, she placed herself at my side, and leaning her head upon my shoulder, wept aloud.

"Matchless ! devoted girl !" said I, when after a painful struggle I could sufficiently master my feelings to reply—"how have I merited this proof of your esteem ? or how can constancy and virtuous tenderness find their reward, in this damp and gloomy prison ? Ellen, this is no place for a frail body and a bleeding spirit. You will grow delirious with the horrors of this mental inquisition. Chester Norton has been declared a felon—his name sullied forever—and he knows too well the bitterness of such a fate, to wish it shared by one so lovely and beloved as Ellen Plummer."

"And do you think then, Chester," responded my gentle companion, "that woman was made only for the sunshine ? No, no—in the hour of affliction, her spirit soars highest. She is like that bird which, naturalists tell us, nestles in the flowers of summer, but only flies in the storm. What you have done for me, heaven and my conscience impel me, as far as practicable, in this hour of your adversity to reciprocate ; and if you respect my wishes, or my happiness, here let me remain. The dungeon is a palace, if love be there—the world a solitude, where it is not."

"Yes, yes ! it always was your happiness to do good—and surely no voice like yours can soothe the wounded heart. You shall stay with me, Ellen Plummer,—and when I feel those hot, revengeful promptings, which, although natural to an injured man, are all unfit for one about to resign alike his spirit and its woes into the hands of his Maker, you shall place your finger upon my lips, and I will be silent. Nay, it is almost enough to quench the pangs of death, to know there is one who believes me innocent, or would not reproach, though guilty."

"From the depths of my soul, Chester, I believe you innocent—and were you not, I could love you no less. The affection which we professed in happier hours, must now be tested in the even tide of our existence and our hopes—and learn, like some evergreen vine, to cling as fondly to the ruin as to the garden-trellis, and to blossom as kindly in the shadow as in the sun."

"My guardian angel ! my solace—Heaven bless and reward you, Ellen—yet why do I ask a guerdon which you possess already, in those pure and noble feelings that exalt your spirit so far above its frail tenement ? Or why do I consent that a creature formed to bless the world, should waste her existence among such sights and sounds as these ? Listen, Ellen," continued I, as a peal of loud laughter, mingled with coarse

oaths and vile execrations, rose from a cell contiguous to my own, where, as it appeared from various gambling phrases, a set of criminals were striving to banish reflection, by cards and dice. "Hear you the burst of wild merriment, that rings in fiendish chorus along these sepulchres of the living? Those are wretches who, like myself, have just learned their sentence; they purchase their freedom to-morrow, by the lash and the branding iron; now they riot in the leniency of their doom! They know not shame; the bitterness of corporeal suffering will soon be past—'tis all they can taste of punishment—and, unshorn of a single iniquity, they will go forth in triumph. The law is most merciful to these bosoms of adamant. But minds to which the slightest tinge of dishonor is worse than the ghastliest forms of physical destruction, are made to atone for the apathy of the herd, and stand forth as fearful proofs of the uncompromising severity of human justice. Well, well—be it so, I know the worst! I cannot be more miserable, nor shall I be less innocent, though exhibited upon the arena of shame, and trampled under the dust of the highway. But you, you! Ellen Plummer, will be linked with crime, and regarded as the secret confessor of a murderer,—as a thing upon whose heart has been written a bloody chronicle. Truly, the sacrifice of one so young and confiding would be impious—religion and duty alike forbid it. Leave me, Ellen; I recall the license which blind affection induced you to ask and me to grant. Fly, fly, while yet unspotted, from this unhallowed place, the very air of which is palpable with moral contagion."

"Calm yourself, dear Chester," said Ellen, placing her hand, as she spoke, soothingly upon mine, "your words afflict me more than could an age of prisons. You speak, if not unkindly, at least unjustly. Society will think no worse of an unhappy woman, for having shared the adversity of her lover; and were I assured of consequent censure, do you believe I would falter now? Besides, if you resist as a gratuity my poor sympathy—receive it, then, as a partial return for weightier obligations. Can I forget who rescued me from a watery grave? Would you have me survive my gratitude? No, no, Chester Norton; my place, come weal or woe, is by your side. I have escaped from my prison to visit yours, and eluded my keepers, if possible, to release you—and now to an important portion of my errand—have you petitioned the Governor?"

"Yes, ineffectually; he believes me guilty."

Ellen clasped her hands across her forehead, and remained for some time silent, apparently in deep and perplexing thought; at length, she resumed her inquiries, in a tone in which the flickerings of hope seemed blended with the low aspirations of subdued sorrow. "And has he neither wife nor daughter, whose influence I might propitiate in this extremity?"

"He has, Ellen; but all anticipations from such sources will prove delusive. He is a stern man—and when justice, or his better judgment prompts, these stone walls are as flexible."

"Despond not, discourage me not, Chester—life is worth a struggle. Grief is eloquent. I will test his mistaken virtue, with an argument which has vanquished the warrior in his mail, and made the despot as a child,—a woman's tear! Mortal he cannot be, who resists a maiden when supplicating for the life of her lover. But should prayer and entreaty

fail, and Ellen return like the dove that found no rest for the sole of her foot, there is another hand which can unloose the fetters and let the captive go free, despite the sentence and the jailer. Before that power then, Chester, let us humble ourselves, and ask that mercy which it promises the guiltless." While thus speaking, she knelt down near the grated window, and beckoning me to the same attitude, poured out the rich worship of a spirit pure in itself, and if possible still further chastened and sublimed by affliction. The moon was slowly descending to the horizon, and a few scattered rays shone through the iron net-work of my cell, lending her white cheek yet a paler hue, and lighting her up-raised eyes with a mysterious brightness, while a frequent gust of night-wind stirred her clustering hair and ruffled her garments, as though unseen wings fanned the air, impatient to bear on high the melting and eloquent petitions of that young but heaven-illuminated bosom. There is something indescribably and morally beautiful in the adoration which woman scatters, like the choicest blossoms of her soul, before the throne of her almighty parent—and senseless as the floor upon which I kneeled, or cold as the stones around, must I have been, not to respond to this,—warm from lips I loved, and offered for my welfare.

* * * * *

"I must leave you for awhile," said my fair comforter, as she arose from her humble position,—“to-morrow we meet again, when I hope to be the bearer of happy intelligence. It may be late before I can return, but I leave you in the keeping of the best of friends. In the mean time, let this little volume share your waking hours—it has long been my companion, nor will it be less acceptable on that account, I know. For the owner's sake then, and your own, peruse it attentively.” Then taking from the basket before mentioned a little red-morocco bible, she added with a cheerful smile, as she placed it in my hand—“and now, Chester, give yourself no uneasiness on my behalf—my brother is the companion of my pilgrimage,—he pities our mutual distress, and will aid us to the utmost of his ability—adieu ! then, for awhile ; may heaven watch over you.”

“Adieu ! my beloved !—’tis like parting with the hope of bliss to part with you ; ’tis like shutting out the sunbeams from the dungeon,—the rainbow from the storm. I will read it, Ellen, and I’ll try to pray as you have taught me ; adieu ! adieu ! but come again soon, for scarcely shall I exist until we meet again.” A rap on the door was now answered by the clashing of the ponderous lock, and the grating of hinges. The dingy turnkey reappeared,—and a light footstep lingered on the threshold for a moment. Another moment, and the door jarred against the stone casings—the bolts were shoved home—and I was once more in solitude.

J. W. B.

March, 1837.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

'Twas a calm, midnight hour—the sky
 Look'd gloriously serene—and high
 In heaven, the moon was bright;
 And Israel's king walk'd forth alone,
 At that still hour, for sleep had flown
 Afar from him that night.

He thought not of his conquering sword,
 And hosts that follow'd at his word,
 And triumphs he had gain'd;—
 He mourn'd for Saul, his ancient foe,
 And Jonathan his friend laid low—
 And Gilboa's mountain stain'd.

He wept for them that lonely hour,
 And felt that tears have softening power
 To give the heart relief;
 And mourning him he loved so well,
 Whose kindness 'twas his joy to tell,
 These were his words of grief:—

"Israel, thy beauty hath been slain,
 Thy fairest, and thy proudest name,
 Thy brightest, and thy best!
 How are the mighty fallen now!
 To death the bravest made to bow,
 And on high places rest.

"O, tell it not in Askelon!
 Lest the proud monarch on his throne,
 And maidens of that host,
 Should join in lightsome songs of glory,
 And tell, with triumph, the sad story
 Of Israel's princes lost.

"Accurs'd be Gilboa! there, no more
 Let heavenly dew, or grateful shower,
 Diffuse its blessings 'round—
 Unhonor'd let it ever be!
 Unconsecrate to memory!
 For aye unholy ground.

"Thou best of friends! 'tis sweet to dwell
 On thy fair name, beloved so well
 By all the sons of men;
 Long, long and deeply must I mourn,
 Departed ones will not return—
 But I shall follow them."

The sad king rais'd his eyes, and view'd
 The scene above, in solitude,
 And thought of God and heaven—
 Visions of bliss dawn'd on his mind,
 And unto him a soul resign'd,
 And gladdening hopes were given.

T. B. K.

REMARKS ON SOME SAYINGS OF THE PREACHER SOLOMON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

[*Concluded.*]

THE second saying of Solomon which I will speak to you about, is this : *Every thing hath its time.*

To be sure, every thing hath its time ; seed-time is not the time of harvest, the time of new-moon is not the time of full-moon, and the time of birth is not the time of death. But this cannot be the meaning of Solomon ; for it is nothing more than we ourselves could easily have said. And if we suppose the whole sense of the saying to be, that all things are not to be done at all times, but that every thing is to be done in its own proper time,—that is, when nature or art points out a way, and all circumstances are ripe for its accomplishment—there is certainly something in this signification, but yet it is too common for our friend Solomon,—it has not meaning enough for him. And besides, there is no need that we should be satisfied with such an interpretation ; for the words admit of great meaning, and that for the head ! and for the heart !

For example : man comes into the world, lives threescore years and ten, and then returns to the earth whence he was taken. We see such fixed periods in most of nature's operations which are known to us ; and perhaps it is also the same with all the rest, greater and smaller, that are unknown to us—even with all Nature itself, from the *In the beginning*, when God created the heavens and the earth, up to the hour in which the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and God shall fold together the heavens as a vesture. Now suppose a man or an angel who clearly knows all this, should wish to speak of it, not definitely, but merely to intimate it, and should say, *Every thing hath its time* ; we should feel that there is a meaning in the saying,—we should look around suddenly and with deference, towards him who uttered it.

Again : we men run and ramble about from our birth, and know not what will give us peace. Suppose now a man who has found this peace : he looks around on mankind, observes how perverse men are, how they reject good counsel, and cling to this and that error, by which thousands and thousands before them have been deceived and brought to shame ; and, seeing all this, he earnestly wishes to put an end to the confusion

and disorder,—but he cannot do so, and the well-wishing man comforts himself with our saying—and then, indeed, these are golden words, and may perhaps be thus translated : “How blinded are men,—the noble, beautiful creatures of God, destined to such great honor ! O how different might it be with them, if they were only willing ! But the hour of their delusion will pass away, and help will be vouchsafed to them ; *Every thing hath its time.*”

On the whole, however, Solomon seems, in this place, to have had neither of these meanings in his mind, but a third, namely : In the material world things are not as in the spirit-world, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever ; but every thing hath its *time*, and to this law must all material things submit. As a man who has taken his seat in a carriage for Königsberg is not, at the same moment, here and there—but the wheels of the carriage must turn round just so many times before he can reach the place, and every circumvolution has its time—the second cannot take place until the first is accomplished, and so with the rest—and there goes the carriage over stock and stone, and he who sits in it perceives that all he can do is to sit there contentedly, until the wheels have turned round for the last time. I think this meaning of the saying has something very sad in it ; but I know not whether my readers will think so too.

We will consider one more saying of Solomon. It is this : *Let us attend to the sum total of all good instruction ; fear God and keep his commandments, for that is the duty of all men.*

This saying stands, in Solomon's little book, at the end of all his sayings—as the morning-star, which rises last, and is more beautiful and glorious than all the stars that go before it. The sum of any thing is accustomed to stand at the end, and so this situation of the saying is natural. But there may be also a secondary design in this. Solomon made elsewhere the remark, that a fool will not believe you unless you tell him what is in his heart. And there are people who speak evil of all that they do not comprehend, who think themselves too wise to believe, but who are in fact too stupid to know—poor men ! who have neither knowledge nor belief, who spend all their days in haranguing, in order that people still more stupid than themselves may regard them as great spirits. This class of men has always been in the world, and always will be. Perhaps Solomon had noticed some of this description, and was anxious to bring home to their hearts this great truth, that the fear of God is the fountain of all good. But he knew that this saying would find little credit with them, if they were wholly unprepared for its reception. Therefore he prepared the way, by various instructions more suited to their taste ; and after he had shown himself a master in their own art, and thus won their confidence, he came out with the sum total of all good instruction : *Fear God and keep his commandments, for that is the duty of all men.* As if he had said, there are many things in the world about which we should desire and thankfully receive instruction, and a knowledge of which will be greatly for our advantage in many respects ; but the chief, the all-important thing, the sum of all wisdom, is the *fear of God*—and this is the duty of *all men* ; it is man's element, his business, his nature, his being.

My dear readers ! I am not what Solomon was, I am not king over Is-

rael, and I freely own that to me his wisdom is wanting yet more than his crown ; but I believe, in my inmost soul, that the fear of God is the fountain of all good, that every thing good must begin and end in that, and that whatever is not grounded on it and supported by it, however great it may appear, is unsatisfactory and delusive, and cannot promote our well-being.

But the fear of God is of two kinds ; and here lies the knot which renders this instruction ambiguous and obscure. We all have a certain fear of God, we speak of him with reverence, hear him spoken of with reverence, wish to fear him, and constrain ourselves occasionally to be influenced by this fear. Such a fear of God tends, indeed, to produce a nice outward propriety of conduct. It is like the servant on the hinder part of a coach. There he stands, as a sign that respectable people are in the carriage, opens and shuts the coach-door, &c. ; but the horses, uncontrolled by him, go their sober pace or wild gallop, and he is borne along with the rest, without being at all consulted in the matter—though, to be sure, his master will now and then, if very condescending, take him into the carriage with himself, in rainy weather.—What is such a fear of God worth ? What efficacy could it have, and how were it the sum of all good instruction ?

That is not such a fear of God as the patriarchs had, who are set before us in the Scriptures, as examples. For, with them, the fear of God was not the servant on the hinder part of the coach, but coachman, master and all. In them was nothing so deep and holy as this fear ; for this, they would do any thing, however painful or laborious—for this, they would renounce any thing, however delightful—and so should it be with all who fear God.

The true fear of God must be in us, as a feeling and a truth ; then will its influences be more salutary, and its effects more wonderful and various, than we can at present believe or understand. If we merely employ our imagination to conceive the idea of God,—of a being who is, as the holy Scriptures teach us, the Creator and Preserver of the visible and invisible world ; the first and the last ; whose seat is the heavens, whose foot-stool is the earth ; who is in all and through all ; intimately present with all existences, from the depths of the sea even to the heights of the heavens ; whose powerful hand holds all in its keeping ; whose invisible, unsleeping eyes are, day and night, upon all his creatures, especially upon all men ; at this moment, above, and around, and within us ;—if we merely entertain this idea in our imagination, it cannot fail to produce some impression upon us, and to make us in some degree love and fear God ; what then will its effect be, when it is planted deep in the soul, as a feeling and a truth ?

Then shall we not merely wish to fear God, but we shall fear him in reality—with the whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength ; in all our conduct ; when we rise up, and when we lie down ; at noon-day, and at midnight ; sleeping or waking ; then shall we carry within us continually, as our life, the image of the All-good, the All-wise, the All-righteous, the All-true, the All-merciful—and so shall we be changed into the same image, *from glory to glory*.—And the keeping of God's commandments will be our highest prosperity and delight ; for what are his commandments but a floating signal to warn us against destruction, a

hand on the road to show us the safest and best way to the land of the blest ?

Now, my dear readers, that is what I had to say to you. I might, perhaps, have entertained you more agreeably ; but you have subscribed so readily and cheerfully to this volume of my works, that I felt bound in return to be true and faithful to you. Besides, every thing hath its time, and who knows whether we shall have another opportunity of serving each other ?—*Let us fear God, and keep his commandments.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE POEMS OF SIR JOHN DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES, equally distinguished as a lawyer and a poet, was born in 1570, and died in 1626. His poetical works are "Hymns of Astrea, in Acrostic Verse"—"Orchestra; or a poem expressing the Antiquity and Excellency of Dancing, in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers"—and "*Nosce Teipsum* : This oracle expounded in two elegies; I. of Human Knowledge; II. of the Soul of Man, and the Immortality thereof."

The "Hymns of Astrea," consisting of twenty-six Acrostics in honor of Queen Elizabeth, "contain much poetry and much flattery." Here is a specimen of them :—

HYMN X.

To the Month of September.

"Each month hath praise in some degree;
Let May to others seem to be
In sense the sweetest season;
September, thou art best to me,
And best dost please my reason.

But neither for thy corn nor wine
Extol I those mild days of thine,
Though corn and wine might praise thee;
Heaven gives thee honor more divine,
And higher fortunes raise thee.

Renowned art thou (sweet month) for this,
Among thy days her birth-day is;
Grace, plenty, peace, and honor,
In one fair hour, with her were born,
Now since they still her crown adorn,
And still attend upon her."

"Orchestra" is an unfinished poem. Here are two stanzas of it, which give an account of the first dance in the universe :—

"Dancing (bright lady) then began to be,
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
The fire, air, earth, and water did agree,
By love's persuasion, nature's mighty king,
To leave their first disorder'd combatting;
And in a dance such measure to observe,
As all the world their motion should preserve.

Since when they still are carried in a round,
 And changing come one in another's place,
 Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
 But every one doth keep the bounded space
 Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace ;
 This wondrous miracle did love devise,
 For dancing is love's proper exercise."

The poem on the "Immortality of the Soul" is spoken of by Anderson, in his "British Poets," as "the earliest philosophical poem Great Britain has produced, and the best poem of the age of Elizabeth, except the 'Faery Queene.'" From this poem, the ensuing extract is taken :—

"O ignorant poor man ! what dost thou bear
 Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast !
 What jewels, and what riches hast thou there !
 What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest !

Look in thy Soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
 Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood :
 Honor and pleasure both are in thy mind,
 And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace :
 Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
 Nor her dishonor with thy passions base.

Kill not her quickening power with surfeitings ;
 Mar not her sense with sensuality ;
 And cast not thou her wit on idle things ;
 Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
 Think not that death against her nature is ;
 Think it a birth ; and when thou go'st to die,
 Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
 Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see ;
 Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more ;
 Now when thou diest, thou canst not hood-wink'd be.

And thou, my Soul, which turn'st with curious eye,
 To view the beams of thine own form divine,
 Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
 While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare
 Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train :
 Study the best and highest things that are,
 But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name :
 Use all thy powers, that blessed power to praise,
 Which gives thee power to be, and use the same."

THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1837.

No. 6.

A STUDENT'S JOURNAL.

(Addressed to a Friend.)

PART FOURTH.

NOVEMBER 15th. * * * * There are some persons who follow implicitly Paul's advice, recorded in Philippians 2:14—only, they unfortunately overlook one short syllable in it, and take the utmost pains to 'do all things *with* murmurings and disputings.'

November 16th. * * * * There are certain vociferous young ladies, whom I have occasionally seen and heard at a distance, whose voices I should think would affect their friends in the same way that the song of 'The Dorchester Giant,' described by O. W. Holmes, affected a listening buffalo:—

'Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along;
'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.'

November 17th. * * * * A dull joke is duller than any thing else.

November 18th. Some ladies—I believe the number is increasing in this enlightened age—attempt to devote themselves at the same time to fashion and literature. They have about as good success, as those persons who undertake to 'serve God and mammon.' Many fashionable ladies, are to a *certain extent literary*—but not *intellectual*. * * *

November 19th. * * * * I would not have you indifferent to the opinion of the wise and good—but, in general, I think, you cannot be too indifferent to what '*people say*' about you; for the word '*people*,' thus used, commonly means a set of male and female gossips, who have given themselves up to the business of evil-speaking, with most devoted earnestness, and whose brains never admit the fraction of a thought on any important subject. Remember what Shakspeare has said—

'We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers.'—

'What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.'—

Even the wise and good, will sometimes misjudge us. 'Human scrutiny,' says Charles Brockden Brown, 'is neither to be solicited, nor shunned. Human approbation or censure can *never* be exempt from injustice, because our limited perceptions debar us from a thorough knowledge of any actions and motives but our own.' Let this thought help to console us, when our actions are misjudged, and our motives misinterpreted, by those whom we esteem and respect. Let us remember it, too, in our judgment of others. E. F. X.

THE DYING CHILD.

'I MET with an anecdote the other day that made me think of you. It was the death of a little pious child in India, of the hydrophobia; a death one would think subversive of every thing pleasing. In one of the intervals when he was free from spasms, he called to his mother for some flowers. She gave him some—but separating his favorite from all the others, he said, "I only want the rose, Mamma."'—LETTER OF MISS JEWSEBURY TO MRS. HEMANS, IN CHORLEY'S 'MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS.'

I only want the rose, Mamma!

I only want the rose.

There! let its fragrance sweetly breathe
Around my dying bed;
And on its hues I'll fix my gaze,
Ere life with me has fled.

It minds me of that pleasant spot,
O'er the blue waves afar,
On whose grassy slope I lov'd to play,
And sit with you, Mamma!

Flow'rets sweet, of every hue,
Bloom'd in my little garden there—
But 'mid the gay and gaudier throng,
The rose was fairest of the fair.

I only want the rose, Mamma!

I only want the rose.

It minds me of that better clime,
Beyond those distant, bluer skies,
Where the bright and lovely, fading here
Shall yet in brighter beauty rise.

For there the Rose of Sharon blooms,
Peerless though not alone—
Blossoms of heavenly growth are there,
Immortal as its own.

*I only want the rose, Mamma !
I only want the rose.*

It seems as if within its leaves
A spirit-voice breathed on the air—
My sister's voice from yonder skies,
To bid me joyous welcome there.

Thou know'st, Mamma, upon her grave
Many a blossom sweet I've laid;
And there, at eve, I've wandered forth,
And thought of her, and knelt and prayed.

Oh ! place this flower upon my tomb,
To tell thy child has passed away—
And, mother, when thou seest it there,
Then think of me in cloudless day.

* * * *

Ah ! 'tis a bitter death to die !
Thy darling soon will be at rest—
Wipe off the tear that pain wrings out,
And fold me, mother, to thy breast.

How oft these arms have held thy boy,
And thou hast watch'd me sleeping there;
How oft o'er me thy looks have hung,
With all a mother's love and care.

Oh ! would my father too might see
The child he loves, before I die—
Oh ! might I feel his warm embrace,
And fix on him my closing eye !

Ah ! how his anguished heart will bleed
To meet no more his darling boy !
But tell him—'tis my parting word—
In peace I died, in hope and joy.

Thy form is fading from my sight—
One smile on me bestow !
One kiss, dear mother, for thy boy—
Now, fare thee well ! I go.

S. G. E.

New-Haven, April 15, 1837.

Great effort from great motives, is the best definition of a happy life.—*Channing*.

CONSTITUTIONAL DIVERSITIES IN MANKIND.

It is a generally admitted fact, that there is among mankind constitutional diversity of character ;—and sometimes we hear it hinted that there may be wisdom in this diversity,—that harmony is not necessarily opposed to variety. But notwithstanding the general assent to this truth, the majority, even of the wise and good among us, indicate a contrary belief, in their conduct. This may be seen in the impatience, contempt, and even persecution, which arise when favorite opinions are opposed or not received ; and also in the judgment passed on one who ‘believeth that he may eat all things,’ by him who ‘eateth only herbs.’ Were not this truth practically disbelieved, no one would insist on the unquestioning assent of others, to every thing which he instinctively believes ;—nor wish to regulate the conduct of others, by his particular standard of propriety.

All yield a ready assent to the fact of human imperfection in general, and perhaps to striking illustrations of it in particular cases ; but to see it in their own constitutional tendencies, requires some change in their mental vision.

What, then, is the appropriate influence of a belief in the constitutional diversities of human character ? We mean not simply an intellectual admission of the fact,—like an assent to a geometrical demonstration—but an assent which comes from the heart. One most obvious effect of such an admission, is a feeling of toleration ; a feeling directly opposed to arrogance and contempt. It is a basis for a compromise. For instance, you and I will compare our tendencies, ascertain their relative importance and appropriate exercise, and cast the sum accordingly. If you have a stronger tendency to belief in the marvellous than I have, and I, a stronger tendency to benevolence than you—other things being equal—then we mutually agree not to expect that you will be more benevolently affected towards any object than I, nor that I should as readily yield assent as you would, to any demand on our faith. Or, if we admit, on satisfactory deductions from reason and experience, that you are *constitutionally* more conscientious than I, while I am more cunning than you, we shall expect—other things being equal—more frankness, directness, and at the same time, adherence to the right, in you than in me ; but I shall far outdo you, in skillfully adapting means to ends. Thus we see ground for the application of the principle of toleration.

You may object here, that this would lead us to sit in judgment on the hearts of others, and make us censorious. I answer, no, our hearts may be equally or variously good or bad ; this view has no reference to the governing or actuating motive ; and it does not alter the case, whether we become wise or remain foolish on this subject.

The fact of constitutional diversity admitted, it becomes us to make proper use of our knowledge. There is a tendency in man to ‘judge of others by himself ;’ but, if we are not mistaken, this is a wrong principle, and injustice must be its result. If our position is true, that toleration naturally results from a hearty admission of the fact of constitu-

tional diversity of character, then we are quite safe in the assertion, that they who show a haughty demeanor, or indulge in personal invective, against those who think and act not with them,—though they may admit the fact in question—are bound to change their creed, or their conduct. As moral beings, our great aim is, to know and be transformed by the truth; but, in order to this, *we must see to it that every admitted principle operates on the soul.*

G. W.

April, 1837.

NIGHT MUSINGS.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I SAT alone, when sober night
 Had shut the rosy gates of light;
 And sparkling eyes, and dripping flowers,
 Alike ambrosial slumbers steep—
 And over trees, and garden-bowers,
 The silent shades of evening creep.

Nor wandering footstep, far or near,
 Nor tuneful bird, or serenade,
 Disturb'd the meditative ear;
 But winds a lonely music made,—
 Most like the melody of grief,
 That steals from haggard captive's cell,
 Who finds from solitude relief,
 In strains his childhood lov'd so well.

* * * *

I OPED my casement to the wind,
 That from the rippling river blew—
 While 'round the honey-suckle twin'd,
 And twinkling stars looked coyly through;
 With fickle smile, the queen of night,
 Through cloud and azure, held her way,—
 Like hopes as beautiful and bright,
 That shine, allure us, and bewray.

And gazing thus, as when a boy,
 While fleetly backward memory flew,
 O'er painted dreams of pride and joy,
 That charm'd but only as I drew,—
 I mused o'er many a youthful vow,
 Like blossoms strewn upon the wind—
 And souls responsive once, that now
 Are gloomy, selfish, or unkind.

Thus, pondering o'er some ruin gray,
 The traveler mourns its glories gone,—
 And views the mottled serpent play,
 Where once the torch and banquet shone;
 And slow his echoing footstep falls,
 Upon the stained and trembling floor—
 While breezes wail along the halls,
 From broken pane, and crumbling door.

J. W. B.

New Haven, April, 1837.

GOOD AND EVIL.

(From the Persian.)

BY JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

'It is dark, O Allah!'—so mourned the young Hafiz, who was the son of Hafiz the sweet poet of the East—'It is dark, O Allah! over all the ways of thy children. I stand forth to worship thee at the morning time, and the light of the sun is not upon me, nor is my life warmed with his good. The green valleys are dimmed and sad; the pleasant groves are heavy with sorrow; and the waters of the bright lakes are troubled. The steed snuffs not the breeze of the early day; the hymns of the song-birds rise not from their leafy temples; the antelopes lift not their dripping mouths from the fountains, nor bound away to the desert satisfied and happy.

'Yet more, O Allah! I have turned mine eyes upward from all these things; I have passed out upon the paths of men; I have entered beneath the roofs of thy children; I have stood upon their graves. The ways of the upright were rugged; the feasts of the generous were silent; the halls of the gentle were desolate; the brows of the gifted were wreathless; and flowers bloomed not over the rest of the good. The councils of truth and wisdom were without listeners; true greatness without honors; and noble deeds without reward. The hours of youth were scattered by folly, and the years of age wasted by sorrow. It is dark, O Allah! The light of thy good hath arisen and passed away from the land of the faithful; the shadow of evil is over all its habitations.'

Such were the murmurings of Hafiz, as he climbed slowly up the mountain which overlooks the plain of Shiraz. At length he reached the summit, and rested there upon the pinnacle of a thunder-scathed rock. His gaze wandered sadly out over the dwelling-places of his fathers, and the fading glory of their cities; and, as his eyes rose again towards the clouded heavens, the murmurs of his heart broke upon his lips.

'Alas! that the face of Allah is shrouded; that I may not know the truth of his counsels, nor behold the secret fountains of his purpose.

Would that mine eyes might see and my heart understand, the strange and fearful mysteries of the destiny of man ; that I might look upon his morning of youth, and pierce the mists that enwrap its opening years ; upon his noon of manhood, and know the end of its dark strife and conflicting passions ; upon the evening of age, and contemplate its vain cares, its idle hopes, and its cheerless desolation !

With these words, the youthful Hafiz turned again to descend the mountain, when suddenly a man of venerable aspect stood before him. The face of the stranger was white and transparent as that of childhood, while his silvered hair, bent form, and flowing beard, betokened extreme age. A smile passed over his thin lip and broad forehead, as he spoke, like a soft wind over the bosom of the calm lake. His accents were low, yet distinct as thought, and his words fell upon the heart of Hafiz with the power of a prophecy.

'Son of Persia,' said the ancient man, 'stay thy steps ; banish from thine heart the dark birds of discontent, and listen to the teachings of Allah. Thou hast said, in thy sad folly, that no good is upon the earth ; that evil alone is the lot of man. Lo ! Hafiz, behold !'

And the son of the poet beheld advancing, on either side of the mountain, a shade. One, bright and beautiful, as the rose that has touched the breast of the bulbul ; the other, dark and distorted, as the noxious root which hides the lair of the serpent. As the two shapes advanced, there arose with them a dense mist ; and when they stood upon the summit of the mountain, all space, below and around them, was covered as with an inundation—as if the breath of Destiny had gone out over all the land.

The countenance of the old man assumed an expression of severe majesty, as he again addressed the astonished youth. 'Murmurer,' said he, 'know that these are here at the bidding of Allah ; now shalt thou view the chastening inflictions of *Evil*, and behold the ministry of *Good*. Receive in silent humility the wisdom that shall be given thee. Lift thine eyes and look.'

Then Hafiz raised his eyes, which had been cast down in fear, and looked out upon the sea of mist before him. He saw upheaving, faintly and feebly at first, but rapidly becoming more distinct and solid, the domes and minarets of a vast city. Yet clouds and darkness rested upon them. The streets stretched away from the great squares, until their minute points were lost in the perspective ; and they were thronged with human beings, who crept along pale and emaciated. Many had fallen to the earth, which was like one vast charnel-house ; the eyes of some were rolled upward in the agony of parting life, and those of others were fixed in death. Mothers dashed from their breasts the perishing clay of their infants ; and sons, in their aimless flight, trampled recklessly on their fallen parents. As his eye wandered hurriedly over these fearful objects, Hafiz beheld the plains and valleys about the city covered with hostile armies. The banners of the invader flapped heavily in the infectious breeze, and the spear of the barbarian trembled in his nerveless hand. Yet the banners moved on—the deadly spear was couched—and the gleaming sabre waved to the onset. The struggling mass of the dying rose to meet the advancing foe, and as again they fell

back powerless to the earth, the breath of their shrieks of agony and despair rose, as it seemed, more dense than the shrouding mist.

Shuddering with horror, Hafiz turned away from the woful phantoms, and was about to entreat the messenger of Allah to unroll no further the scroll of human misery, when his eye fell upon the misty ocean that was rolling beneath the opposite side of the mountain. The chain of silence passed over his words, and the dark repinings faded from his heart. For, as he looked, the surface became level and fair; the rich valleys spread out their fruit-laden bosoms; the proud cities rose up again in their grandeur and beauty; the domes of the temples gleamed in the sun, and the waters of the fountain slumbered in the shade. As he looked yet longer, he perceived the streets and the gardens filled with happy and healthful countenances: the monarch rode by in his glory and power, and the slave went singing to his labor. He saw, going up to the mosques and sacred places, processions and trains of worshippers; as it seemed, to render gratitude and praises to Allah, because of some dreadful calamity averted, a pestilence passed away, or an invader driven out. And they bore banners as if won by victorious armies; yet the people wore not the habiliments of war. Security and peace sat, like birds of paradise, upon every roof; and power, as the wings of an eagle, dwelt over all the cities.

Then the horror which had shadowed the countenance of Hafiz gave place to the smile of satisfaction; and his spirit, which had been heavy with sorrow, was made buoyant with rejoicing. For he knew that the pestilence and darkness which he had seen over the land of his fathers, were but shields of protection against the laying waste of the barbarians of the north. And Hafiz bowed his head to the Genius of Good.

Yet again he looked out upon the shadowings of Evil. The city and its pall of woe were there no longer, but in the place of them stood, alone, upon a barren hill-side, where no fountain bubbled out, and no fruit-grove reached its wealth to the hand of the gatherer, the solitary dwelling of poverty. He beheld the hoar feebleness of age tottering to the field of labor, and the fresh vigor of youth bent down and distorted with toil. While the scantily clad inmates of this dreary abode still wrought—as it were, wrestling with their mother-earth for her common debt to her children, a poor subsistence—the cloud and the tempest gathered over the hill, and settled down upon its sides, as if to sweep away the shuddering peasants in the path of its destruction.

Yet was the heart of Hafiz sad but for an instant, over the toils and disasters of his fellow-men. A glance upon the picturing of Good, displayed to his contemplation the same rude abode and the same humble inmates. Yet the sun shone broad and glorious upon it, and its golden splendor outshone the monarch's tent. The bare fields of the tiller, where once the footsteps of toil were the only marks, were now decorated with fair blossoms, and spread with ripe, blushing fruits, more richly than the boards of the banquet. The aged peasant, whom Hafiz had seen tottering with his toil-worn children to their labor, was now resting in the shadow of its harvest, surrounded by the gratitude and happiness of his household. The cares of the hoary head were now reposing in the lap of youthful cheerfulness, and the happy looks of childhood were

lifted up in veneration to the calm regards of paternal old age. The storm had passed away and was forgotten; and the light of present cheer and future promise was shining over all. The son of the poet saw, that ease and affluence are not alone the bestowers of happiness, and that toil and weariness are not without the reward of plenty and contentment. That good and not evil, is the lot of all who take pains to deserve it.

And more beheld Hafiz—and still more, as he turned from the sad conjurings of Evil, rejoiced his heart in the gentle presentments of Good. If over the drear waste of the mist-desert of the one, wandered the shapes of misery, uprose on the fair-bosomed valley of the other, the imagings of beauty and happiness. The houseless pilgrim on the one, within the other found cheer and shelter. If fierce enemies beset him here, there peace and friendliness were around him. For the victim of pain and sorrow, were provided balm and sympathy; for despondency, there was hope; and for repining, content. The rich man, who had suffered anxiety and endured privation to gain wealth, found its worth of joy in the gratitude of those whose wants it enabled him to relieve. The structures of benevolence overshadowed the oppressions of avarice, and Hafiz saw that the joy is no less to the giver than to the receiver; and that he who strives to confer real benefits on his fellow-men, clasps real good and happiness to his own breast. He saw, that for each phantom of Evil there was a still fairer picture of Good. That for war and invasion, there were victory and security. For famine, there was plenty; for pestilence, health; for affliction, cheer; and for misfortune, resignation. He saw the morning of the just man's life, unshadowed by sorrow; its noon, blazing with prosperity and beneficence; its evening, calm, and filled with the teachings of wisdom.

When thus the son of the poet looked, and beheld all these things, his knees were bowed to the earth with humility, and his heart raised to Allah in thankfulness and praise.

'I have sinned against thee, O Allah!' spoke the voice of his repentance, 'I have mistrusted thy wisdom, I have arraigned thy mercy. Now hast thou, in thy beneficence, given instruction to the soul of thy worshiper, and filled his mind with truth. Now knoweth he, that over the destiny of man thy love ruleth; that the desert is not without its fountains, the bleak hills without their seasonable verdure, nor the bare groves without their song-full shades.'

With these words Hafiz arose, but the form of the venerable stranger was not before him, neither the ministers of destiny. He looked about him. The mist-oceans had arisen up from the foot of the mountain—and again he beheld the beauteous plain of Shiraz stretching away before him, not shadowed and sorrowful, but beaming and rejoicing in the full glance of the summer's sun. The rivers were winding, like embroidery, among the lovely groves; the fountains lay gleaming, like jewels, on the bosoms of the meadows; and the habitations of men were holy and shining as the abodes of angels. He, who but an hour since, climbed the mountain that overlooks the plain of Shiraz, a wretched murmurer, with his face bent to the ground in his toilsome ascent,

now descended, with a countenance lifted and smiling as the flower of the morning, and a step jocund and light as the bound of the antelope.

He entered into the house of his fathers; he assembled the sons of his household, his kindred, and all those whom he loved, and taught them this truth—as it is written in the books of the wisdom of his country: That the lot of man is Good, to all those who murmur not at the orderings of Allah; and Evil, only to the discontented.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A SISTER'S DEATH.

[THESE lines were written by James William Miller, a poet of Massachusetts, in the Album of one of his friends. We believe they have never been published. At least, they are not contained in the volume of his 'Poems and Sketches,' published in Boston, in 1830, the year following his death. Miller died at the age of twenty-seven. He was a true poet, and a most amiable man.]

Often the heart receives a sickening thrill,
From words the unheeding lips in folly utter.
Even now, how carelessly I look'd around
Upon the pleasant fields, and gaily nam'd
The month, and tranquil autumn day, that wears
Such smiling loveliness—and oh! my sister,
Thy mournful memory gave a sad response,—
Changing my thought and tone of levity,
With all the lovely scene I look'd upon,
To sorrow's aspect, and the wail of woe.

My sister, tho' long, lingering years, have trod
Over thy silent grave and shapeless dust,
This sympathetic day recalls thine image;
I see thy form beloved—thy loving eye,
In all that eye was wont to look upon—
In the serenity that sleeps around,
Methinks I hear thee :—(*silence is the voice
Of death*) :—a deep and holy calm like this,
Swell'd with thy gasp of agony, and then
Hover'd around thy placid, breathless clay—
And this same verdant month, with day as bright,
Number'd thy years, and clos'd upon thy grave.

September 27, 1825.

THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

FROM DR. CHANNING'S 'REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON.'

By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigor, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new' for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms, and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the soul in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties;

and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendor, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity ; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions ; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power ; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation, and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions ; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life ; to lift it into a purer element ; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny ; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earthborn prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities ; and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life ; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immor-

tal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element, among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fullness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life.

A TOUCH OF THE SENTIMENTAL.

Yes, all on earth is changeful! Every thing
 That wins the heart of man, for beauty soft,
 Or wild sublimity—or that is bound to us
 By the strong spell time weaves of long possession,
 Fades at the moment when it is most dear.
 These thoughts arise, whene'er I look on thee,
 My faded frock! How beautiful thou wert,
 In thy first days! thy texture softest silk,
 Thy color as the stainless summer sky,
 As pure and shining; and far more than these,
 Thy fashionable cut, thy bishop sleeves,
 Catching the breezes in their folds superb—
 Thy skirt immense, not deck'd with gaudy flounce,
 Or snaky rolls, but faced, and just adorn'd
 With three small modest tucks, exactly placed
 At equal distance both from belt and hem.

Say, was it not too beautiful to perish ?
 Deep sorrow came upon me, when I saw
 The first, slight, yellow tint, come stealing o'er
 Thy azure hue ; but this was all too slow,
 And cruel fate, determined on her prey,
 Used other means to gain it—and succeeded.
 I held a lemon, one hot summer day,
 Yet still, with wide-spread kerchief, kept its drops
 Far from my lovely robe ; but suddenly,
 Just as my feverish fingers press'd the fruit,
 A wanton gale threw the light shield aside—
 The dress was doom'd ; a hundred acid drops
 Were in a moment scatter'd over it ;
 My hand relax'd its grasp—the lemon fell,
 And finish'd, in its fall, the dismal ruin !
 And now, my poor forsaken frock, is hung
 In some dark lonely closet, where perchance
 The moth winds through its splendid folds,
 And riots on its beauties.

Greenfield High School, August 4, 1830.

A literary man once said to me, ' I know what pleases me in poetry, —that is sufficient for me ; I care not how.' By this rule, a puppet-show might be proved to be poetry. The question is not, whether one is pleased with a composition, but whether one is pleased with it as poetry. Many may like, not poetry, but something which they may think better than poetry. The driest of those couplets of Pope, which merely consist of unadorned, unsentimental reasoning or axioms, are to many more pleasing than the noblest passages of Milton.—*Brydges*.

One great principle, which we should lay down as immovably true, is, that if a good work cannot be carried on by the calm, self-controlled, benevolent spirit of Christianity, then the time for doing it has not come. —We ought to think much more of walking in the right path than of reaching our end. We should desire virtue more than success.—*Channing*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth: together with a Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England, now first published with his works. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: James Kay, Jun. & Brother. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

This is a very beautiful edition of Wordsworth's works, in one volume, large octavo, double columns. We copy a few sentences from the Preface of Professor Reed:

'This volume is published with a view to present a complete and uniform edition of the Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. It contains the latest collected edition published by him, and the additional volume, entitled "Yarrow Revisited and other Poems," published in 1835. The text has been adopted with great care from the London edition. To the contents of those volumes there have been added some lines published since the date of the last volume, and the Description of the Scenery of the Lakes, written by Mr. Wordsworth, some years since.'—A few notes have been introduced, consisting almost entirely of illustrative passages from the writings of those with whom I am confident Mr. Wordsworth, from similarity of mind or feeling, or from personal friendship, would most willingly find his name associated.

The notes added by Mr. Reed, are chiefly from the writings of S. T. Coleridge, Hartley Coleridge, and Southey.

Here is a sonnet, by Hartley Coleridge, which 'has been introduced as dedicatory lines to this edition.'

TO WORDSWORTH.

There have been poets, that in verse display
The elemental forms of human passions:
Poets have been, to whom the fickle fashions,
And all the wilful humors of the day,
Have furnished matter for a polished lay:
And many are the smooth, elaborate tribe,
Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
And fain would every shifting hue portray,
Of restless nature. But, thou mighty seer!
'Tis thine, to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls; the truths, for whose sweet sake,
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

The lines, spoken of above as having been published since Mr. Wordsworth's last volume of poems, were occasioned by the death of the Ettrick Shepherd. They were first published in the 'Mirror,' a London weekly periodical.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

An extempore effusion, upon reading in a newspaper a notice of the death of the poet, James Hogg.

When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Thro' groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death, upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-Poet's eyes.

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, his steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvelous source.

The rapt one, of the Godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature, sleeps in earth;
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
'Who next will drop and disappear?'

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which, with thee, O Crabbe, forth-looking
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath:

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou, too, art gone before; yet why
For ripe fruit seasonably gathered
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered youth and love-lorn maid,—
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead!

Rydal Mount, November 30, 1835.

We advise all our young readers who are not familiar with the poetry of Wordsworth, to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with this volume.

The Religious Magazine, and Family Miscellany. Conducted by Prof. E. A. Andrews. New Series, Vol. I. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. January, February, March, and April, 1837. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.

We have read these numbers of the 'Religious Magazine,' with much interest. It is a work calculated to be very useful, and deserves the patronage of all christians and philanthropists. The 'Literary Notices,' written with the characteristic judgment, candor and ability of the Editor, are particularly deserving of attention.

The mechanical execution of this work is very good. It contains 48 octavo pages each month. The price is \$2 a year, in advance.

THE MICROCOSM.

Vol. III.

MAY, 1837.

No. 7.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG WIFE.

WRITTEN BY A LADY IN NEW JERSEY, SOME YEARS SINCE.

WELL, my lov'd niece, I hear the bustle's o'er,
And wedding-cake and visits are no more—
The gay ones buzzing 'round some other bride,
And you, with grave ones, gracing the fireside.
Now, with your usual sweetness, deign to hear
What from a heart maternal flows sincere.
I need not fear a supercilious smile,
To pay with gay contempt the muses' toil;
For be assured, I never will presume
Superior sense or judgment to assume,—
But megal that which long experience brings,
Of men and women; those capricious things.
Nor do I once forget, how *very* sage
The advice of aunts has been in every age—
On matrimonial themes they all debate,
Wiseacres too who never tried the state.
It would, I own, appear extremely vain,
For me to fancy that I can attain
New light upon a subject worn-out quite,
And, both by aunts and authors, render'd trite.

Now, all the nuptial virtues in the class
Of meekness, mildness, prudence, I shall pass;
Good nature too—of this you've ample store,
And economics you have learn'd before:
But there are lurking evils, that do prove,
Under the name of *little*, death to love;
Trifles they are, yet hence all jarring springs,
And trust me, child, they're formidable things.

First, then, with reverence treat, in every place,
The chosen partner of your future days;
For when you wound him with the least neglect,
Yourself you rifle of your due respect—
As all a woman's consequence, should be
Join'd to her husband's in sweet harmony.
But never let your fondness for him rise,
In words or actions, to the prying eyes

Of witnesses, who never fail to sneer
 At honied words, such as—'my love'—'my dear.'
 Nor from your husband should you e'er require
 Those epithets which little minds admire.
 Suspect no slight, but in his love confide,—
 Let smiles and neatness o'er your form preside.

When e'er your husband means to stay at home,
 Whate'er the occasion, ne'er consent to roam;
 For home's a solitary place, to one
 Who loves his wife and always finds her gone.
 Ever consult the temper of his mind
 When, vex'd abroad, he finds himself inclin'd
 From all his business to relax a while,
 And wants the pleasing solace of a smile,
 A soft companion, to relieve his care,
 His joy to heighten, or his grief to share.
 When thus, with thoughts unbent, he doth retire
 Within his home, and by his cheerful fire,
 Ne'er let him know you've made a sacrifice;
 He'll find it out himself, and then will prize
 Your kind endeavors to promote his ease,
 And make the study of his life to please.

Another rule you'll find of equal weight,
 When jars subside, never recriminate—
 And when the cloud is breaking from his brow,
 Repeat not *what* he said—nor *when*—nor *how*.
 If he's tenacious, gently give him way,
 And tho' 'tis night, if he should say 'tis *day*,
 Dispute it not, but pass it with a smile;
 His future kindness will repay your toil.

His friends with kindness always entertain—
 And tho' *by chance* he brings them, ne'er complain;
 Whate'er provided for himself and you,
 With neatness serv'd, will ever please them too.
 Nor e'er restrict him, when he would invite
 His friends in form to spend the day or night.
 Some ladies think the *trouble* is so great,
 That all such motions cause a deep debate;
 And Madam pouts, and says, 'I would not mind
 How much to company you were inclin'd,
 If I had all things in the house genteel;
 If I could make *my* table look as well
 As *Mrs. A.* and *Mrs. B.* can do,
 I'd be as pleas'd with company as you.'
 E'en tho' the good man gains his point at last,
 Such things damp mirth, and poison the repast.

But you, my dear, if you would wish to shine,
Must always say, 'your friends are ever mine;
The house is yours, and I will do my best
To give a cheerful welcome to each guest.'

Nor with these precepts is it hard to cope,
When stimulated by the cheering hope
To reach the summit of domestic peace,
And crown each day with ever-smiling bliss.
Now, if these lines one caution should contain
To gain that end, my labor's not in vain;
And be assured, my dear, while life endures,
With every tender sentiment, I'm yours.—

IRENE.

ALL IS WELL.

BY REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER.

It was a sad and a sorrowful party that were assembled, for the last time, within the walls of Plas-Newyd parsonage. The humble parish priest, who had so long ministered to the simple inhabitants of that quiet hamlet—who had guided them in joy, and consoled them in sorrow—their example as well as minister—who had been their adviser in time of distress, and their advocate in the hour of difficulty—beloved for his virtues, for he had little to give; and feared for his reproof, for he boasted no legal terrors—was called to bid them an eternal farewell, and, with impoverished means and exhausted spirits, was about to seek another home.

Lawrence Atherley was one among many instances, where a morning of the fairest promise has become overcast ere noon appeared. Blessed with no ordinary share of talent, possessing no mean academical reputation, and friends neither unable nor unwilling to serve him, the twentieth anniversary of his ordination found him a Welch curate, with seven beloved claimants on his exertions, and a far poorer man than when he began his career.

He had been guilty of that unpardonable sin, in the eye of the world—an early marriage. As if a clergyman, whose amusements and pursuits lie in such a narrow compass—whose relaxations from study, and intervals of professional duty, should clearly be passed in a domestic circle—is alone to be excluded from the endearing charities and softening intercourse of domestic life, and compelled to seek for sympathy and happiness amid the pleasures and contentions of that fleeting world which he is bound to unmask and condemn?

Nor did he ever—even for one hour—regret his choice. And if occasionally, when fame brought to his ear the preferment of some contemporary, less deserving of distinction and less in want of emolument than

himself, he might think for an instant, with a feeling of bitterness, of the scanty stipend for which he labored, and glance at the wretched and ruinous abode in which he dwelt;—'twas but for an instant; for if his eye rested on the smiling group around him, he would instantly suppress the rising murmur: 'He knows what is best for me—has placed me where, in reality, I am most useful. Why should I repine? He has ordered it, and—*all is well!*'

And sorrow had of late visited him roughly. The billows of affliction, as they broke, one by one, over his devoted head, carried away in succession some cherished expectation—some resource—some hope; *the effect was the same*—each left him more submissive—more resigned. His eldest son, a lad of much mathematical promise, was pining for the advantages and competition of Cambridge, and his father could not resist the conviction that *there* his talents might be appreciated and his industry rewarded. But where was he to find funds for encountering, even in those days, the expenses of a University education? And prudence perpetually put a question, which with all a father's love, he found difficult to answer—whether, untaught by his own shipwrecked hopes and clouded prospects, he did well to encourage in a lad of Lawrence's ardent temperament and acute sensibility, the wish of taking Orders. Was it one he would ever be able to realize?

Painful as were his reflections upon this point, they yielded both in intensity and interest to those which assailed him from another source—the situation of his younger son. You see him there—a little to the left—in the corner, near the window. Yes—that is Arthur—the fair boy with chestnut hair and bright blue eyes, who is kneeling by his mother's chair, and gazing up into her face with the most unbounded affection, while he warbles, as the close of his infant devotions, his 'Evening Hymn.' That clear, fair brow—that full, deep eye—those clustering ringlets—and that sweet, confiding smile—'twould be almost an angelic countenance, if there was more expression there. But that will never be. Arthur was by far the most promising of Atherley's children—(he is still the dearest) when a blow—where and when given, and from whom received, had never been explained—sunk him, all at once, into a state of mental imbecility. It could hardly be said to amount to idiocy. But with his intellect, he lost not his gentle, affectionate disposition—nor that voice, so clear, and full, and sweet—and withal, so wild and plaintive, that often, even in their most cheerful hours, Arthur's sad and simple melody would steal upon their hearts, and beguile his mother and sisters of many sweet tears.

There were inconsistencies, too, about him, which could neither be reconciled nor explained; for though after the accident, recollection failed him, his musical memory gathered strength; and the facility with which he would imitate sounds that struck him, and the readiness and tenacity with which he would catch and retain an air that pleased him, were altogether inconsistent with his feeble intellect and tardy comprehension in other matters.

Of sacred music he was passionately fond. And from a concert, at which he had petitioned and obtained leave to be present, he returned unusually dejected and oppressed. For a day or two he was silent.

But one evening, just before he retired to rest, as they were all sitting around him, he withdrew silently from the group, and taking his accustomed seat a little apart from the rest, after a short prelude, burst forth with 'Angels ever bright and fair.' Every note, every word was given. As he gave it in his own wild, plaintive tones—in his own simple and touching style—without the slightest decoration or ornament, but with the truest pathos;—connecting the words of the hymn with the cherub countenance of the songster—the devotion it breathed with the innocent life of the hapless being who sung it—it seemed the note of a spirit who had wandered from its blest abode,—the lament of some 'bright straggler from another world,' who was pouring out in song to his Heavenly Sovereign his ceaseless aspirations after his native sphere.

Atherley mourned deeply, bitterly, the affliction which had visited his boy, but 'not without hope.' 'It is sent to try me—to humble me—to bring me back to God, and if it does but accomplish this gracious purpose, *all is well!*'

Alas! other and heavier trials awaited him. Mrs. Atherley's health began to droop. She at first affected to laugh at her hectic flush, failing appetite, and trembling limbs; called it weakness; said she must school her palate to relish homelier fare; admitted that she had confined herself too closely with the girls in the school-room; but spring was at hand, and would revive her. Alas! spring did come, with all its bursting buds and fragrant breezes; but brought not health upon its wings. Other symptoms appeared; and Atherley, alarmed, called in a neighboring physician.

Dr. Horbury looked grave; wished he 'had been consulted sooner;' declined 'giving any opinion till he had seen more of his patient;' wrote a prescription, and leaving it with Mrs. Atherley, begged her, as a duty she owed to her family, to adhere strictly to his directions, and to take the greatest possible care of herself.

What Atherley's feelings were at this juncture, he who has ever dimly discerned a prospect of losing the object which made life dear to him, can alone conceive. The agony of such a moment must be endured. It cannot be described. For once the feelings of the husband and father overpowered the fortitude of the Christian—'Oh, any thing but this! Welcome any trial—any privation—any affliction, but this one;—*O spare her, spare her!*'

This cup of sorrow was not yet filled. In the morning of the following day, intelligence was brought to him of the death of his vicar, a robust, middle-aged man, after a few hours' illness. Some six or eight months previously, when the proprietor of Plas-Newydd had visited his property, an intimation had been given to Atherley, that in event of a vacancy, his large family, character, and exertions would not be forgotten: and after some little hesitation, he wrote to the patron, modestly reminding him of his promise.

A week—ten days—a fortnight elapsed. No notice was taken of his application. Meanwhile, Mrs. Atherley drooped daily; and her doating husband could no longer disguise from himself the approach of consumption. Dr. Horbury indeed soon put the matter beyond doubt. For, at his next visit, when the anxious and agitated Atherley begged

to know the worst, the Doctor answered hoarsely, 'You—you—shall. Hem—hem—eh—how this cold wind makes my eyes water—I can give no hopes. Nothing but a voyage to Madeira, and a residence in a more genial climate can save her. Very—very painful to me to say this.—The wind! I only wish to—I could do any more for her. Offer me no fees—if you wish—intend me to call again. You're a clergyman—I'm the son of one. Keep her as quiet as possible, and—confound my old eyes, they're getting weaker than ever!' And with a silent squeeze of his hand, Dr. Horbury left him.

'My love, I do not fear to die,'—this heroic woman began, when at her own urgent and reiterated request, Atherley repeated the substance of Dr. Horbury's communication. 'There are ties which bind me to life,' said she, in more faltering accents, for her eye rested on little Arthur, standing beside her bed, with his hand locked in hers, while he looked into her countenance, anxiously and inquiringly, as if partly sensible some misfortune awaited him. The mother's heart overflowed, and her eye filled. 'Twas but the convulsion of the moment. It passed away, and left her pale countenance serene and tranquil as before. 'I know in whom I have trusted. 'Tis but exchanging one kind of existence for another—and oh, how far—far better!'

'And this woman—this wife—this mother to be lost'—said Atherley, as he rushed from the room in uncontrollable emotion—'when perhaps a voyage to Madeira might save her! Surely, surely, I never felt the omnipotence of wealth till now.'

A month had sluggishly rolled away, and brought no tidings of the destiny of the living. Under the most skillful treatment, ceaseless care, and more nutritious diet, the invalid had rallied. 'No news is good news, my dear Lawrence. Who can tell what may be in store for us? Colonel Wynne is considering your application; and I feel so much better this morning; and the children look so happy and thriving; and all nature so gay and inspiring—it would be a shame and a sin to despond! Perhaps I see the new vicar of Plas-Newydd now sitting before me!' And cheered by her smile, and gladdened by the unusual animation of her manner, Atherley felt half persuaded her prediction would prove true.

Within the next hour, hope became mournful certainty, from the receipt of the following letter:—

Mr. Powys takes the earliest opportunity of acquainting Mr. Atherley, that he has this day been instituted by the Bishop of Bangor to Plas-Newydd vicarage. Mr. Powys intends being at Plas-Newydd, for the purpose of induction, on or about the 20th instant; and as he finds himself perfectly equal to his own duty, will, from that date, have no further occasion for Mr. Atherley's services.

Carmarthen, May 5, 1817.

'Houseless and homeless—a dying wife, and a destitute family—still will I not despair! He who has supported me through many a trying hour of sorrow and suffering, will yet be my guardian and guide!'

It is on the evening of this desolate day that I present him to my readers. Perhaps, as he sat encircled by his children, a darker shade might lower on his brow—and the sigh might be deeper—and the smile less frequent—but the man and the Christian were the same. And if,

when he gathered his little household around him, a more earnest petition was preferred for resignation and submission, the faltering accents in which it was delivered betokened no diminution of his trust in God.

Perchance, too, as with a father's benediction he dismissed his children for the night, a *very attentive ear* might have caught this murmur, as the door closed upon them: 'God be merciful to ye, my little ones, should my health fail me! God be your supporter—and your stay—and your comforter—if I should be taken away!'

His reverie—and it was becoming very painful—was interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Horbury. 'Can't sit down; have no time for compliments. Here's something that concerns you nearly; read it; give me your decision when I return from seeing your wife.' He handed to the astonished Atherley, while he spoke, a dirty, greasy, crumpled newspaper; and pointing to a particular paragraph, briskly mounted the stairs. It ran thus:

If the Rev. Lawrence Atherley, who in the year 1800 was curate of Plas-Newyd, in the Isle of Anglesea, North Wales; or, if dead, the heirs of that gentleman; will apply, personally, at the office of Messrs. Allen and Curtis, solicitors, Broad-street, they will hear of something greatly to their advantage.

Atherley turned to the date of the paper; it was upwards of a year old. 'I had an uncle, 'tis true, wealthy and childless, who discarded me when, by marriage, I forfeited my chance for a fellowship. He *may* have relented; but still'—and he was relapsing into his reverie, when the Doctor's heavy boots were heard awakening the echoes of the stone passage.

'Well, what say you?' 'Why, that I am the person meant can hardly be doubted; but the application must be personal, and the means'—'Are here,' said the warm-hearted old man. 'No thanks; I belong to the church militant myself. Wasn't my father chaplain to the late Duke of Cumberland; and didn't he live and die curate of Blythswood? Besides, Sir priest, this is only a loan; for, mark me, when you return from London, laden with riches, I'll have principal—cent. per cent. interest—ay, you dog, and my fees into the bargain.'

A drowning man will catch at straws—the starving beggar will seize on offal—and Atherley thought for one half hour on his wife and children, and the next was on the road to London.

A trip from Anglesea to the metropolis was no such easy matter fifteen years ago; and it was on the morning of the fourth day that, fatigued and feverish, Atherley found himself in the bustle of Broad-street.

Having proceeded to the office, and announced his errand, he was received with considerable respect, but yet with some degree of reserve and distrust; and previous to any explanation being given him was subjected to the most extraordinary, and, as it appeared to him, pointless, cross examination. Among other queries, equally unmeaning, he was asked if he knew the late Sir Henry Molyneux? 'Not at all.' 'Did you ever meet him?' 'Never, to my knowledge.' Mr. Allen smiled, and relaxing by degrees into good-humored familiarity, at last observed, 'You are in the habit of attending the Anniversary Dinner of the Sons of the Clergy?' 'Not lately; the last I was present at, was held on

Thursday, May 20th, 1798. I remember it particularly, on account of some painful conversation that followed.'

'That is all we want, Sir,' said Mr. Curtis. 'I have now only to congratulate you on your increase of income, and to wish you may long enjoy it. The property is under seven thousand pounds. This bundle of papers will explain to you by whom bequeathed—under what circumstances—and where vested; and as you have a full hour's work before you, and probably would prefer being alone, we will bid you, for the present, good morning.' And while Atherley, with a look of the most amusing perplexity, sat himself down to the table, deliberately to unravel this joyful mystery, Mr. Allen and his partner, *utterly unheeded*, shook him warmly by the hand and withdrew.

We shall follow their example; and leaving him to his packet of MS. solve the enigma by abridging its contents.

At an anniversary dinner, already alluded to, chance—no, I will not call it by so bad a name—accident, but regulated above, seated him near a middle-aged military man, whose inexhaustible flow of spirits and fund of anecdote, rendered him a most entertaining companion. By one of those incidental expressions, which will occur even when mere men of the world are conversing on the most common-place topics the conversation turned upon religion; and the stranger, after indulging in a vein of sarcastic irony, broached opinions so wild—so daringly sceptical and presumptuous—that Atherley inquired—'Have you ever read the Bible?'

'Partially, when I was a child; but Heaven forbid that I should waste my time over its absurdities now!'

'Then, Sir, how can you in common honor or honesty, or with any show of fairness—for I place, purposely, every other consideration out of view—presume to deride a book which you have never read, and of the contents of which you are grossly ignorant? Is there any other book in existence of which you would venture to judge without perusal—or any other question on which you would feel yourself qualified to decide without a previous acquaintance with its merits? Make the trial. You will find it, after all, the best companion of a dying bed.'

What reply followed this rebuke—whether any—is now immaterial. The conversation flagged. Some, who had previously participated in it, sat aloof in silence; others eyed the stranger with distrust; and one by one disappeared. Atherley was among the last; and with a distant bow of courtesy he and the stranger parted.

Years intervened. Sir Henry went abroad. Wealth—and leisure—and health—and talents—all were his, *but happiness never!* There was an aching void—a feeling of dissatisfaction and chagrin—a persuasion of which he could never divest himself, that all was unreal about him; that he was in chase of a phantom which he should never possess; which stilled the mirth of the festive board, and jarred the sweetness of the song; and ever and anon the dreary idea occurred—there may be another state of being, and if so my fate—'and it poisoned the very air he breathed, and turned all around him to bitterness.'

He changed the scene; altered his mode of life; plunged into the

whirl of politics ; fatigued himself with the details of business ;—in vain. Something perpetually whispered, **THIS IS BUT THE FIRST ACT OF THE DRAMA!** And at every turn of his career some striking instance of mortality—some unexpected reverse—some bitter disappointment—forced upon him the melancholy conviction—‘If this be the only world, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.’

At length death seized upon the unbeliever at Rome. Upon the bed of languor and disease, the warning of Atherley recurred to him, and he resolved to *read his Bible*. In silence and in solitude—with a spirit broken by suffering, and powers enfeebled by disease—he addressed himself to the task. Nature rallied, and dissolution came on with more measured strides—or rather, the Being he had so habitually despised, granted him time for repentance. He read with a heart anxious and willing to be convinced—he read with humility and earnestness—he read, and supplicated the while, that the spirit would help his infirmities—and he did not read in vain. He died—not a triumphant but a humble penitent. And his last hours were occupied in bequeathing the remains of his once princely fortune to that humble individual whose admonition he had never forgotten, and by whose advice he had at length been enabled and permitted to profit.

The last words he traced were these. They closed the narrative of his life, and introduced the bequest : ‘May you make a better use of it than I have ever done. Oh, would to God that I had felt the responsibility of wealth! I should not have now to call to mind talents abused—opportunities neglected—the poor and destitute despised—and God forgotten!’

* * * * *

The bequest has indeed been blest. For the receiver felt that from God it came ; that to him an account of its disposal must be rendered. Mr. Atherley is now sinking in the vale of years—and though yielding the palm of popularity, and perhaps inferior in usefulness, to his eldest son, is as earnest and as devoted to his Master’s cause, as in the full blaze of his powers : while his affectionate wife, restored by a long sojourn in a milder climate, is now a handsome, portly, contented grandmother.

In the happy domestic circle, Arthur alone is wanting. He has entered into rest. His sufferings were severe and protracted, and reason at times seemed overcast for ever. But all was bright at the close. A few hours before he died he was exempt from suffering, and his intellect was unclouded, and his hopes, how fair! Few that stood around his couch could listen to the outpourings of his youthful heart with unmoistened eye. ‘My sufferings,—not one too many if they bring me to glory. My father, bless me before I go? Dear mother, forgive—Charles, don’t forget me? My kind, merciful God!’ he murmured ; and with a gentle sigh, life ebbed away.

O! there is something inconceivably subduing in the chamber of death—comforting beyond measure, when we see the gloomy tyrant’s dominion broken, and his victim triumphant even when submitting to his will. And Atherley, as he stood beside his child with a tearful eye—and gazed on that lovely countenance so inexpressibly calm and tran-

quill—and looked back on the past and forward to the future—could fancy the glorified spirit wing its flight to realms of bliss—and uttered with joyful meaning—‘*all is well!*’

Courteous reader—be your age or station what it may, soon the things of the spirit *MUST* occupy your exclusive attention. Soon the evening of life will close upon you. Soon the morning of the Resurrection dawn. Ah! bethink you at that awful moment, will *ALL BE WELL?*

TO A LADY.

BY JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

LADY, when thy hands are wreathing
Garland-flowers of memory;
When thy lips are fondly breathing
O'er the names she whispers thee:

'Mid thy wreath of full-blown roses,
Twine one myrtle-sprig for me;
When thy song of friendship closes,
Wake for me one symphony.

A STUDENT'S JOURNAL.

(Addressed to a Friend.)

PART FIFTH.

NOVEMBER 20th. Dennie took for the text of one of his Lay Sermons the following—‘Whereunto shall I liken this generation! It is like unto children.’ I think it would be well for some reverend divine to discourse upon the same text to the men of *this* generation. * * *

November 21st. ‘A character all mirth,’ says an old writer, ‘is like a painting all light, or music without bass.’ It has the effect, too, of a garden filled with flowers of bright hues without any shade.

November 22d. Readers, like verbs, ‘are of three kinds—active, passive, and neuter.’ Two of these classes are very large; the other class is nearly extinct. * * *

November 23d. * * * What are large, fashionable parties but societies for the promotion of *eating* and *ennui*? And yet, there is one great advantage in them, which has never received due attention from their advocates: it is that, in such assemblies, people may learn the art of *standing*, to perfection. Now, if those who frequent parties were just learning to stand alone, what an incomparable school would a very large party be! I think it would be a great improvement, to admit to

such parties young children just learning the use of their limbs. It would discipline them admirably; and to the 'children of a larger growth,' it would furnish some object of attention—something to talk about.

November 24th. Goethe says, (not in his own person, but through one of his characters in Wilhelm Meister,) 'When I become acquainted with a man, my first inquiry is: *With what does he employ himself, and how, and with what degree of perseverance?* The answer regulates the interest which I shall take in him for life.' This is certainly a correct way of judging people who are so situated that they can employ themselves just as they please: and, making due allowance for the circumstances and relations of individuals, it is universally a good rule.

November 25th. * * I believe those people who complain of the *unkindness* of the world accuse mankind falsely. I suspect the difficulty generally is, that such persons expect *sympathy* when they ought only to expect *kindness*. Now the latter, it seems to me, is as common as the former is rare.

'Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below!
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow;
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.'

November 26th. * * * There is such a thing as being happier than we can bear; there are sights that pain us by their exceeding beauty; there are feelings too blissful for earth; and, at such moments, do we not feel, even more than in affliction, that this is not our rest, that we would not live always?

November 27th. * * * No one can ever say with truth, that he has 'nothing to do.' Every individual in this world, has been placed here to accomplish high and holy purposes. Surely, there is enough to occupy all our time, to fill the whole mind, to engage all our energies; enough, and more than enough—for the work is great, and the time is short.

What order, what harmony, what happiness, will there be in this world, when each shall constantly do, in his own proper sphere, and in singleness of heart, the utmost of which he is capable, to perfect his own character, and to bless the world. Let us endeavor to do something (the humblest individual may do much) to bring about such a blessed consummation. So shall we move, quietly and usefully, 'along the path of order and of good.' So shall we understand and feel, how true is that beautiful saying of Thomas A Kempis, 'Thou shalt have joy in the evening, if thou hast spent the day well.'

November 28th. Christianity is equally adapted to our whole nature. Every duty is in a certain sense a religious duty. It should be our constant aim to bring *every* faculty into perfect harmony with the character and will of our Creator. It is not enough to be zealous, prayerful, believing, and benevolent. If our religion does not make us more

quiet and industrious; more candid, tolerant, and generous; more refined, liberal-minded, and intellectual, we have reason to doubt its genuineness.

* * * In the Bible, how often is *peace* spoken of as characteristic of a right state of mind—and yet how few are there, even among Christians, who are not manifestly ‘careful and troubled about many things.’ How many beautiful passages are there, both in the Old and New Testaments, which describe the peace of the righteous. I remember one in Isaiah, which has always seemed to me peculiarly forcible. ‘And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.’—‘Peace I leave with you, *my peace* I give unto you,’ said Christ to his disciples—and shortly after, he said, ‘Lo, I am with you alway.’ Is there no connexion between these two sayings? Yes, if the spirit of our Saviour dwelleth in us, then the ‘peace that passeth understanding’ is ours also.

E. F. X.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

As in the clear, unruffled stream,
The trees that shade its bank we see,
When o'er this page thine eye shall beam,
May in thy heart my image be:

And as the waters onward stray,
Each wave reflects its banks anew,—
May I, when years have roll'd away,
Still live in memory to you.

THE first object of a true zeal is, not that we may prosper, but that we may do right, that we may keep ourselves unspotted from every evil thought, word, and deed. Under the inspiration of such a zeal, we shall not find in the greatness of an enterprise an apology for intrigue or for violence. We shall not need immediate success to spur us to exertion. We shall not distrust God, because he does not yield to the cry of human impatience. We shall not forsake a good work, because it does not advance with a rapid step. Faith in truth, virtue, and Almighty goodness, will save us alike from rashness and despair.

Channing.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

‘AND it came to pass that he went into a city called Nain ; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow : and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier : and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.’

When we read this narrative, we cannot help thinking how happy was the mother, and he that was raised from the dead, and the bearers, and all the people that were present—but especially the mother ! You know how one who has a child dangerously ill longs to save him, and walks about wringing his hands, and hopes on, even when there is no hope. We never cease to hope for the recovery of our friends, so long as they are alive. But when, at last, the spirit has departed, and the lifeless form is clothed for the grave ; when the coffin comes, and the bearers, and the dead is carried out ; then, indeed, we hope no longer—then, there is nothing left for us but to follow the dead body to the grave, weeping as we go.

So was it, doubtless, with the widow of Nain ; she had ceased to hope, when she followed the remains of her son out of the gate of the city. And it would have been with her as with other mourners ; her child would have been laid in the grave, and covered with earth—and she must have returned alone to her desolate home—if she had not, at that moment, met with Jesus, our beloved Master.

Wonderful and joyous is it, to think that he was once upon earth, and that men *could* meet him !

‘And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.’

There was always something beyond measure tender and generous in the conduct of Christ. Those who cannot help the unfortunate, generally have compassion ; and those who have compassion, cannot generally help. Some are compassionate, because they remember that they, in their turn, may soon need assistance ; some, because they already need assistance from others ; some, because they are under obligations to the unfortunate. But, no such circumstances exist in this case. At the first glance, indeed, we might think that the widow of Nain could reasonably expect compassion from Christ : but let us look at the relation in which they stood to each other. Before him she was, what we all are, an unthankful, degenerate child, who had forsaken her father's house, and made herself unhappy by sin ; and Christ was, the father who had come to seek out the lost child, and had found her in a miserable condition, reaping the bitter fruits of transgression. Deserved she, then, any thing but reproaches from her Master ?

But, 'when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.'

And that was not all. He was not willing merely to forgive and forget: he would also provide a way for her relief.

'And he came up to the bier, and touched the coffin, and the bearers stood still.'

Probably the widow knew not the Lord Jesus—absorbed in her grief, she scarcely noticed him—and but indistinctly heard him, when he said to her, 'weep not.' Her eyes wandered not from the bier: she expected nothing from the unknown Rabbi—not even when he came up, and touched the coffin, and bade the young man arise.

But when she saw again the countenance of her son, her only son; when he sat up, and began to speak, and was restored to her arms;—then she must have gazed earnestly at the wonderful Rabbi, and cast herself on the ground before him, and kissed his hands and his feet.

And how were the bystanders affected by all this? Luke says, 'there came a fear on all; and they glorified God, saying, A great prophet is risen up among us, and God hath visited his people.' And this seems to me very natural; for, however moving the scene might be, the wonderful power displayed by Jesus, must have made a deeper impression than any thing else. They even lost sight of the widow; they trembled at the power of God, and glorified his name: they believed and felt that in death it is only the earthly tabernacle, the spirit's covering, that lies in ruins—that the spirit survives after death, and that man may, with certainty, expect to meet again the departed. 'The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth.'—

But, the dead who are not in the graves, shall also hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall live.

His kingdom was not of this world. Although he was Lord and Master of the visible world, and his instructions were wonderfully profitable for the life that now is, and he always loved to provide for the temporal wants of his followers; yet his chosen field, his peculiar sphere, were not earthly. He was set over the invisible, a steward of holy treasures. And all his visible works and miracles, were only his lesser and subordinate works, which he performed in order to instruct men concerning greater things: he sought, by means of the wonders they could see, to open their eyes to things invisible.

The restoration of life to a dead body is truly a great work, but not the greatest. As spirit and will are greater and nobler than body and mechanism; so the restoration of our spirits to their original brightness, is a more glorious work than the restoration of animal life. This high and peculiar work of Christ is invisible. But, for this, we know that he was long looked for by the world, and desired by good men. An all-sufficient Saviour is he, and has power both to raise the dead and to give spiritual life. And they whose hearts longed for truth felt, when they heard of his wonderful works, that no man could do such things, and that he must be indeed a teacher sent from God; and so they went to him, to obtain spiritual counsel and consolation.—

What can men do, with all their boastings? They can talk about

the lifeless form, compose its limbs, clothe it for the grave, and bring flowers to adorn it; but, beyond that, they are powerless, and the pale corpse lies still and silent before them. But the Saviour draws near—he touches the coffin, and the dead is alive again, at the summons of Him who has ‘life in himself.’

I see in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery; now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.—*John Newton.*

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Ladies' Wreath; a selection from the Female Poetic Writers of England and America; with original notices and notes: prepared especially for Young Ladies. A Gift-Book for all seasons; by Mrs. Hale, author of 'Northwood,' 'Flora's Interpreter,' 'Traits of American Life,' &c. Boston: Marsh, Capen, & Lyon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1837.

The first part of this volume contains selections from the poetical writings of Mrs. Hemans, Joanna Baillie, Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, Jane Taylor, Miss Landon, Mrs. Norton, Mary Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, Mary Ann Browne, Caroline Bowles, and Miss Mitford. The second part contains selections from the poems of Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Wells, Louisa P. Smith, Lucretia Maria Davidson, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Dinnes, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. Ellet, and Mrs. Hale. The selections are generally made with taste and judgment. The biographical and critical notices are well written; some of them are highly interesting. As a favorable specimen of them, we extract the greater part of the notice of Mary Howitt:—

‘Gentle, pure-hearted poetess—we cannot call thee Mistress Howitt!—albeit thou art the wedded wife of a poet, worthy to bestow his name and the matronly title upon thee. But thy address should agree with the sweet, unpretending character of thy verse, which, like the violet, is sought the more for its modest simplicity; and so we shall continue to speak of thee by that name, so dear to all lovers of *true*, heart-touching poetry.—*Mary Howitt.*

‘We think Mary Howitt must always have been poetical. There is an ease in all her productions, and a playfulness of fancy in many of them, which could never have been gained by study. She has a warm love of nature, and of children—feelings that imbue the soul of a woman with the spirit of poesy—and then she is pious, tenderly, sincerely pious; and the subjects she chooses seem to harmonize with the tenor of her thoughts, like household words in a loving family. She has, also, a taste for the mystical, just sufficient to throw an air

of romance over the every-day scenes of life, and give to the old traditions of fairy lore, that reality which makes its teachings

"A lesson not to be unlearned."

'The poems of Mary Howitt have chiefly appeared in the periodicals, or in works in which she has been associated with her husband, William Howitt. Her last production, "The Seven Temptations," has not been republished in America; it well deserves to be, as it is imbued with those pious teachings which, invested in the garb of moving poetry, have a deep and abiding effect on the young.'

'Mary Howitt has many advantages which will facilitate her literary progress. She is united to a man of fine genius and pure taste, and is encouraged by his approbation and example to cultivate her own powers. This is a felicity which few literary ladies have enjoyed, and the gentle and womanly manner in which she employs her talents, shows that she appreciates her own happy lot. The religion of the Quakers, in which faith this gifted and amiable pair were educated, is very favorable to female genius. The influences of the spirit are equally encouraged and regarded in both sexes; hence a soul-companionship is established between husband and wife, which, if they are endowed with fine talents and warm sensibilities, like the Howitts, must make their home a scene of improvement and delight.'

We have room for one more extract, and it shall be from the poetry of Mary Howitt:—

'There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismay'd,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land, oh where?
For I would hasten there—
Tell me—I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy woe!
The beautiful have left me all alone!
The true, the tender, from my paths are gone!
Oh, guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know that land,
For I am burden'd with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair!
Where is it?—tell me where—
Thou that art kind and gentle—tell me where!'

'Friend! thou must trust in Him, who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain, and strife!
Think how the Son of God
Those thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted, nor cared for Him!
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet;
Yet how he pray'd, unaided and alone,
In that great agony—"Thy will be done!"
Friend! do not thou despair,
Christ, from his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer!'

We intend to notice the 'Ladies' Wreath' more fully, in some future number of the *Microcosm*—probably in our next.

THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1837. .

No. 8.

FUNERAL LAMENTATION,

Spoken not in the church, but in a chamber, by the open coffin, with no one present but my friend Andrew.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

ANDREW, here he lies ! But he hears and sees us no more. Anselmo is dead, our dear Anselmo ! Doth not thy heart fail thee, Andrew ?

He was wont, as thou knowest, to call the world a hospital, wherein men are nursed until their recovery. He has now recovered, and has thrown aside his hospital-clothing. And we stand by the cast-off garment, but our Anselmo is not here.—

He was so good, and patient, and devout, that surely the angels have carried him to Abraham's bosom.

See here ! He looks as if he were alive, only death has made him strangely pale—oh, *how* pale, Andrew ! Hast thou ever looked on death before ?

So long as his form is here, our friend seems not wholly lost to us. But he must go away from us entirely ; so has God ordained. Anselmo must return to earth—he must be buried from our sight.

Andrew ! I would gladly comfort thee—but I cannot. Lean against the wall, and weep freely : I will sit down here, and rest my head upon the coffin. How vain and transitory is every thing earthly ! What is our portion here ? Hope—fear—care—and at last comes death ! The time is coming, Andrew, when they will wrap us in a shroud, and lay us in a coffin. Let us do, dear friend, what it will then gladden us to remember ; let us trust in God.

And now, we must go, Andrew. We can do nothing more for Anselmo.

I have here a bunch of flowers that I will lay in the coffin ; and thou—take thy little silver cross, and place it on his breast, a farewell gift to thy friend : and now we must look on him for the last time.

Anselmo ! dear Anselmo ! with thy pale countenance, and folded hands, sleep on ! God be with thee ! Oh, dearly beloved Anselmo ! God be with thee !

—We shall see him again—

Take courage, Andrew ! To-day we ought surely to be of good cheer—it is the birth-day of JESUS, OUR SAVIOUR.

TO MY CHILD.

WHEN loveliest things in Nature pass'd away,
 And clouds, and latest roses, lost their light,—
 When summer sounds of insects, and of birds,
 Grew faint and still;—when from the leaves and woods
 Seem'd fading, day by day, the tender green,
 'Twas then, my blessed child, thou too wert not.
 The birds have come again, and all is life;—
 And I have wander'd to our fav'rite stream,
 And gaz'd upon its waters—till I dream'd
 The past was present—and my soul felt bright
 With something like the sense of former days.
 'Mother!' thy sweet young voice broke on the air,
 And thro' the brook I watch'd thy tiny feet,
 Which look'd to me as water-lilies fair;—
 And then we clasp'd each other, as we lay
 Upon the soft green world, of many a blue-
 Eyed gentian—then were breath'd those pretty lines
 Which Bryant wrote in praise of this sweet flower.
 How oft I prais'd thee fondly for the verse,
 And every fairy word of love pass'd rapidly
 From lip to lip—and every graceful tale,
 Which drew upon thy girlish sympathies,
 Was told—the paper-boats we fill'd with flowers;
 And all thy soul-like beauty rush'd to mind—
 Thy brilliant glance, as pure and free from guile
 As the wild antelope's, look'd deep into
 Thy mother's happy heart—who dream'd for thee
 Sweet thoughts, and often deck'd thee as a bride.
 —I dress'd thee in thy shroud! God will'd it so—
 And in thy coffin as I kiss'd thy cheek,
 My soul went with thee from this desert world.
 Thy grave is strewn with buds, to tempt the bee
 And bird—for thou wert full of warmest love
 For leaves, and grass, and every living thing;
 And near their quiet joy, thy spirit speaks
 To me, in hues and scents—'tis there, my child,
 I pray to yield thee to thy glorious lot,
 Without a sigh—I see thee training 'neath
 The eye of Christ, thy Saviour and thy friend;
 Tasting from founts whose waters are more pure
 Than snows from rocks and fields of Lebanon.
 I yearn to meet thee in that heaven of rest,
 Where only we can dare to love with all
 Our soul, and read *forever* on the brow.
 Christ is the pilot to that land of love—

Say, with thy palms, thou child of life and light,
 With hidden manna, and the bright mysterious gem,—
 Say, wilt thou welcome her thy death hath made
 A pilgrim in this bright, unreal world,
 Where calm is not, save 'neath the turf o'er thee?

F.

THE HISTORY OF A TRIFLER.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Still idle with a busy air,
 Deep whimsies to contrive;
 The gayest Valetudinaire,
 Most thinking *fop* alive.—*Pope*.

Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous.—*Paradise Regained*.

It is a whim of yours, Godfrey Walsingham—this desiring to have my own history in my own hand-writing; and, but for your odder whim of being attached to me, one that I should gainsay, from the belief that you only desire it as likely to afford fresh food for railery. Confess now, Godfrey,—is our mutual friendship to be accounted for on any other principle, than that the strongest regards both of man and woman are invariably those for which they can give the fewest reasons? Were ever two beings framed of such dissimilar materials as you and I? Upon which of us Nature tried her 'prentice hand' I shall not determine, but the fact of difference amounting to contradiction is most evident, and the fact of our friendship most strange. What a mastiff of a man are you in person! What a Goth are you in mind! What a regular sailor's life have you led for the last twenty years—tossed about like a shuttlecock whithersoever your battledores of the Admiralty pleased—frying in this zone, freezing in that; now claiming kindred with the heights, and then descending to the depths; withal, so indifferent to modes of life, costume, or cookery, that you would dine almost equally well with a Tartar, a Turk, an Esquimaux, or an Exquisite!—now taking your champagne like a gentleman on shore; anon, shipwrecked and relishing biscuit dipped in salt water, and perfectly happy with or without a jacket. I called you a Goth in taste—am I far wrong? You join in 'God save the king,' on week-days, and in the 'Old Hundredth' on Sundays, from a sense of duty political and religious, otherwise Boreas himself is as musical. Added to this, Godfrey, I don't believe (and I speak conscientiously) that any poetry of any denomination ever retained a place in your memory, that is, supposing the possibility of it having entered therein, except 'Thirty days hath September,' or one of the national anthems aforesaid. Perhaps, but I speak doubtfully, you may yet be haunted by a stray line of the 'Beggars' Petition,' thanks to the pains and penalties inflicted on you

whilst you learned it. As I do not think any one in this, the nineteenth century, can compete with you in contempt for the fine arts, you must enjoy that supremacy till one rises from the grave to dispute it with you : I do verily believe that all your ideas of architecture are limited to ship-building. How is it, then, that I like you ? I could give excellent reasons and plenty for esteeming you very highly, but how and whence comes the liking, I wonder. You disapprove full half my character and three parts of my habits—at least you make me believe that you do—and when you visit my cottage *ornée*, you look like an elephant squeezed into a mouse-trap. What a miracle of patience must I be ! You switch my rose trees, and lean against my trellices with the force of a battering ram. Woe to the well-being of my grotto when you enact hermit ! You are an earthquake to my Chinese bridge—a pestilence among my flower pots—and if my collection of butterflies were not dead already, your touch would save corking pins ! In addition to these grievances, you laugh at my prejudices, predilections, and perturbations in a body—yet are we the best friends in the world ! Moreover, you desire some account of the ways and means whereby I became a Trifler, and here am I willing to gratify you ! Is not all this marvellous ?

Know, then, that it is precisely two and thirty years since I, Claude de Villaret, was introduced into this world which most persons call wicked *par excellence*, and I vulgar. Upon my honor I have not the slightest recollection of myself as an infant ; whether I wore my long and short coats with any grace peculiar to myself, or whilst whistling my coral exhibited any prematurity of affectation, I am alike ignorant.

My father was, you know, a gentleman of France, who by long residence in England, induced by commercial engagements and his marriage with my mother, became half modified into an Englishman. He learned to like roast beef—endure Shakspeare—think the people conversible—tolerate, in short, every thing but our climate. Time never reconciled him to November. I mention all these points in my father's favor, lest you—having been one of Nelson's middies, and having pretty well profited by the worst of his three lessons, viz. 'to hate the French,'—might charitably presume that I owe my faults to my father. I do attribute those faults in a great measure to my early education, but in so doing I must seem to blame my English parent, my mother ; for she had the unlimited disposal of my precious person up to the time of my father's death, which occurred in my eighth year, and afterwards till her own, which happened ten years later. And yet, now I have written that word 'blame,' my heart reproaches me ; for the errors she committed leaned to virtue's side, inasmuch as they consisted of over-love and over-carefulness. Who remembers not Cowper's delineation of maternal tenderness ?—

—'The gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap'—

* * * * *

'Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
Of biscuit and confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed.'

* * * * *
' Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers;
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile.'

Exquisite ! But in my own case, all this was carried to excess ; for though I rode in 'my bauble coach' when I had better have walked, all my schooling was transacted at home, when, and for as long, as I—pupil at once and master of my tender schoolmistress—pleased ; then the 'biscuit and confectionary plum' were not mere morning gifts, but renewed full often through the day ; and all my recreations, up to a good Latin-learning, cricket-playing age, were of the silent, sedentary, sentimental kind, that may be assorted under the head of pin-pricking. O Godfrey, man-mountain as thou art !—what a blessing it is to be born an ill-favored baby !—to grow up a stout, rampagious boy—scouring hedge and ditch—knowing no difference between hail, rain, snow, or sunshine—lightly esteeming wounds and bruises—and fearfully careless of gloves, handkerchiefs, and clean hands ! It was my first misfortune to be an only son ; my second, to be very pretty and feminine-looking ; my third, to be really rather delicate, and considered still more so. I was consequently brought up on what is universally known, but now generally denounced, as the coddling system ; a system of pampering, petting, physicking, bed-warming, cold-water-hating, fresh-air-exploding—a system that has fire for its divinity, and clothes its high-priests in flannel. The consultations between my poor dear mother and my silly old nurse, and a still sillier old doctor, were interminable ; the periods for Master Claude putting on his woollen stockings, and putting off his cotton ones, were as distinctly marked in our domestic calendar as the Olympiads of old. That part of Kehama's curse—

' And water shall see thee,
And fear thee and flee thee,'

would to me have been a blessing : I might then have played out of doors fearless of wet feet. Maternal fears on account of my health induced a steady discouragement of healthy sports for the body, or sedulous occupation for the mind ; so I passed through my childhood, humored, watched, waited upon, and tendered, to a degree that is scarcely conceivable. Fantastically dressed, whilst other boys were fugging at school, I was made a drawing-room boy, 'cockered and spirited up' (to use an expression of Gray's) into egregious ideas of my own consequence, and the super-eminent importance of gentility. I was a juvenile *petit maitre*. As I grew older, and the character so formed developed, I was an odd compound. I had an instinctive gaiety of temper, derived I suppose from my father, combined with timid, indolent, fastidious tastes ; whilst from constantly hearing trifles discussed as matters

of importance, can it be wondered that I grew up disposed to trifling ? From never being told that life, with every advantage of station and fortune, is after all a plain and serious business ;—a series of actions, not emotions—of duties, not imaginations—an eminence to be climbed, not a sunny bank to be reposed upon—that the end of thinking is not mere thought, or of recreation mere pleasure, or even of knowledge mere information, but that each should involve a motive and lead on to action ;—surely, my dear Godfrey, you will allow that an inefficient character was almost entailed upon me.

‘Ay,’ you will say, ‘but you might have struggled against your condition when you grew up.’

I might probably have done so, had it then been needful that I should work for my bread, or had I then fallen under the influence of a powerful mind, employing its energies in a sphere of moral labor, and upheld by a deep sense of religious obligation ; but no such need was mine, and no such friend fell in my way. This, however, is anticipating my manhood ; let me return to my early youth. But for my father’s premature and somewhat sudden decease, I do think there would have been, as far as I was concerned, a radical reform in our domestic polity. Aroused, as he at last was, to see the evils that unlimited indulgence was inflicting on my disposition, it is not impossible that I might have been sent to school and college, whence, if my habits had allowed me to escape with my life, it is also not quite impossible that I might have returned a useful member of society. I might have aspired to the honor of becoming food for powder ; or defending a client indicted for stealing sixpence three-farthings ; or of declaring that two parallel straight lines can never meet ; or I might have put forth a book of doubts concerning something universally believed, or a book of proofs concerning something else universally doubted ; or I might have compounded a new pill, or discovered a new poison, or composed a tune or a poem that should have procured me five hundred pounds, and five months’ fame. I can fancy no end of useful and honorable pursuits incident to this bustling world, by means of which I might have acquired a fortune and a monument. What a loss have all three had—I, the world, and Westminster Abbey ! It has been enough for me to twine honeysuckles round arbors—watch ‘the launch of a fleet of ducklings’—lie on a sofa and read new novels—write now and then a letter—catch now and then a fish—buy now and then a book, a picture, or a bust—‘make water run where it will be heard, and stagnate where it may be seen’—whilst the world, amidst her crowd of soldiers, lawyers, wranglers, doctors, and authors, is still a vale of tears ; and the last-mentioned of the trio, the Abbey, has a ‘false marble’ and a gold-lettered lie at the service of a better man.

‘How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great !’

However, it is idle now for me to dwell on an imaginary career, for my father died, and the time of mourning being expired, (you know, Godfrey, it was sincere,) instead of sending me to school, my mother

engaged a tutor for me, satisfying her sense of duty by providing for my instruction, and her maternal feeling by keeping me at home. The studies of the little Lord Linger (in 'Evenings at Home') were the counterpart of mine; like him, when tired of doing nothing, I was willing to read a little in Hume, 'do some geography,' or 'with a good deal of help get through twenty lines of Virgil.' The infant peer altering his mind, even about his pleasures, ten times an hour, was a picture of myself.

Had my tutor been a brother in brain of Busby, or Parr, or Butler, he would quickly have emancipated his pupil from his bad habits, or himself from his situation; but with much information and a great deal of worth, he possessed little judgment, and was grievously destitute of the moral energy which avowedly governs, or the brilliancy of talent which indirectly influences the minds of others. Besides, and here was another misfortune, he grew attached to me and I to him; and, as I grew more companionable, we loitered, and lounged, and dreamed through the fields of literature that afforded most flowers and least fruit, rather like two happy, lazy, affectionate brothers, than like a preceptor alive to his finger ends with dignity and the declensions of nouns, and a pupil who fags through his lessons because he dare not do otherwise. My mother delighted in him because I did; and thus the dear little man lived on amongst us as a kind of confidential family friend, whom we half mistook for a relation, but never treated as a dependant. Would he were alive now! I might in a serious mood blame him for the very conduct which at the time called forth my eulogies, but we should live together again, and increase each other's happiness:—straw-pickers and push-pin-players to that sovereign and serene power—the power of laziness!—and deserve at last part of the epitaph made for sauntering Jack and his wife:

'If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning pass'd—the evening came,
And found this couple just the same;
They soundly slept the night away,
And did just nothing all the day!'

that is, 'nothing' as this worky-day world interprets the phrase; but I am convinced, Godfrey, that it requires a very fine genius and a very amiable disposition to do nothing and yet be happy; this proposition granted, I question whether Great Britain contained for some time, three more gifted and amiable people than my mother, my tutor, and myself. The world was our friend, and we were friendly to the world. We had a taste for ease and elegance, and fortune enabled us to gratify our taste. We all mortally hated trouble, alike in the way of toilsome occupation, or the contemplation of calamity. We were the best neighbors in the world in the way of visiting, provided the visiting were of an agreeable nature, but much sympathy with sorrow agreed not with our code. The situation of our residence admirably sheltered our feelings from being disagreeably drawn upon:—it was a charming villa about a mile from a fashionable Spa; far away from the dull gentility of a country town, or the unmitigated bustle of a manufacturing district. In those

places you cannot preserve your sensibility untroubled. In the one first named, your neighbors' sorrows are at your very door, and are almost valuable as affording subject-matter for conversation, when the parrot becomes silent and the lap-dog goes to sleep; and in the last-mentioned division of the earth, without being blind and deaf you cannot live to yourself. Beggars in spite of the police *will* beg—children *will* look half famished—merchants *will* be bankrupt—porters *will* jostle—carts, wains, drays, coaches, *will* proceed on their way, top-heavy and self-important—and the newspapers persist in narrating the accidents of the week. You cannot help having some unpleasant suspicions that the world contains a vast portion of labor and sorrow. As we were situated, this gross theory was less substantiated by facts. — Spa was wholly a pleasure place—the beggars and thieves that congregated there, had at least the merit of being well dressed, besides possessing manners that mere want never acquires. Then, there was no pursuit but amusement, and no business but what had in view the furtherance of that object; it was possible to visit, and live, and lounge therein, without having painful reflections forced upon your mind; if you read the newspapers, it was merely to notice the arrivals and departures—the day fixed for the next assembly or public night at the pump-room; your sympathies were quite safe. This vicinity suited us and we suited it. We made every season new acquaintances; balls, parties, picnics, morning calls, and now and then a *fête* for charity cemented the intercourse; and the certainty that the succeeding season would bring a succession of visitors, perhaps still more agreeable, banished sadness from our adieus. It was a charming life if it could but have lasted; and, as I approached my eighteenth birth-day, my fancy began to anticipate a more exalted place in the pageant than I had yet filled. My education (except what the circulating libraries would effect) was finished—and I was finished;—my conversation deserved to be put into a novel,—my dressing-box was unique, and my dancing unexceptionable. As I never thought of life, further than as time given for enjoyment, it cannot be imagined that I should meditate much on death. The loss of my father, and the decease of various people I had seen, were sufficient evidence that such a thing existed; but the first loss had in the course of nine years faded from my mind, and the last had been merely 'heard by the hearing of the ear.' Nothing absolutely identified with my own happiness had been removed from me—nothing that since I had ceased to be a mere child, I had looked upon and loved, every day and all day. 'The bourne from whence no traveller returns' was a phrase I had heard from the pulpit, but it conveyed no idea to my mind. Death was something—nothing; a notion connected with hat-bands and black gloves; but as a fact, and a truth, perfectly powerless and utterly unrealized. Alas, it was the same with all of us!

One day I returned home from — Spa in more than my usual spirits, for I had been arranging a party of pleasure for my approaching birth-day, and I had also been choosing my mother a fashionable turban to wear on the occasion. I had also succeeded in bringing off a new novel, arrived that very day from town, the first perusal of which would of course give me the start in that night's conversation; when on entering our dwelling, my tutor met me with a countenance that sufficiently

proclaimed ill tidings. When he spoke, his words went beyond my worst anticipations. About two hours after my departure in the morning, my mother had been seized with a stroke, (messengers were then searching for me,)—she had lost the use of speech, but that, her physicians thought, might in some measure return; meanwhile, from the anxiety of her looks, and frequent moanings, they conceived her sensible, and desirous of seeing me. This was my first grief—honest, resolute, and deep. I was instantly by her side, and I scarcely left it for the three remaining days of her lingering life. She knew me instantly! General consciousness, and in some degree the power of articulate speech, gradually returned; but I could almost say, I wish it had not done so; for her last words and hours never recur to my remembrance, without plunging me into the deepest sadness; without awakening resolves that I have no strength to keep. The dawn of a summer day, glorious when beheld in the open air, is wretched and even taunting when it peeps into a chamber of death—ushered in, as that dawn is, by the carol of the small birds, the lusty and clock-like crowing that arises from the poultry yard,—and followed, soon after, by the whistle of the field laborers. Beyond the chamber-window, life is stirring; pleasure, *innocent* pleasure, soliciting the senses on all hands; the earth is clothed ‘with light as with a garment,’ and the sparkling stream and nodding flower, with the gentle gales that make ripples on the one, and scatter dews from the other, whisper to the spirit, of ‘gladness and deep joy.’ But within that chamber—chilly, yet close—disordered in its arrangements—within that chamber my mother lay,—she was faint, and I opened the window; roses were trained so close to it, that when the impediment of the sash was removed, their crimson clusters burst in, and sprinkled their dew-drops around. This trivial circumstance was observed by my mother, and she motioned me to gather some. I plucked a handful, and laid them on her pillow: how proud and glorious looked their tints, in contrast with the distorted features and livid hue of the human being! My mother looked first at the flowers, and then at me, and her eyes filled. I wiped away her tears, and whispered, what I durst not believe—words of hope. She shook her head solemnly, and rather murmured than pronounced a reply, but I understood her. ‘They die—but they have fulfilled their destiny—I—’

‘Yes,’ said I, keeping up the sentiment, ‘their life was pleasant, so, dearest mother, will yours be yet again.’

She shook her head, and grasping my hand, struggled to give emphasis to her words, (they had been emphatic without,)—‘My child—my boy—I am *dying*—forgive—forgive—’

‘Beloved mother, it is for me to bless—not forgive.’

‘Trifle not, Claude—I need forgiveness, I tell you. I have lived only for time, and I am going into eternity—never, never to return, Claude—and I have brought *you* up for time—in pleasure—in thoughtlessness—there is another world—I *feel* it—I shall soon *see* it—and you—my boy!—my son!—my idolized!—forgive, I say—’

When I die myself, I may forget the piercing, unearthly anguish of the look that accompanied these words. I knelt, and sobbed aloud;—for though now silent, interrupted moans told how the parting spirit

struggled with its own reflections. Frantic, and yet from my previous ignorance quite confounded, I knew not myself how to minister to a mind diseased, nor yet whom to summon; my tutor could weep and grieve, but ghostly counsel, beyond drawing up a catalogue of evil deeds avoided, coupled with a vague declaration of divine mercy, he could not impart; and I felt that the case wanted more efficient aid: scarcely conscious of the act, I sprang from the room, pushed across our own lawn and the adjacent fields, to the humble dwelling of a clergyman whom we had never visited, but whom I had heard alternately censured and ridiculed for being 'righteous overmuch,' and, in language scarcely coherent, summoned him to the house of sorrow.

What passed, I know not. I led him to the room, and then sunk down in a fit of insensibility, from which I was not recovered till all was over—till there was no more need of care or grief for the sufferer—till affection itself was vain.

The death of my mother occasioned, as I said, my first grief; but it was when the wound my feelings had received became somewhat healed, that I think I became most sensible of the loss I had sustained. It was then that I first became conscious that my mind was enervated. I felt forlorn with all the world before me; weak in the pride of youth; and poor amid the resources of fortune. The prospect of liberty, and the possession of a handsome competence, were not to me such engaging objects as they are to most youths; for the former had never been infringed, whilst the pleasure procured by the latter I had long enjoyed, without exercising care or forethought. Besides, that liberty, and possession of that fortune, were till I should be twenty-one, wholly prospective: there was a will that consigned me to the care of a guardian, and that guardian was not my gentle-souled tutor—whom I might have led, according to the school-boy rhyme, 'out of Scotland into France,' and without whom I might, had I so pleased, have journeyed from Cancer to Capricorn;—but a rural Polyphemus, an avatar of top boots and buckskins, a country squire who lived in an ancient mansion surrounded by yet more ancient trees, prided himself on his 'English' pride, which consisted in hating every thing foreign, and every thing modish—who hung his staircase with funeral escutcheons of grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts, and uncles, up to the time of Edward the fourth—garnished his hall with 'drums, trumpets, blunderbusses,' (his own voice was the 'thunder,') stags' horns that would have sufficed a herd, specimens of every kind of sporting trophy, with horns and whips hung crosswise, and hunting caps surmounting them as crests; whilst the floor of this said hall was paved with black and white flag-stones, generally covered with grayhounds couchant. Its furniture was completed by sundry flap tables and high-backed chairs, carved with a needless declaration of their age, 1589. The squire himself was one of a race now nearly extinct; his roughness was not like yours, Godfrey, which is so strangely blent with compassionate kindness towards bodily weakness, and even mental wilfulness. My uncle, good man, considered the accidents of ironlike strength, horselike agility, and the appetite and digestion of a mower, *bona fide* virtues. I believe he would have bowed to a bear much sooner than to a fine gentleman, that is, on condition

that the bear had not been taught to dance—in which case, he would have been considered a fine gentleman too. To the superintending care of this worthy uncle, I was to be consigned for the remaining three years of my minority. He had never pardoned the marriage of my mother with a foreigner, but he possessed the family instinct, and she did not err in supposing that he would guard my worldly interests with the scrupulous fidelity of a mastiff. She never meant the superintendence to go beyond temporalities; he understood it in a very imperial sense, as extending to my mind and person, no less than my estate; and having let the villa and grounds near — Spa, on very advantageous terms, he carried me off to his 'Birs Nimrood,' with the charitable intention of correcting the defects in my education. My heart was too sad to resist, and I went without murmuring. And now commenced my real trials. My uncle fully conceived that I could be broken in, like a horse or a dog—be made, like them, obedient to a touch of the rein or a sign of the hand. He found, to his amazement, that the soft, silken, indolent youth, had decided tastes, and what was more, a decided will of his own. He was stupified with amazement at the discovery. Probably, had the matter been left to my own personal opinion, I might have relished field sports and athletic exercises, but to be driven and commanded was not to be endured. The more he stormed against effeminacy, the more effeminate I grew, chiefly for contradiction; the more he exalted the merits of his son—a youth of my own age, whose personal graces might equal those of a Highland drover, and his intellectual ones just exceed those of the animals driven—the more I strove to be unlike him; we hated each other from instinct—we could not help it. When my uncle and cousin would return from hunting, hallooing with the hounds, I would step forth, book in hand, in my silk *robe de chambre* and pink slippers, and give them the softest greeting in the world; or, as it might be, asking the silliest question I could think of. When I stroked a grayhound, it was always in a kid glove; and as my uncle and cousin visited with their guns, and paid compliments in game, so my approach was always announced beforehand by perfumery, like that of a ship freighted from the spice islands. The more they exalted Old England, her roast beef, her wooden walls, her sons, her sheep, her daughters, and her dogs, the more I raved about France and Italy, whither I longed to go. In fact, I was heart-sick. I had been a spoiled child of the affections, and I pined after the fond attendance and gentle usage of my former home and friends. My mother's shade was continually before me. I used to lie for hours in the forest glades, watching the declining sunbeams redden the foliage of the oaks, and gleam upon their old gnarled trunks—my companion, some tale of romance, or dream of poetry, from which, ere long, my heart would steal away to muse upon past pleasures, and vent itself in tears and sighs, and vain, too vain regrets.

I corresponded with my old tutor, and that was my only comfort; but his letters did not strengthen my mind:—he sympathized with me through right and through wrong; but while blaming my uncle's rude and ridiculous ideas of manliness, he did not warn me to avoid my equally false and ridiculous notions of refinement, neither did he blame

me for my perverse and boyish affectations, assumed though they mainly were, to provoke and annoy my fox-hunting, steeple-chasing relations. His friendship was indeed self-love at second-hand, but I cannot call him a true friend. Peace, however, be to his foibles, and let his amiability and kindness alone be remembered! If every man were his own historian, as well as the hero of his own history, there would be very little self-condemnation in the world; all would lay the burden of blame on the shoulders of friends and relatives: perhaps I have done this too much already. Peace, then, to the memory even of my uncle and cousin! If they tormented me, I did the same by them, and intentionally, which they did not. It is related of Burckhardt, the traveller, that when detained against his will, in the house of some very sublime Turkish authority, he exerted himself to be troublesome with such success, that the officer was at length thankful to let him depart whither he would. Years before Burckhardt hit upon this expedient in Turkey, I had adopted it in Leicestershire, and with equally good effect: I fairly tired out my guardian, and as far as personal liberty was concerned, gained my darling point. 'Go, Sir,' said he, one morning, after a long, and, as it proved, a last altercation on the subject: 'Go, Sir, and eat macaroni, and make a fool of yourself, and forsake the land of your fathers, and her glorious constitution, and all that makes her a pride and a delight—the roast beef of Old England, and the wooden walls of Old England:—go your ways, Sir, go your ways! I see you are quite beyond the reach of reason—quite—but I and *mine*, Sir, will stay at home, and do our duty to the land we live in.' With this, my uncle rang for his horses, and rode off to serve 'the land we live in,' by hunting its foxes.

There yet remained two years before I could receive the income from my estate; but my yearly allowance was handsome, and with my passive tastes, Italy, whither I was bent to go, would not ruin me. And now, my good friend Godfrey, you know all that has befallen me since, as well as I know it myself. When I came into possession of my property, I was still a voluntary exile, and such I remained for many subsequent years. Italian life completed my education as a Trifler. Italy is certainly the place where one who is such may reside longest without feeling compunction; the climate, the cities, the casinos, the luxurious forms in which nature and art both blend their influence over the senses; the total want of tone in the national and individual character of the Italians—all combine to make Sybarites of those who without a motive, or with only an indefensible one, choose that land of beauty and degradation as a *home*. But one pleasant, nay, I have many pleasant, but one worthy recollection I have of my Italian life—it was then I made your friendship. Do you remember the goodly long lectures you used to read me on the subject of 'England expects every man to do his duty?' I am sure I remember how oddly they sounded in ears that otherwise never, by any accident, heard the word duty. Well, my dear friend, and good fellow too—at all events, I am now on English ground, and trifle in an English way; indeed, on Dr. Johnson's principle, I think I deserve well of the state, inasmuch, as to make roses grow adds more to the beauty of a country than to plant cabbages; and though he growled over Shenstone, yet was the poet a pleasant, gentle-

manly man withal; somewhat too self-important and melancholy for my perfect approbation; but not to be looked askance upon, even by a barrister in full practice.

'Then, if you had a son,' methinks I hear you say, 'you would bring him up to be just what you are?'

'Am I to answer as a man of conscience?'

'Assuredly.'

'Well, then, however I may gloss over my own case and character, had I that precious deposit, a human being to educate—a child calling me father,—I would sooner see him one of Charles Lamb's "innocent blacknesses," a chimney-sweep, than an elegant, indolent, trifle-loving Claude de Villaret!'

FRAGMENT OF A POEM.

BY JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

I pass'd on my nightly path alone—
 No friendly form was near;
 No friendly voice was in mine ear,
 But the night-wind's wailing tone.
 On the wide drear field, no autumn bloom
 Look'd gay: no flow'ret's rich perfume
 Was breathing incense o'er the pall
 Of the shrouded earth: and dark, and tall,
 And sighing to the passing breeze,
 Stood up the gray old trees.

I pass'd on my nightly path alone,
 And my weary feet trod faintly on:
 I look'd around me—the desolate earth
 To dark and sorrowful thoughts gave birth,
 And flung its own dark-woven stole,
 And its damp chill breathings o'er my soul;
 And my spirit was heavy. It is sad
 To look on this beautiful earth, when clad
 In its robes of darkness—as it were
 But one vast chamber of the dead,
 A gorgeous mausoleum, where
 Nature lies shrouded; and the tread
 Of man gives out a hollow sound,
 As from a tomb. I look'd around
 O'er the desolate earth; there was no ray
 Of gladness there: I turn'd away,
 And look'd to the glorious heavens afar,
 Where the stranger orb,* in his flaming car,

* Referring to the comet of 1825.

Rode on his destin'd way—
 Like a proud and bloody conqueror,
 Bearing the banner of his war,
 Array'd in the golden robes of fame,
 And crown'd with the victor's diadem.
 I look'd to the lovely vestal throng
 Of shining stars, and they smiled on me
 With a kind and gentle sympathy—
 For I had lov'd them long ;
 From youth to manhood, I have lov'd
 With each pure and bright divinity
 To hold sweet commune : I have rov'd
 In boyhood's hours of glee,
 And since the sombre scarf of years
 Was over me, full many a night,
 Beneath their canopy of light,
 And felt my soul grow pure and bright,
 As I gaz'd on them : and yet it cheers
 My spirit, when the phantom fears
 Of the far future darkly rise,
 Like storms in summer's mellow skies—
 And memories of sorrow roll,
 Like mountain mists, upon my soul.

I lov'd them all : each one had power
 To chase the shades of my dark hour—
 Each one was dear :—but yet, than all
 That sat within night's regal hall—
 As round some sultan's harem-throne
 Sit the bright dames—more softly shone
 To me my own lov'd Pleiades,
 When glancing though the old elm trees,
 That proudly rais'd their leafy dome
 Around my boyhood's peaceful home—
 As the eyes of gentle sisters, they
 Sent down their mild and tranquil ray.

When years had flown, and on their wing
 Had borne away life's blossoming,—
 Their gentle smile, serene and calm,
 Came o'er my heart—a healing balm—
 For it brought, in all the glow of truth,
 The hallow'd memories of youth.

I look'd to my lovely Pleiades,
 As they sparkled there. As the morning breeze
 That over the Indian isles doth rove,
 Through citron bowyer and orange grove,

And bears away on its dewy wings
 Their odorous breath, and kindly flings,
 As a purifying incense, o'er
 The prow of the sea-worn mariner—
 And his tall bark bounds, as the spicy gale,
 Like hope's soft breathings, swells his sail—
 And his heart with grateful joy beats high,
 For he knows his beautiful haven is nigh—
 So came their voices: mortal ear
 The songs of heaven may seldom hear;
 'Tis only when the spirit's tone,
 As a harp,—is tun'd in unison—
 And, like the nice-accorded string,
 Vibrates to every tuneful thing
 That with a note of sympathy
 Awakes its slumbering melody.

I listen'd, and their choral peal
 Came swelling on my soul, (I feel
 Its memory o'er me while I write,)
 Like billows of a sea of light:
 Their harps of pearl responsive rung,
 And thus the vestal sisters sung—

* * * * *

Middleboro', Ms., September, 1825.

WE hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them. The friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices. But the misfortune is, that we carry these prejudices into things far more serious than our friendships. Thus, there are *truths* which some men despise, because they have not examined, and which they will not examine, because they despise.

Walsh's Didactics.

THERE surely must be something inconceivably poisonous and pestilential in the nature of controversy, if we may judge by the effects which it is constantly producing. Not only does it appear to dim the vision of able, and in other respects, impartial men, as to the virtues of their opponents; but it seems actually to infuse into their bosoms a bitterness of spirit, or an obliquity of feeling, which renders them for a time incapable of appreciating all that is beautiful in thought, or estimable in practice.

Rev. C. B. Taylor.

A VISION.

'Twas midnight.
 Deep was the gloom of Nature: deeper still
 The darkness of th' impenetrable cloud,
 That sternly hover'd o'er my troubled fancy.
 Silent, upon my solitary couch,
 Mournful I rested; and the cold, cold hand
 Of fell Despair, press'd heavily
 Upon my lonely bosom, which anon
 Throbb'd calm and desolate, as the last, faint ray
 Of Hope departed; leaving all behind
 A wreck of woe.

Ha! what means that flash? for thro' the horrid night
 There came a gleam of brightness.
 Back roll'd the cloud of sorrow: a rosy light
 Fell on my ravish'd eye—as by my side
 There stood a form of heaven—a form
 Which man might scarcely look upon and live.

..... a woman's face—
 'Twas dazzling—yet so kind, so mild, so soft,
 We could not fear it—and withal it had
 That strange, mysterious expression
 Of playful loveliness—such as marks the age
 Of perfect childhood, when the innocent heart
 Brightens the beam of beauty.

Nor feverish passion, in the dream of joy—
 Nor poet's fancy, in the trance of love,
 E'er pictur'd aught so beautiful!

—Vain it were to tell,

Vain the attempt, to paint
 The charm reposing on that polish'd brow,
 That glow'd with soften'd majesty—and Love himself
 Laugh'd in the lightning of her dark blue eye.

She turn'd and smil'd on me—O! how my heart
 Danced with delight; but when her lily hand
 She press'd upon my throbbing temples—
 My sinking soul fainted in ecstasy.
 She whisper'd peace—she told of things in heaven—
 She promis'd

Celestial visitor! ne'er shall I forget thee!
 In the storm of anguish, or the dreary hour
 Of my heart's loneliness—still will I think of thee,
 And hope at last to meet thee—*there!*

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AN ADDRESS

AT THE GRAVE OF JANE KEITH PALMER,

New Haven, May 30th, 1837.

BY THE REV. E. T. FITCH, D. D.

'Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.'

'It is appointed unto men once to die.' From this decree, none are exempt. The children of God even, though forgiven and beloved, must pass through this dark hour of trial. But to them, whatever trials attend upon the event, it is but a change necessary for passing out of this state of probation, and entering upon the glories of their immortal state in heaven. For they are here clothed with flesh and blood, which are corruptible. They must put off this mortal tabernacle, that they may be clothed upon with immortality.

Viewed thus,—as the transit of their sanctified spirits, from this to another state, from time into eternity,—their death is an event of deep interest to God, the Father of spirits. We must believe this, from the interest which he manifests for his children in this world, and from the nature of the change through which they pass at that hour. '*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*'

The day of their entrance upon this life is precious. There is joy on earth over their new-born existence. Their opening faculties and budding affections, are full of promise and hope. Yet at this stage of being, the clouds of uncertainty hang over all their future course. The paths of sin, and temptation, and death, as well as the path of holiness and life, are open before them; and they are the children of the apostasy. Suspense, doubt, fear, mingle with all the joys and hopes which are indulged over their existence.

The day of their spiritual birth is still more precious. In that day, they who had lived, as the erring children of the apostasy, in alienation from God, come back to Him in repentance, and become the children of His adoption: and over the event, there is joy in the presence of God in heaven. Angels rejoice that they are now become heirs of glory, and are henceforth to unite with them in the service of their King. And God, the Father and Redeemer, rejoices over their recovery, and their entrance on the way to endless redemption. Yet the trials and imperfections of this pilgrimage are still before them: and joy is mingled still with solicitude for their welfare, while they remain

in a world of imperfections and sorrows, absent from their Lord and their final home.

How precious, then, is the day when the children of God are called home to their rest : when, leaving all their sorrows and imperfections on earth, they enter upon their incorruptible and unfading inheritance in heaven ; and in the cloudless light of their immortal existence, feel full assurance as to their eternal career of glory ! What though it was in their hearts to serve God on earth, and they are torn away from all their plans ? The counsel of the Lord, which rules the event, is better than theirs. They have the same God and Saviour still to serve : and at his bidding, they honor him in their dying behaviour, and go to honor and serve and praise him in heaven, in ways far more exalted than any on earth. Precious, therefore, is their death in the sight of the Lord and in the world of his presence. The child of God is then welcomed home. Angels welcome him to their everlasting society and worship. The golden harp of praise is put into his hands. He sweeps its strings before the throne of Jesus, and sings forever of the love that ransoms from death, and redeems to God.

This thought,—that the death of the children of God, being ordered by his perfect counsel, and introducing them to the perfection of the heavenly state, is precious in the sight of the Lord,—may serve both to *console* and *admonish* us as we stand around this grave, mourning the early departure of our friend.

JANE KEITH PALMER, the deceased, gave evidence, while with us, that she had consecrated her heart to the Lord. During a period of six years, she has maintained a consistent profession of her faith in Christ ; and walked, as his follower, in the graces of christian love. She ardently desired the advancement of the kingdom of Christ in this guilty world ; and had arrived at that maturity and vigor of her powers, in which she might be useful in appropriate labors to promote that kingdom. She particularly desired to enter on the field of missions, so strong was her compassion for the perishing heathen ; and was willing, for this object, should the providence of God prepare the way, to leave all the endearments of her home and country. Meanwhile, she enlisted at home in the cause of the sabbath-school, as a sphere in which she might teach the young and susceptible the word of God, and lead them by that word, to the Saviour. In her native city of Charleston, she continued steadily in the discharge of this labor of christian love, endearing herself to her pupils as a christian friend who sought their welfare ; remembered by them, as such, with affection, and now to be wept by them with sorrow. On the recent removal of the family to New York, it was still in her heart to employ herself, in this new situation, in the same office of a sabbath-school teacher : she had also made the necessary arrangements for entering on the work of a tract distributor,—a work so much needed, and so much blessed, to benefit those who are beyond the reach of the ordinary means of grace in that populous city. But the Lord saw fit, by disease, to disappoint her hopes ; and, by death, to remove her from every sphere of earthly labor.—Is it not a consoling thought, that there is

another and higher sphere of usefulness and blessedness for the children of God? and that, when he takes them from our sight, and leaves us to mourn in disappointment and grief, he exalts them to that blessed state; where, exempt from every trial and sin, they serve him day and night forever?

Let the thought admonish you, my friends,—who pay your respects at the grave of this sister and friend,—that the great object of this life, is to prepare yourselves for an everlasting life to come. The follies, the fashions, the pleasures of this world pass away: but the glory of God, and the blessedness of serving him, survive the grave and endure forever. May you turn from this world and consecrate yourselves to the Redeemer: and then death, when it comes, will not be an hour of wrath and punishment, but the hour of release, the hour of eternal redemption and rest!

THE PILGRIMS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

SHOW me the nature of man's existence, let me behold the true condition of my brethren on earth! Thus spake Adoniah, who, having been taken away from this world in tender childhood, now roamed in heavenly places, led by his guardian-angel.

The angel smiled, and conducted the youth upon an eminence. Far beneath was a dark valley, full of steep paths and gloomy abysses. Behold, said the angel, an image of earth. Seest thou yonder pilgrims?

What do this multitude want? said Adoniah. They seem to move along with great eagerness.

They all have one aim, answered the angel. They see something shining obscurely in the distance, and there they expect to find what they want—rest to their hearts, and full contentment. But the way is rugged, and 'tis a wearisome journey; and the right path is the most fatiguing, and is not easily found.

Love overcomes all obstacles, said Adoniah. It will lighten the way, so that they fail not in their pursuit.

Look! said the angel, and Adoniah looked.

One of the pilgrims turned aside into another path, and said: This seems to me a better way! Several followed him. Then a host of the others fell upon these wanderers, and reviled them bitterly.

Why is this? said Adoniah, full of surprise.

The angel replied: Because these have left the highway, and will take their own course.

Strange! said the youth. Yet they all have *one* aim? And if these err, why do not their brethren compassionate rather than abuse them? And, besides, how can they know with certainty, before they attain their object, which is the right way?

The angel answered: The great multitude have lost their way; but pride and haughtiness are always joined to error. Now, turn thine eyes yonder!

Adoniah saw some fainting travellers lying in the road. Alas! cried

he, will no one come to revive them ! Several came along, laden with fruits and delicacies. Oh, that is good ! said the youth. They will refresh and restore the wearied ones. Then gladly both will proceed on the journey.

Adoniah gazed, full of expectation, and lo ! those who carried the fruits passed by, without noticing the exhausted pilgrims. Is it possible ? cried the youth ; are these indeed brethren, and so unfeeling !

They are men ! answered the angel. But look !

Adoniah looked. One of the pilgrims walking heedlessly along, stumbled over a stone. He lay near a precipice. Oh ! cried Adoniah, may some one soon appear who will kindly extend the hand and raise him up ! There came one, but he laughed to scorn the fallen pilgrim. A second spurned him with his foot, still nearer to the precipice. A third threw him into the abyss.

Adoniah shuddered, and cried, Can this be earth !—The angel opened his eyes, so that he saw some who had reached the heights. They walked silently along, with looks directed forward. They had nearly attained the object of their pursuit ; and its brightness already illuminated their countenances.

When Adoniah had seen these things, he embraced his heavenly guide, and said : O happy indeed am I, to have finished my course thus early !

‘ This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above ;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller’s foot astray
From realms of love.
Our cradle is the starting place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal,
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.’

Stanzas by Manrique, translated by Prof. Longfellow.

TRUTH is learned only at the pure fountains of *evidence*. Authority does not create it ; dogmatism recommends it not ; neither does violence impose it : from such task-masters conscience retreats, that she may hear, in the still silence of her musings, the voice of God.

Dr. Fitch.

A DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER.

[JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER was born at Wonsledel in Baireuth, on the 21st of March, in the year 1763: he died on the 14th of November, 1826. He was not only a wonderful genius, but a 'good great man.' The best account of his life and writings that we have seen, is contained in the *Foreign Review*, for November, 1829. From this article, we copy the dream here presented to our readers. We have never heard who wrote this review of Richter, but, from the strongest internal evidence, we conclude that it was written by the author of the 'Life of Schiller,' 'Sartor Resartus,' and sundry papers in the *Edinburgh*, *Foreign*, and *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*. The whole article is intensely interesting—more so than any thing that we have ever read in any review—unless we except a paper on Burns, from the same pen, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, some years since.

Concerning Richter's genius, the reviewer says—'A Poet, and among the highest of his time, we must reckon him, though he wrote no verses; a Philosopher, though he promulgated no systems.'—'There is something in Richter that incites us to a second, to a third perusal. His works are hard to understand, but they always *have* a meaning, often a true and deep one. In our closer, more comprehensive glance, their truth steps forth with new distinctness, their error dissipates and recedes, passes into veniality, often even into beauty; and at last the thick haze which encircled the form of the writer melts away, and he stands revealed to us in his own steadfast features, a colossal spirit, a lofty and original thinker, a genuine poet, a high-minded, true, and most amiable man.'

We quote, from the reviewer, a few more sentences, as a fitting introduction to the famous dream which follows. 'The reader has heard much of Richter's dreams, with what strange prophetic power he rules over that chaos of spiritual Nature, bodying forth a whole world of darkness, broken by pallid gleams or wild sparkles of light, and peopled with huge, shadowy, bewildered shapes, full of grandeur and meaning. No Poet known to us, not Milton himself, shews such a vastness of imagination; such a rapt, deep, old Hebrew spirit, as Richter in these scenes.'—'The following Dream is perhaps his grandest, as, undoubtedly, it is among his most celebrated. What value he himself put on it, may be gathered from the following Note: "If ever my heart," says he, "were to grow so wretched and so dead that all feelings in it which announce the being of a God were extinct there, I would terrify myself with this sketch of mine; it would heal me, and give me my feelings back."']

THE purpose of this Fiction is the excuse of its boldness. Men deny the Divine Existence with as little feeling as the most assert it. Even in our true systems we go on collecting mere words, playmarks, and medals, as misers do coins;—and not till late do we transform the words into feelings, the coins into enjoyments. A man may, for twenty years, believe the Immortality of the Soul;—in the one-and-twentieth, in some great moment, he for the first time discovers with amazement, the rich meaning of this belief, the warmth of this Naphtha-well.

Of such sort, too, was my terror, at the poisonous stifling vapour which floats out round the heart of him who for the first time enters the school of Atheism. I could with less pain deny Immortality, than Deity ; there I should lose but a world covered with mists, here I should lose the present world, namely, the Sun thereof : the whole spiritual Universe is dashed asunder by the hand of Atheism into numberless quicksilver-points of *Me's*, which glitter, run, waver, fly together or asunder, without unity or continuance. No one in Creation is so alone, as the denier of God ; he mourns, with an orphaned heart that has lost its great Father, by the Corpse of Nature, which no World-spirit moves and holds together, and which grows in its grave ; and he mourns by that Corpse till he himself crumble off from it. The whole world lies before him, like the Egyptian Sphinx of stone, half-buried in the sand ; and the All is the cold iron mask of a formless Eternity. * * *

I merely remark farther, that with the belief of Atheism, the belief of Immortality is quite compatible ; for the same Necessity, which in this Life threw my light dew-drop of a *Me* into a flower-bell and—under a Sun, can repeat that process in a second life ;—nay, more easily embody me—the second time—than the first.

If we hear, in childhood, that the dead, about midnight, when our *sleep reaches near the soul*, and darkens even our dreams, awake out of theirs, and in the church mimic the worship of the living, we shudder at Death by reason of the dead, and in the night-solitude turn away our eyes from the long silent windows of the church, and fear to search in their gleaming, whether it proceed from the moon.

Childhood, and rather its terrors than its raptures, take wings and radiance again in dreams, and sport like fire-flies in the little night of the soul. Crush not these flickering sparks !—Leave us even our dark painful dreams as higher half-shadows of reality !—And wherewith will you replace to us *those* dreams, which bear us away from under the tumult of the waterfall into the still heights of childhood, where the stream of life yet ran silent in its little plain, and flowed towards its abysses, a mirror of the Heaven ?—

I was lying once, on a summer-evening, in the sunshine ; and I fell asleep. Methought I awoke in the Church-yard. The down-rolling wheels of the steeple-clock, which was striking eleven, had awoke me. In the emptied night-heaven I looked for the Sun ; for I thought an eclipse was veiling him with the moon. All the Graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swinging to and fro by invisible hands. On the walls, flitted shadows, which proceeded from no one, and other shadows stretched upwards in the pale air. In the open coffins none now lay sleeping, but the Children. Over the whole heaven hung, in large folds, a grey sultry mist, which a giant shadow like vapour was drawing down, nearer, closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches ; under me the first step of a boundless earthquake. The Church wavered up and down with two interminable Dissonances, which struggled with each other in it ; endeavoring in vain to mingle in unison. At times, a grey glimmer hovered along the windows, and under it the lead and iron fell down molten. The

net of the mist and the tottering Earth brought me into that hideous Temple ; at the door of which, in two poison-bushes, two glittering Basilisks lay brooding. I passed through unknown Shadows, on whom ancient centuries were impressed.—All the Shadows were standing round the empty Altar ; and in all, not the heart, but the breast quivered and pulsed. One dead man only, who had just been buried there, still lay on his coffin without quivering breast ; and on his smiling countenance, stood a happy dream. But at the entrance of one Living, he awoke, and smiled no longer ; he lifted his heavy eyelids, but within was no eye ; and in his beating breast there lay, instead of heart, a wound. He held up his hands, and folded them to pray ; but the arms lengthened out, and dissolved ; and the hands, still folded together, fell away. Above, on the Church-dome, stood the dial-plate of *Eternity*, whereon no number appeared, and which was its own index : but a black finger pointed thereon, and the Dead sought to see the time by it.

Now sank from aloft a noble, high Form, with a look of uneffaceable sorrow, down to the Altar, and all the Dead cried out, ‘ Christ ! is there no God ? ’ He answered, ‘ There is none ! ’ The whole Shadow of each then shuddered, not the breast alone ; and one after the other, all, in this shuddering, shook into pieces.

Christ continued : ‘ I went through the World, I mounted into the Suns, and flew with the Galaxies through the waters of Heaven ; but there is no God ! I descended as far as Being casts its shadow, and looked down into the Abyss and cried, Father, where art thou ? But I heard only the everlasting storm which no one guides, and the gleaming Rainbow of Creation hung without a Sun that made it, over the Abyss, and trickled down. And when I looked up to the immeasurable World for the Divine Eye, it glared on me with an empty, black, bottomless *Eye-socket* : and Eternity lay upon Chaos, eating it and ruminating it. Cry on, ye Dissonances ; cry away the Shadows, for He is not ! ’

The pale-grown Shadows flitted away, as white vapour which frost has formed with the warm breath disappears ; and all was void. O, then came, fearful for the heart, the dead Children who had been awakened in the Churchyard, into the Temple, and cast themselves before the high Form on the Altar, and said, ‘ Jesus, have we no Father ? ’ And he answered, with streaming tears, ‘ We are all orphans, I and you ; we are without Father ! ’

Then shrieked the Dissonances still louder,—the quivering walls of the Temple parted asunder ; and the Temple and the Children sank down, and the whole Earth and the Sun sank after it, and the whole Universe sank with its immensity before us ; and above on the summit of immeasurable Nature, stood Christ, and gazed down into the Universe chequered with its thousand Suns, as into the Mine bored out of the Eternal Night, in which the Suns run like mine-lamps, and the Galaxies like silver veins.

And as he saw the grinding press of Worlds, the torch-dance of celestial wildfires, and the coral-banks of beating hearts ; and as he saw how world after world shook off its glimmering souls upon the Sea of Death, as a water-bubble scatters swimming lights on the waves, then majestic as the Highest of the Finite, he raised his eyes towards the

Nothingness, and towards the void Immensity, and said : ' Dead, dumb Nothingness ! Cold, everlasting Necessity ! Frantic Chance ! Know ye what this is that lies beneath you ? When will ye crush the Universe in pieces, and me ? Chance, knowest thou what thou doest, when with thy hurricanes thou walkest through that snow-powder of Stars, and extinguishest Sun after Sun, and that sparkling dew of heavenly lights goes out, as thou passest over it ? How is each so solitary in this wide grave of the All ! I am alone with myself ! O Father, O Father ! where is thy infinite bosom that I might rest on it ? Ah, if each soul is its own father and creator, why can it not be its own destroyer too ! Is this beside me yet a Man ? Unhappy one ! Your little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo ; a convex-mirror throws its rays into that dust-cloud of dead men's ashes, down on the Earth ; and thus you, cloud-formed wavering phantasms, arise.—Look down into the Abyss, over which clouds of ashes are moving ; mists full of Worlds reek up from the Sea of Death ; the *Future* is a mounting mist, and the *Present* is a falling one.—Knowest thou thy Earth again ?'

Here Christ looked down, and his eye filled with tears, and he said : ' Ah, I was once there ; I was still happy then ; I had still my Infinite Father, and looked up cheerfully from the mountains, into the immeasurable Heaven, and pressed my mangled breast on his healing form, and said even in the bitterness of death : Father take thy son from this bleeding hull, and lift him to thy heart !—Ah, ye too happy inhabitants of Earth, ye still believe in *Him*. Perhaps even now your Sun is going down, and ye kneel amid blossoms, and brightness, and tears, and lift trustful hands, and cry with joy-streaming eyes, to the opened Heaven : " Me too thou knowest, Omnipotent, and all my wounds ; and at death thou receivest me, and closest them all ! " Unhappy creatures, at death they will not be closed ! Ah, when the sorrow-laden lays himself, with galled back, into the Earth, to sleep till a fairer Morning full of Truth, full of Virtue and Joy,—he awakens in a stormy Chaos, in the everlasting Midnight,—and there comes no Morning, and no soft healing hand, and no Infinite Father !—Mortal, beside me ! if thou still livest, pray to *Him* ; else hast thou lost him for ever !'

And as I fell down, and looked into the sparkling Universe, I saw the upborne rings of the Giant-Serpent, the Serpent of Eternity, which had coiled itself round the All of Worlds,—and the Rings sank down, and encircled the All doubly ;—and then it wound itself, innumerable ways, round Nature, and swept the Worlds from their places, and crashing squeezed the Temple of Immensity together, into the Church of a Burying-ground,—and all grew strait, dark, fearful,—and an immeasurably extended Hammer was to strike the last hour of Time, and shiver the Universe asunder, . . . WHEN I AWOKE.

My soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God ; and the joy, and the weeping, and the faith on Him were my prayer. And as I awoke, the Sun was glowing deep behind the full purpled corn-ears, and casting meekly the gleam of its twilight-red on the little Moon, which was rising in the East without an Aurora ; and between the sky and the earth, a gay transient air-people was stretching out its short wings and living, as I did, before the Infinite Father ; and from all Nature around me flowed peaceful tones, as from distant evening-bells.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

'Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.' Prov. xxxi. 30.

I.

Look at that gilded butterfly!—
 Her dwelling is the rose;
 Her precious stores are treasured where
 The honied petal blows;
 And ever, as she joyous flies
 Amid the sunny rays,
 The beauties of her gorgeous form
 Attract the admiring gaze.

II.

Poor fleeting treasures does she boast,
 That perish with the flowers:
 Her beauty vain, that only lasts
 A few short summer hours.
 Deceitful favor that she shares,
 When, greeting to destroy,—
 "O, beautiful!"—"How beautiful!"—
 Cries the pursuing boy.

III.

So woman often gaily shines
 In this brief world of ours;—
 A transient form of light and love;—
 Whom flattery, with her powers
 Of syren voice, deceives and wounds.
 "An angel!"—is she cried;
 And her immortal soul, debased
 By vain and earthly pride.

IV.

Wouldst thou an angel truly be,
 And fix thy home in heaven;
 Wouldst thou shine forth in that bright robe
 Which to the just is given;
 Wouldst thou the joyous praise receive
 Which lips of truth accord,—
 Praise flowing fresh eternally:—
 O woman, fear the Lord.

E. T. F.

A PARABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

THERE was a time, when men were obliged to content themselves with what nature afforded, and to live upon acorns and other plain and coarse food. At length, there came a man, named Osiris, from a distance, and said to them : There is a better sort of food, and an art by which it may be always provided in abundance ; and I have come to teach you the secret. So he taught them the secret, and prepared a field before their eyes, and said : ‘ Behold, *this* must you do ! And *the rest* will be accomplished by the *influence of heaven* ! ’ The seed sprung up, and increased, and brought forth fruit, and the men wondered and rejoiced, and cultivated their fields diligently, and with great advantage. But, in process of time, some of them found this mode of cultivation too simple ; and moreover, they could not endure exposure to the fresh air, and the fatigues of the season. Come, said they, let us enclose the field regularly, and according to the rules of art, with stone-walls, and build over it an arched roof, and then, underneath, with every convenience, and in a becoming manner, carry on agriculture ; the influence of heaven is not so very necessary, and besides, no man sees it. But, said others : Osiris did not shut out the heavens ; he said : ‘ *This* must you do ! and *the rest* will be accomplished by the *influence of heaven* ! ’ They answered : He only did that to bring agriculture into operation ; and moreover, can we not paint the heavens upon the roof ? So they enclosed the field regularly, and according to the rules of art, with stone-walls ; built over it an arched roof, and painted the heavens thereon.—And the seed would not grow ! And they ploughed, and manured, and dug, and planted, and worked away, hither and thither.—But the seed would not grow ! And they worked away, at a great rate !

And many of those who stood looking on, derided them ! And it came to pass in the end, that Osiris *and his mystery were also scorned.*

EVENING REFLECTIONS, ON THE MAJESTY OF GOD, ON SEEING
THE GREAT NORTHERN LIGHTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LOMONOSOV.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

Now day conceals her face, and darkness fills
The field, the forest with the shades of night ;
The gloomy clouds are gathering round the hills,
Veiling the last ray of the lingering light.
The abyss of heaven appears—the stars are kindling round ;
Who, who can count those stars, who that abyss can sound ?

Just as a sand 'whelmed in the infinite sea,
 A ray the frozen iceberg sends to heaven ;
 A feather in the fierce flame's majesty :
 A mote, by midnight's maddened whirlwind driven,
 Am I, midst this parade : an atom, less than nought,
 Lost and o'erpower'd by the gigantic thought.

And we are told by wisdom's knowing ones,
 That there are multitudes of worlds like *this* ;
 That yon unnumber'd lamps are glowing suns,
 And each a link amidst creation is ;—
 There dwells the Godhead too—there shines his wisdom's essence—
 His everlasting strength—his all-supporting presence.

Where are thy secret laws, O nature, where ?
 Thy north-lights dazzle in the wintry zone :
 How dost thou light from ice thy torches there ?
 There has thy sun some sacred, secret throne ?
 See in yon frozen seas what glories have their birth ;
 Thence night leads forth the day to illuminate the earth.

Come, then, philosopher ! whose privileged eye
 Reads nature's hidden pages and decrees :—
 Come now, and tell us whence, and where, and why,
 Earth's icy regions glow with lights like these,
 That fill our souls with awe :—profound inquirer, say,
 For thou dost count the stars and trace the planets' way !

What fills with dazzling beams the illumined air ?
 What wakes the flames that light the firmament ?
 The lightnings flash :—there is no thunder there—
 And earth and heaven with fiery sheets are blent :
 The winter night now gleams with brighter, lovelier ray,
 Than ever yet adorn'd the golden summer's day.

Is there some vast, some hidden magazine,
 Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies ?
 Some phosphorus fabric, which the mountains screen,
 Whose clouds of light above those mountains rise ?
 Where the winds rattle loud around the foaming sea,
 And lift the waves to heaven in thundering revelry ?

Thou knowest not ! 'tis doubt, 'tis darkness all !
 Even here on earth our thoughts benighted stray,
 And all is mystery through this worldly ball—
 Who then can reach or read yon milky way ?
 Creation's heights and depths are all unknown—untrod—
 Who then shall say how vast, how great creation's God ?

A SOLILOQUY.

presented to a young lady,—embarking on board a steamboat,—in a sealed note, which was to be opened and read by her at twelve o'clock, M.

A FLOATING plank only is between me and a watery grave! A thin plate of metal only wards off from me the explosion of death! Yet the immortal part within me all the waters of the ocean cannot immerge, all the volcanoes of the globe cannot destroy.

This globe, with its oceans and continents, over which I am now taking the journey of life, I shall see pass away! Yonder sun that rides in its noon of glory, and diffuses light and warmth over many a world in the creation, I shall see extinguished forever! Yet he who laid the foundations of this world, and placed the sun in his sphere, and at whose mandate they shall pass away, dwelleth forever unchanged in his habitation of Eternity.

I am the offspring of this immortal Parent. My soul claims him as its Father; and to him will I go in faith, as a child, to confess my errors, to ask his forgiveness, to place myself under his tuition, to hear and do his commands, and to be happy in the smiles of his love. What an exalted employment! What exalted sources of enjoyment are here opened to me, to assuage the sorrows and sweeten the pleasures of this life, and to crown my soul with unfading glory, in the house of my Father in Heaven!

E. T. F.

VOICE OF THE OLD ELM.

BY JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

STAY, weary traveler, thy heavy tread;
Turn thou beneath my pleasant shade to rest;
And while above my sheltering arms are spread,
Sleep, Son of Earth, upon thy mother's breast.

Sleep thou amidst the incense of her flowers,
Such perfume breathes not o'er the monarch's crown,
And straying lightly through thy fancy's bowers,
Forget that weariness hath borne thee down.

An exil'd wanderer from distant lands,
Com'st thou to share the blessings of the free?
Escap'd from lawless power's despotic hands,
Here, in God's temple, bow the grateful knee.

Then turn thine eye along the reaching vale,
The verdant copse and winding streamlet scan;
Content's mild voice is on the fresh'ning gale,
To teach thy spirit there is peace for man.

Or com'st thou, journeyer, from ways of toil
And restless roaming over earth and sea,
Seeking red wealth amidst the stern turmoil
Of life's conflicting passions?—turn to me—

Turn to me hither; I will teach thy heart
How very vain are all wealth's glittering toys;
How gold-bought pleasures rainbow-like depart,
And show thee man's true wants, and real joys.

Then o'er thy dreams my whispering boughs shall move,
And win thy vagrant wishes back to roam
Among the old scenes of thy childhood's love,—
In the calm sunshine of thy father's home.

So thou shalt rise and with a morning's power
Press to the threshold of thy mother's door,
And entering there to rest at evening hour,
Swear on its altar-hearth to rove no more.

A lonely pilgrim down the vale of years,
Through storm and sunshine hast thou wander'd far;
And gleams thine aged cheek with struggling tears,
As thine eye rests upon the evening star?

Art thou of those who wist not where to lay
The hoary head and wither'd form to rest;
Whose home, and those that cheer'd it all away,
Pass'd as the pines that watch'd yon hillock's crest?

Years bow'd them down; And I that saw their birth
Have seen them fall; as those who fell'd them must:
Time's axe is at their roots—the kings of earth
Mix, undistinguish'd, with their kindred dust.

Yet, Pilgrim, turn, and as thy silver hair
Lifts in the breeze, thy panting toil may cease;
And pouring forth thy care-worn heart in prayer,
God give thee promise of a home of peace.

Stay, weary traveler, thy heavy tread;
Whoe'er thou art, my welcome is to all;
To all her children is earth's bosom spread,
On all the winds goes forth my breezy call.

Forgive thyself little, and others much.—*Leighton.*
I am resolved, by the grace of God, so to be angry, as not to sin;
and, therefore, to be angry at nothing but sin.—*Beveridge.*

MEDITATIONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

THE words of Christ are an unfailing well. As fast as we draw out of it, it is replenished; and the subsequent meaning is always still greater and more glorious than the foregoing. So is it with all that came from his lips; with his proverbs, with his parables; and so is it also with the *Lord's Prayer*. The longer we make use of it, the more we perceive how little we understand it, and how worthy it is to be understood and reflected on, in order that we may find the way to unknown treasures.

Our Father, who art in heaven!

What means this?—

Luther answers very beautifully: 'He desires by it to persuade us to believe that he is really our Father, and that we are indeed his children, so that with full and confiding assurance we may urge our requests before him, as beloved children petition a dear father.'

This feeling, this *belief* in a *Father in Heaven*, to whom we are permitted to pray—by whom the hairs upon our heads are numbered, without whose will no sparrow falls from the roof, on whose favor we depend entirely, and whom we would not offend for any thing in the world—this *faith* is here upon earth the highest good of man, the only thing that can restrain his unruly passions, and regulate his wild desires; it is the only certain security for truth and justice in the world, and the true *palladium* of man. Disturb it, take it from him, and you deprive him of his happiness, whatever else you may give him in return.

And this faith is confirmed and elevated, according as we hold fast the words of Christ, and study their meaning.

Lift thine eyes to the stars, and behold! how they sparkle, far and wide—greater and smaller—behind and below one another; and how this glorious spectacle is lost in the distance, and farther and farther goes on, beyond our view!—But it cannot thus continue without end; it must somewhere find a limit, and terminate in something else.—

Wherein floats this vast universe; and *what* waves dash over its immeasurable shores?—*What* is there, where the visible universe ceases, around the last frontier-stars?—Beginneth there the *heaven* in which *our Father* is?—Or is that heaven in all and through all?—Our Father, *how* is he in this world where the hairs upon our heads are numbered?—How is he *without* the world, through infinity?—And what is in itself his great, holy existence?—

Question thyself thus—and, in silent awe, thou wilt bend the knee.

And what would thy feelings be, if thou couldest comprehend more fully what Christ had in his mind, in this introduction to his prayer!

Hallowed be thy NAME!

If men, in the time of Enos, began to call upon JEHOVAH'S NAME;

If Abraham and Isaac called on this NAME;

If JEHOVAH'S NAME was to be put upon the children of Israel that HE might bless them;

If the second commandment of the law treats of the misuse of this NAME, and the first petition of the Lord's Prayer of its sanctification;

If we, in Leviticus, read : ' And the son of an Israelitish woman, whose father was an Egyptian, went out among the children of Israel ; and this son of the Israelitish woman and a man of Israel strove together in the camp ; and the Israelitish woman's son blasphemed the NAME of JEHOVAH and cursed. And they brought him unto Moses ; and they put him in ward, that the mind of JEHOVAH might be showed them. And JEHOVAH spake unto Moses, saying : Bring forth him that hath cursed without the camp : and let all that heard him lay their hands upon his head, and let all the congregation stone him. And thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel, saying, Whosoever curseth his superiors shall bear his sin. And he that blasphemeth the NAME of JEHOVAH, he shall surely be put to death, and all the congregation shall certainly stone him ; as well the stranger as he that is born in the land, when he blasphemeth JEHOVAH's NAME, shall be put to death ;'

If, in Exodus, it is written : ' And God spake unto Moses, and said unto him : I am JEHOVAH. And I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of *God Almighty* ; but by my name JEHOVAH was I not known to them ;'

Finally, if Christ, in his last prayer to the Father, said, ' I have manifested thy NAME unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world ;' then must we think that in and upon this NAME, beyond the first obvious meaning, rests something hidden and mysterious, and that something *great* is communicated in such a manifestation. But we know not, and in vain must we long to know, the full meaning of Christ in these words : *hallowed be thy NAME !—*

To us let thy kingdom come !

There is a kingdom of God, that comes without our prayers, in which the pillars of heaven stand fast ; the bands with which Orion is bound are not loosed ; the stars observe their ordinances, and are not weary of watching ; the sun comes forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and runs his race like a hero ; the moon gives light in due season, and the earth and the sea are not moved out of their places ; the clouds come up from the ends of the earth ; it rains upon the thirsty land ; and from the south comes the storm, and cold out of the north.—But this kingdom is governed by mere power and force, and its subjects render only blind, dead, unconscious obedience, which can never satisfy and delight the paternal feelings of our Infinite Father.

God has another kingdom, composed of beings who share his own nature ; and in this kingdom, only love, and joy, and peace, bear sway. Here, the Father communicates himself to his children, and regards them with affectionate delight ; and the children cling to their Father, and enjoy a happiness which knows no end.

And this kingdom of God can come to men upon earth. ' Enter into thy closet, and shut thy door, and pray to thy Father which is in secret ; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.' But this kingdom comes not without our prayers, and therefore Christ commanded us to pray that it might come to us.

They to whom it comes understand what Christ meant by this petition, and know by experience what this kingdom is. But until it comes to our hearts, we understand scarcely at all the nature of the petition.

[To be concluded.]

HYMN.

'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.'

My Father, God! Oh, who among
That holy, heavenly, blissful throng,
What Spirit bright, around thy throne,
Is like to Thee, the Eternal One!

Methinks I see the angelic band,
With faces veiled, before thee stand;
I hear their song of melody—
'Oh, whom have we in heaven but Thee!'

Oh that the holy joy they feel
May sweetly o'er my spirit steal—
That earth may all forgotten be,
Forgotten all in heaven but Thee!

Awake, my heart, the song of praise—
Oh, be it mine through life's brief days:
Let every earthly idol be
Forsaken e'er, my God, for Thee!

Then, then I soon shall gladly join
The spirits blest around thy throne;
And this my song shall ever be—
'Oh, whom have I in heaven but Thee!'

And harps of gold, and seraphs' lays,
And each blest voice, shall hymn thy praise;
The full, deep chorus e'er shall be—
'Oh, whom have we in heaven but Thee!'

A. M. J.

New Haven, July, 1839.

If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.—*Nature*.

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A MORALIZING LECTURE,

WRITTEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF A YOUNG LADY.

[*From the papers of a clergyman of the nineteenth century.*]

WE will suppose a young lady to have finished her school-education, or, at least, that portion of it which is preparatory, forced, and therefore *painful*, and to have been so formed by its influence as to have become a *thinking being*. Such an one has advanced so far, when the spring of intellectual activity which had before been necessarily furnished from without, has become a living impulse within, and when the exercise of her powers is so free and natural as to be unnoticed, except from the pleasure excited. If we might suppose, that our bodies had been so framed that the expansion of the lungs and the beating of the heart required the aid of others, for years, till each at last assumed the action which it now maintains from the beginning, we should have an illustration of what a *real* education does for every mind.

The young lady also must have become a *serious* being; for how else could we unfold to her a plan of study or action? To be serious, is not to be dull or moping, but it is to be able to act with a constant and overcoming effort, with reference to an end distinctly in view. Now, whoever is blessed with an active mind, and animated by serious feeling, cannot advance a step in life without *studying*, and studying, even in spite of herself, every thing which is to her an occasion of interest. Nor can a single object of study be named, which in itself is necessarily forbidden ground to a lady—not excepting *Metaphysics*!

Still, it is most true that some young ladies who have active and well-trained minds, and are actuated by the best principles, are yet in nothing peculiarly feminine. Their studies may have been not at all fitted to awaken and cherish that peculiar character with which God has endowed the sex. What are the distinguishing features of this character, and what does a woman possess who has them fully developed? I can express it by no term which so clearly sets forth my own impressions, as the word *soul*. I prefer this to the term *feeling*, because it conveys more that is free, hearty, and self-sufficing, and because also the other, through some strange perversion, has come to mean something that is

blind, self-willed, and silly. Every one who has seen a woman of soul, knows what soul is. It beams in the eye, gives life to the features, and an air of heartiness to every word and action, and, above all, tells you at once that its possessor can sometimes forget herself. Nor is it only in actions that indicate outward force that it is made manifest. It is equally a principle of delicacy and refinement, appearing in the minutest acts—even in the slightest motion, word, or look. It is an internal and unfailing spring, which gives freshness and life to every action.

It has been said of the Poet, 'He is the rock of defence of *human nature*, an upholder and preserver, carrying every where with him relationship and love!' This sentence occurs in a connexion which sufficiently explains its meaning; but some explanation is needed before it is applied to illustrate the appropriate influence of the female sex. Men, then, are estimated, and always will be, according to their *value*, as a means to an end; women, according to their *worth* of character,—judging of character, in their case, by the true standard of merit. In regard to the one, the question usually is, '*What is he good for?*'—what is he good for, as a merchant, as a scholar, or as a moral and religious man, it may be—but still '*What is he good for?*' In regard to the other, it is, using goodness in a liberal sense, '*How good is she?*' The sex may be represented as set aside from the struggle for selfish ends, which is the life of all this bustle about us, and as designed to shed an influence of another sort.

Now comes the question before us, 'What would you have young ladies study?' Every thing, would be my reply; but still, the best loved and most fondly cherished studies, should be those best fitted to educate and give life to the *soul*. It is hardly necessary to mention, as an important means to this end, the ever-varying page of human society, which each moment unfolds a lesson of new and fresh interest to one who has simplicity and humility enough to learn. Of books we now speak, which have this advantage over society, that in them are permanent those feelings which evanesce as they bubble forth from the soul of another, and that they may become the subjects of close and long-continued attention. We must also have *favorite* books. We all know how much we learn of human nature from observing those in whom we feel the deepest interest. We learn to notice how every feeling is made manifest, how every transient shade of character (which appears like one of the hues of watered silk) is caught by our quick eyes, and made the theme of fond and useful meditation. And such to us are our favorite authors.

'But what sort of writers shall we make our favorites?' Of all others, the Poets, I would say, and so earnestly that if you believed me not for argument's sake, you would half assent from mere sympathy with my belief so strongly expressed.

'Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays!'

A *reason*, however, it will be thought can be given, by one who believes so strongly. That the Poets do elevate and ennoble the souls of their serious and practical students, no one who has observed can doubt. This they accomplish, principally as they portray feeling in its rarest and most elevated moods, and interest us so deeply that we can not but be affected, and in the end influenced. Let it be recollected, that we form ourselves to nothing by saying that we will become so and so, nor even by seeing clearly how the process is to go on : it is only by doing—by feeling and acting, with our whole hearts. If we had only to learn what excellence is, we could find the whole matter in any book of grave advice. But this is not to *be* : it is only to *know*. To *be*, we must have power awakened from within ; and this is done by accustoming and training our thoughts to the worthiest themes, and our feelings to their happiest moods—thus giving ourselves what may be termed *habits of soul*. Such society for our inward selves, we can not always command from our own resources. Our feelings are variable, and we are borne down so often by present needs and trials, that strength can hardly be summoned from within to meet the advance on ourselves from without, much less for a triumph that shall have made us to possess fresh strength. To whom shall we go, if not to those who, if truly poets, make us to feel an awe as we enter their presence, who present to us characters and feelings all of the highest tone, who make us ashamed of our weakness, our levity, and narrowness of soul. Do we need firmness in a shock of feeling ? We can hear from them notes that will stir us as ‘with the sound of a trumpet.’ Would we form our affections, not after the varied moods which they too often take ? Let us place ourselves in the presence of some of those beings whom the Poet has created, and, after their constant and even flow of feeling, model our own souls. Would we train ourselves to that delicacy of thought which is the highest ornament of our inward being, which leads us ‘still to suspect, and still reverse ourselves, in lowliness of heart,’ which gives a charm to words, and a meaning to the slightest actions ;—where can we find it so exquisitely shadowed forth, as in the words which the Poet makes his characters to speak, and the actions which they perform ?

To derive such advantages from poetry, it is most clear that it must be made the subject of frequent and long-continued study. Those who *like* to read it because ‘it sounds *pretty*,’ or who are lulled by the flow and murmuring of its verse, or are pleased to be ‘handed on’ from one moment to another, by the changing variety of its images, and the new faces of its characters—such may be assured that if they are never more serious with themselves than they are with the Poets, they will by and by find their own thoughts not the most agreeable company in the world.

These remarks are not made with particular reference to the class of Poets who are called ‘abstract’ and ‘metaphysical ;’ but they will be found to apply, in their fullest force, to such writers as Shakspeare and Burns. We have, now and then, heard of *students* of these two poets—and, knowing how long-continued and faithful they have been, we

are prepared to believe them when they speak of the hidden treasures which they have discovered. This, too, will be found the truest test of excellence when we would judge of a poet's merit,—will his writings bear to be studied? If a poem comes from one who *has* a soul, and is withal endowed with 'the gift of numerous verse,' whereby to make it known, we know him at once, as we know any one who speaks sincerely; and we can safely set ourselves down to discover in his works how much more is meant than that which reaches the ear. But he who utters without this inward force, who reels off to us words, words—who calls up indistinct images, which are indistinct to us because they were never otherwise to him—he shows us, at once, that no study will give us an insight into his meaning—for meaning there is none, in his words.

Now, this is all very dull, and so is all moralizing—so also is any serious regard to our character and feelings, which would lead us to control and direct them. Yet it is most true that the world would be much less dull than it is, if all the men had *character*, and all the women had *soul*. But now that the inspiration of lecturing is on us, we can not close this strain of 'linked' dullness 'long drawn out,' without noticing an objection or two which may seem to be of importance.

It may be said that a character formed by study and reflection, must necessarily be an artificial one. A character formed by this means entirely, is no character at all: it is nothing but a system of rules—a *catechism* in the garb of humanity. But in order to form the habit of sacrificing our feelings at the shrine of principle, as we deal with ourselves from day to day, we *must* first, by reflection, awake to a clear view of our duties and high privileges. This being done, if we enter on a cheerful but serious walk 'along the path of order and of good,' we shall 'be wise perforce'—as every day dawns upon us, we shall greet its new light with a song, and life will wear for us a smiling face, though sometimes a subdued one.

But, it may be said, Where does this poetical education come in, or where can it, and yet not interfere with the exclusive claims of religious duty? or how can it be made to take its appropriate place around this as a centre? Take an illustration. The life of the tree ascends through its trunk in channels which we see not, and which are hidden from us by a harsh and lifeless covering:—the same, as it circulates in the network of the leaf and the gay beauty of the flower, is still nought but the principle of life, acting in different methods, and producing different results, as nature has prepared for it a different frame to give life unto. So is it with that inward life, which can alone give joy and animation to the mind within. It moves in and through the soul, as it finds it prepared by the thousand influences, which have contributed to elevate and refine, or to degrade and fasten down. It enters with a graceful ease into the habitation thus prepared for it, be it high or low, and dwells there as in its own home. But do we not honor the dweller within us by beautifying his temple? and more than all, do we not thus give him honor with those who are without,—who can not see the divinity within, nor feel his presence, but who yet can admire and be charmed by the

beauty of his dwelling-place. Let it ever be remembered, that it is through ourselves, in our varied modes of influence, that he acts to a great extent on others; and that the most important of these influences are those which we exert as social beings, through the power which our feelings have to kindle and excite those of others. Let us, then, train ourselves as we move in our own presence, that we may, therefore, move *naturally* before others. Let us train ourselves to worthy thoughts and elevated feelings; let us present truth and duty to our own minds, and (through our example) to our fellow men, all in a cheerful and serene light; let us discipline our actions to a graceful movement, and take in our privileges as well as our trials, that our step may be light on the earth, and our eyes bright as they look up towards Heaven.

N. P.

New Haven, July, 1833.

'THE HAT THAT I'VE PLAYED IN.'

'My son, you had best give your old hat away—
You will want it no more, and some poor little boy
May be glad of its shade, on a bright sunny day,
As he goes out, the sports of the spring to enjoy;
You have the new white one; a cap too to wear,
And well can afford your old green one to spare.'

'O, Father! don't ask me to give away that!
I will leave it at Grandma's till I come again,
I will give the poor boy my new, little white hat,
But the old one I'd rather, much rather, retain;
'Tis *the hat that I've played in!* I like it the best,
O let me keep that! he may have all the rest.'

'Tis *the hat that I've played in!* what heart does not know
The impulse to feeling such words can impart?
'Tis the fond burst of nature, the current will flow,
And melt the world's iciness out of the heart;
For a moment at least, reminiscence is sweet,
And echo on echo will memory repeat.

'Tis *the house that I've played in!* rude and humble may be,
But what architect's work can such feelings inspire?
E'en a half-open door, or one window to see,
May rekindle the blaze of the heart's youthful fire.
'Tis the house that I've played in, in childhood's glad hour,
And I would not displace it for earth's richest dower.

'Tis *the barn that I've played in!* and mounted so high
That the swallow alone could a precedence claim,
As she hung in her home, and looked down to defy
The wildest adventure of childhood's bold aim.
There I jump'd on the hay, sought for nests in each nook,
And found pleasures a city-child seldom partook.

'Tis *the garden I've played in!* its annual aisles
Were ever the same in location and space—
There I walked with companions in formal defiles,
Till the walk was a run, and the run was a race—
There I planted and watered my own little bed,
And peeped in at the seed, if a sprout showed its head.

'Tis *the orchard I've played in!* the trees do not stand
In the beauty of order, but scattered along,
Some bent to the ground, as though nature's rude hand
Had planted a lesson beneath the bird's song—
As I lean'd on the arms of my favorite tree,
No spot in the world could be sweeter to me.

'Tis *the stream that I've played in!* so shaded and clear,
How I loved its rough bed, and its margin so green!
Its course o'er my stone work 'twas music to hear,
As the sunshine of childhood shone bright o'er the scene.
Niagara's visitants, seldom know more
Of soul-felt enjoyment, than mine on that shore.

'Tis *the garret I've played in!* with those I lov'd best;
On the days when it rained, 'twas a precious resort,
Where, the din of our noise not disturbing the rest,
We were left free to follow the leadings of sport—
There we swung to the roof, girls and boys drank white tea,
As, in baby-house language, we played 'come to see.'

'Tis *the school-house I've played in!* on winter's cold noon,
When from basket I dined, in companionship gay,
Where the teacher's returning was ever too soon,
And we still had some pleasure reserved for next day:
Some left a snow-pyramid nearly complete,
And others a baby-house under the seat.

'Tis *the home I have played in!* house, orchard, and stream,
The garden, the school-house itself, all are bound
Like a morning bouquet, where each flow'ret will beam
In its own hue of brightness, as when 'twas first found—
Yet all will combine a sweet incense to give,
Which, though faded the flowers, will like love still survive.

EXTRACTS FROM REV. C. S. HENRY'S DISCOURSE

ON

'THE IMPORTANCE OF EXALTING THE INTELLECTUAL SPIRIT OF THE NATION; AND NEED OF A LEARNED CLASS.'

THERE is no theme so much a favourite amongst us as the glorious career and magnificent destiny of our country. Our presses teem with gorgeous visions of the future. It is the subject of popular declamation through the length and breadth of the land. The public mind has been too much dazzled by these brilliant pictures. It is comparatively a small thing that we have drawn upon ourselves the sneers of other nations, who from a distance are more calmly watching the progress of our history. Nor is it the chief evil that comes of indulging these self-pleasing fancies, that they foster an overweening national pride. The greatest danger is, that we shall fall into the habit of looking upon it as a settled and inevitable thing that we are to become not only the largest and richest, but the freest, wisest, and happiest nation on the globe, while we entirely forget the *conditions* on which, after all, our national prosperity is suspended. In the confident tone of these predictions, it seems to be forgotten that the true interests and permanent welfare of our nation can be secured only by maintaining ourselves in harmony with the universal and invariable Laws of the moral world. It seems to be forgotten that there are causes, in active operation at this moment, quite as powerful to work our downfall as to secure our greatness.

I have alluded to the dangerous predominance of two elements in our country. The one is the *love of money*. Our national character is eminently distinguished, and in the view of other nations disgraced, by this trait. The whole mass of society, from the top to the bottom, is heaving with the restless struggle for gain. It takes, indeed, in many of its manifestations, a cast of grandeur, from the energy it calls forth, and the vastness of the schemes it employs itself upon. The boundless physical resources of the country are unfolding with unparalleled rapidity. The din and bustle of internal improvement is ringing from one end of the land to the other. The country is growing rich beyond all computation; and almost every man in the country is hasting to be rich. Now it is not necessary to quarrel with this development of the physical resources of our land. But it is necessary to be aware of the corresponding dangers it brings, and to guard against them. It is needful to feel that national wealth is by no means necessarily national well-being; that merely to be rich no more makes the proper well-being of a nation, than of an individual. On the contrary, the natural tendency of excessive wealth is to luxury, and private and public corruption. It contains the germ of every evil; and unless checked and sanctified by higher and happier influences, is sure to degrade a nation—to blast its prosperity, and work its ruin. This is a truth, of which all history is an impressive demonstration. It is not necessary to quarrel with the natural desire of acquisition; but it is necessary to guard against its

excess, and to keep it subordinate to its proper ends. In this country it is excessive. It is restless, insatiable, boundless—unhallowed and unredeemed by better influences, by a superior and pervading respect and love for higher and nobler objects. For along with this increase of wealth has come a prodigious growth of luxury—an infinite multiplication of the means and refinements of physical enjoyment; and we are hurrying on with prodigious strides to a state of excessive *civilization*, without due *cultivation*—of luxurious indulgence and the refinements of pleasure, without a proportionate growth of intellectual and moral culture, without a lively and respectful regard for the less material and less vulgar interests of life.

In such a state of things, the morals of a nation, and the tone of society, cannot but be injuriously affected. Unhappily these evils are but too visible. The use of a single word sometimes tells much in regard to the moral tone of a nation. Is not a sad state of moral feeling betrayed in a country where *wealth*—that good old-English word, designed to express the total sum of the elements of well-being, including all that relates to man's higher nature and wants—has come to mean nothing but *money*; and where *worth* is used to tell *how much* a man has? Yet so it is. Mr. Wilkins hath a hundred thousand dollars, and he is *worth* five times as much as Mr. Johnson, who hath but twenty thousand, while Mr. Thompson hath none, and is *worth nothing*. Throughout the country the great majority of the mass of the people have a profound reverence for nothing but money. Public office is a partial exception. And why should it be otherwise? They see nothing else so powerful. Riches not only secure the material ends of life—its pleasures and luxuries; but they open the way to all the less material objects of man's desire—respect and observance, authority and influence.

In the mean time the tone of society is debased. The *luxury* of mere riches is always a vulgar luxury. It is external, and devoid of good taste. It always goeth about feeling its purse. It counteth the fitness and propriety of its appointments by the sum they cost. It calleth your attention to its glittering equipage, and saith it ought to be of the first style, for it cost the highest price. It receiveth you to its grand saloons, and wisheth you to mark its furniture. It inviteth you to its table, and biddeth you note the richness of its plate, and telleth you the price of its wines.—The *fashion* of mere riches is also a vulgar fashion. The butterfly insignificance of its life is not even adorned by the graceful fluttering of its golden wings. It is quite possible to have the extravagance and frivolity of fashionable life, without the ease and grace, the charms of wit and spirit, and the elegance of mind and manners, that in other countries often adorn its real nothingness, or cover up the coarse workings of jealousy and pretension.

Such must always be the tendency of things where the commercial spirit acquires an undue predominance—where the excessive and exclusive love of money is not repressed by appropriate counter-checks.

What then are the means of conservation? What are the counter-

checks that will secure the safety of an intensely commercial and democratic State? They are RELIGION AND LETTERS. It is not my intention here to speak particularly of what religion can do as a conservative power in a nation. It may be observed, however, in passing, that while religion influences the character of a people, it is itself likewise always modified by the people—by the institutions and spirit of the country. In a country intensely democratic, where religion has no fixed and settled institutions, but is left, like every thing else, to the determination of the popular will, may we not suppose it will receive a peculiar cast and direction? Where the intellectual energies of the people are not at all meditative—turned within, but all projected outward, concentrated upon the palpable objects of material utility; where all is excitement and conflict, agitation and intensity; will not religion be likewise subject to a corresponding form of development and action? Will not its tone and the direction of its influence be in continual fluctuation? Will there not be a restless craving for religious novelty and excitement? Will not its teachers find it hard to preserve the independence of their sacred functions? Will they not be exposed to the alternative of losing their influence, or of becoming passive weather-cocks to obey and indicate the ever-shifting direction of the popular gale? Will not the people every where call out for preaching 'suited to the spirit of the age?'—not meaning by it preaching suited to correct and amend the spirit of the age; but, agreeable to the taste of the age; for this mighty 'spirit of the age,' like every thing else belonging to the supreme people, never thinks itself capable of being in the wrong, or needing correction. It demands an applauding echo, not a rebuke. Is there no danger that this 'spirit of the times,' so enlightened in its own esteem, and so wanting in reverence for every thing but itself, instead of submitting to be met, checked, and corrected, by the whole, undivided, old-fashioned gospel, will lay sacrilegious hands upon it—and tearing a portion of its more external truths and applications live asunder from the living whole and from their inward and spiritual grounds—will mould and narrow and concentrate the whole of religion upon an everchanging succession of objects of external and material reform—hurrying forever onward in a restless career of fierce fanaticism?

Before you answer these questions, look to that part of the country from whence have sprung and spread some of the most remarkable religious developments of the age; and where too, it is to be noted, have been shown the most remarkable spectacles the world has ever seen of intense activity on the grandest scale, exerted for the physical ends of life—rooting out forests, building up city after city, carrying forth roads and canals, and growing rich, as by the magic ministry of Aladdin's lamp.

In a country like ours then, where the democratic and commercial elements are so intense, it cannot be expected that religion will exert an adequate conservative influence, *unless the intellectual tone of the people can be exalted*. It is the office of Religion to diminish, by her views of eternal things, a too intense and absorbing devotion to the gross and material objects of life; but she will battle it unequally, unless she is aided by causes that shall excite and cherish a taste and respect for the

higher and more intellectual objects and enjoyments of the present life.

Let us then turn to LETTERS, as the other conservative element of the state—and the necessary complement of the former. In this aspect of our country, we find, in some parts, public schools, a press teeming with popular works, and a body of teachers and writers actively engaged in communicating and diffusing existing knowledge. We will not stop to dwell at length upon defects in all this. We might show how the system of education, established among us, tends in some important respects, not so much to quicken intellectual power, and to form decided intellectual tastes, as to furnish the modicum of knowledge necessary to enable our youth to rush upon the arena of life and play their part in the great struggle for wealth or office. We might show how the continual multiplication of works like most of our popular productions tends to create a vague and superficial knowledge, which serves rather as a substitute for thinking than to invigorate the powers of thought; and how the mind even of the commonest reader gets more good from grappling with one master-mind, and by patient, strenuous self-exertion, fathoming the depth of one master-work, than by skimming forty volumes of 'Familiar Elements,' and similar fourth-rate productions that are continually coming forth.* We might point out some indications of a morbid taste in the present reading public, which require a higher tone of literature to correct. But let whatever there is of letters among us be accepted as good; and surely it is very good in comparison with having nothing of the kind, or even—some exceptions being made—with having less of it; for it tends to the diffusion of knowledge—a thing essential to the welfare of the country, so it be sound and wholesome knowledge; still it is obvious to remark that the diffusion of knowledge is not its advancement. Carrying the streams all over the land is not keeping the fountains fresh and full. The teachers—those engaged in simplifying and communicating existing knowledge—can have but little time for increasing its amount. They can have but little time, even if they have the intellectual power, to explore the fountain-heads, to enlarge them, to open new and fresh springs. Yet this is needed; otherwise the streams are likely to get dry and stale.

We need then an order of men—of lofty intellectual endowment, of original creative power, exclusively devoted to the highest departments of Truth, Beauty, and Letters; an intellectual High Priesthood, standing within the inner veil of the Temple of Truth, reverently watching before the Holy of Holies for its divine revelations, and giving them out to the lower ministers at the altar;—thus teaching the teachers, enlarg-

* 'What the youth of a nation needs,' says Cousin, 'are thorough and profound works, such even as are something abstruse and difficult; in order that they may get the habit of encountering and overcoming difficulties and serve as it were an apprenticeship to fit them for life and its labour. It is a sad thing to deal out to them only slight general notions in such a form that a child of five years old may learn and recite the whole book in a day from beginning to end, and imagine it knows something of human nature and the world. Not so should it be. Strong minds are made by strong studies,' &c. *Cours de la Phil.* V. I. Lec. 11.

ing their intellectual treasures, exalting their intellectual spirit, and through them instructing and elevating the whole body of the people. This lofty style of letters, as we have said, is good in itself. It is good as a component part of the common weal. It is good too—it is indispensably necessary—as a counteracting power to the predominant evils that have been displayed.

* * * * *

The duty of uniting in the promotion of this great end, rests upon all who love the cause of truth and letters. It rests upon all whom history and reflection have taught to dread for our country the debasing and deadly tendencies of a too intense and absorbing devotion to the mere physical interests of life. It rests upon all who would elevate the intellectual tone of the nation—develop its true humanity—and raise it to the true freedom of virtuous energy. It rests upon all who would secure to our beloved country the permanent possession of its true dignity and proper well-being. There is no alternative. We must be rich and great. We cannot—like the mountain-dwellers of Switzerland and the Alps, the pastoral tribes of Lapland, or the poor inhabitants of Iceland—find in our poverty, and in the influences of religion, those safeguards of our virtue and our welfare, which render the conservative influence of high and pure letters comparatively unimportant. We must be rich and great; and our riches and greatness will inevitably prove our ruin—spite of all that Religion will effect—unless the intellectual spirit of the nation be elevated by the pervading influence of pure Letters, and a Spiritual Philosophy.

THE PEOPLE'S FLOWER, OR FIELD DAISY.

The people's flower, the people's flower,
I find it every where—
With its snowy leaves, and golden breast,
And meek, unconscious air.

It clusters near the Empress Elm,
With its lore of many a year;
The lowly flower looks up in joy,
It feels the rain-drop near.

From white and fleecy clouds, the shower
Falls on the lofty bough,
Comes with a smile to paint the green,
To gem the daisy's brow.

The people's flower, the people's flower,
'Tis ever in my way—
With dim red clover, close in love
It twines its leaves in play.

It hangs on peaks of loftiest rocks,
It scans the Eagle's flight;
In meadows, greets the morning sun,
Near streams, the moon, at night.

So spiritual, so pale, and still,
It hovers o'er the dead—
Come, precious symbol, to my heart,
Thy language I have read.

Thou art not Hope, for that has ceas'd
Within my soul of care,—
But thou must be the flower of Love,
Love springing every where.

F.

New Haven, July, 1837.

THE CAGED NIGHTINGALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

A COUNTRYMAN came one day into the splendid mansion of a rich and distinguished man. While there, he heard the clear strains of a bird who was shut up in a gilded cage. He stepped towards it, and behold! it was a nightingale. With a sad heart, he listened to its song, as he stood leaning on his staff.

Then the servants of the rich man drew near and said: What surprises you, and why do you stand musing thus?

The countryman answered: It surprises me greatly that you and your master can bear to hear the mournful lament of the captive bird, in your magnificent dwelling.

Simpleton! answered one of the servants, does the song of the nightingale in your fields and groves, also seem mournful to you?

By no means, replied the countryman; but it fills my heart with silent joy and admiration.

Do your nightingales sing in other tones, and in a different manner, from this? inquired the servant, with a scornful smile.

Most certainly they do, said the countryman. Our nightingales, in the midst of green and blossoming branches, with each returning spring, proclaim the praise of a new creation: they sing, under the open blue sky, the song of freedom; and over their brooding mates, the joyful song of love.

At these words, the servants raised a loud laugh of derision, and called the countryman a fool. But he turned away in silence, and went back to his rural dwelling, and to his fields.

THE ORNAMENT OF BOYHOOD.

My son,—forsake not the law of thy mother: for it shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.—Proverbs 1. 8, 9.

O who has not seen the dear child of affection,
 The rose-hued boy, with his bright glossy hair,—
 And who but remembers, with sweet recollection,
 The innocent face that smiled gracefully there.
 When beside his fond parents he walked, doubly handed,
 His cap o'er his brow, with its tassels of blue,
 And gold-beaded chains round his snowy neck banded,
 What tears of enchantment such loveliness drew!

O would you, my child, in the days long before you,
 Retain the sweet grace of such loveliness still,
 Now listen to wisdom; obey her who bore you;
 Obey the kind dictates that flow from her will.
 Receive to thy bosom each generous feeling
 Of love, truth, and justice, her lessons impart:
 The words of true kindness her lips are revealing,
 O treasure them up in the shrine of thy heart.

Forsake not the law of thy mother; 'twill grace thee
 Amid all the changes thy spirit shall see:
 In sorrow should storms of adversity place thee,
 Calm submission, thy chaplet of roses shall be.
 And at death, keeping memory bright with her story,
 The child shall go up to her presence above;
 The cap be exchanged for the crown, starred with glory;
 And eternity brighten the graces of love.

E. T. F.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

[Concluded.]

*Thy will be done, as in heaven,
 so also upon earth!*

None is good but God. And he wills *one and the same thing* from everlasting to everlasting. This *one thing* willed God, when, in holy stillness and solitude he existed, and all well-being was contained in him, even in God alone. And when God diffused himself in free beings, then willed He that this *one thing* by every individual free-will should be

willed, so that the well-being of God should pervade all beings, and over all and every where should be perfect unison and full contentment.

But where discord, and want, and sorrow exist, as here with us upon earth, there must be in the way individual, opposing wills, which disturb the *one tone* that through heaven and earth should resound. And this discord, and want, and sorrow, can not come to an end, until these individual wills change, and again become one with the *great will*.

In order to understand fully the third petition, we must know *what the will is*; and of this we know little or nothing. We men generally suffer our wills to be overcome and governed by apparent, and often by trifling and unworthy, motives. Yet, examples, in ancient and modern times, clearly teach and prove the independence and invincibility of the human will; and every one is conscious in his inmost soul, that his own will can be perfectly independent and unconquerable. Now, from this, and from the reverential regard which other men and the laws have for a man's consent and approbation, we rightly judge that the will is of a *high nature*. But there is an end to our knowledge of the will.

And just so is it with our knowledge of this: *as* in heaven, *so also* upon earth. Heaven is unknown to us, except by dreams and conjectures.

Christ knew the blessedness of heaven, where the will of God is done. He knew also the want and misery of earth, where the will of God is opposed. Ever since the foundations of the world were laid, he had resolved to come to the help of man; and was at this time upon earth, to overcome the universal hindrance to salvation, and to make possible, and prepare the way for, victory over the peculiar obstacles in every individual case. But the will is of such a delicate and noble nature that it can not endure constraint; it must sacrifice itself freely, if it is ever recovered to holiness. Even Christ, then, with all his love and mercy, could do no more than he has done—and there was nothing left for him but to show us the way to the Father, with this petition: *Thy will be done, as in heaven, so also upon earth*.

We see and understand wherefore we should offer this petition; but *how* the will of God is done, *how* individual wills hinder the *great will*, and again become one with it,—this we know and understand not.

And so it continues through all the petitions, from the fourth, where letter and spirit both teach, that the bread spoken of is that mysterious bread concerning which Christ instructed his disciples, even to the seventh, where a petition is offered not alone for redemption from temporal evil, but also from the *source* of all evil, so that, we being made free in body and spirit, the Son of Man may be glorified in us.

All these are indeed high and unknown things. But if we can not wholly understand the Lord's Prayer, this ignorance should not prevent us from offering its petitions with confidence and devotion. We understand enough to know how much our well-being depends on receiving a favorable answer to this prayer, and that we can not make use of it too often, or too heartily. And the rest we must leave to Him who has commanded us to pray thus. To *Him*, indeed, we must commit *all* our prayers.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS.

'Where shall I step? I cannot see
Where I can place my feet;
On every side I turn my eye,
These little flowers I meet.

'They are so small, close in the grass,
I cannot fail to tread
Upon them some, if I should pass
Across their soft green bed.'

'Tread lightly on the flowers, fair child,—
They bend beneath your foot,
But still will bloom upon the wild;
You will not kill the root.

'Again their little modest heads
Will rise to meet the sun,
Where the green grass its verdure spreads,
And where gay children run.'

Those flow'rets died—that fair child too
Lies low beneath the sod;
And other flowers are blooming now,
Where once his footsteps trod.

They bloom upon his early tomb—
A token sure, to prove
That he, like them, will rise and bloom,
Beneath his Father's love.

O, as I pass that flowery way
He loved to walk with me,
And miss his voice from day to day,
His image still I see;—

Not clothed in gloom, though seen through tears,
Does the loved image rise—
But as the flower through dew appears
Triumphantly to rise.

C. P.

Litchfield.

THE ignorance of a candid and not uncultivated mind, is better than the second-hand wisdom of those who take all things for granted; who are the echoes of others' opinions, the utterers of others' words; who *think* they know, and who *think* they think. *Mrs. Jameson.*

THE ASS AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KRILOV.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

AN ass a nightingale espied,
 And shouted out, 'Holla ! holla ! good friend !
 Thou art a first rate singer, they pretend ;—
 Now let me hear thee, that I may decide ;
 I really wish to know—the world is partial ever—
 If thou hast this great gift, and art indeed so clever.'

The nightingale began her heavenly lays ;
 Through all the regions of sweet music ranging,
 Varying her song a thousand different ways ;
 Rising and falling, lingering, ever changing :
 Full of wild rapture now—then sinking oft
 To almost silence—melancholy, soft,
 As distant shepherd's pipe at evening's close :—
 Strewing the wood with lovelier music ;—there
 All nature seems to listen and repose ;
 No zephyr dares disturb the tranquil air :—
 All other voices of the grove are still,
 And the charm'd flocks lie down beside the rill.

The shepherd like a statue stands—afraid
 His breathing may disturb the melody,
 His finger pointing to the harmonious tree,
 Seems to say, 'Listen !' to his favorite maid.

The singer ended :—and our critic bow'd
 His reverend head to earth, and said aloud :—

'Now that's so so ;—thou really hast some merit ;
 Curtail thy song, and critics then might hear it ;
 Thy voice wants sharpness :—but if Chanticleer
 Would give thee a few lessons, doubtless he
 Might raise thy voice and modulate thy ear ;
 And thou in spite of all thy faults may'st be
 A very decent singer.'

The poor bird
 In silent modesty the critic heard,
 And winged her peaceful flight into the air,
 O'er many and many a field and forest fair.

Many such critics you and I have seen :—
 Heaven be our screen !

THE MICROCOSM.

VOL. III.

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No. 11.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.*

NUMBER ONE.

THE SECRET OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

I HAD been walking of a pleasant evening, some two or three hours, among the pleasant lanes and alleys of our beautiful city, when the clock from the middle steeple told out the hour of midnight, and of course told me to journey home. Passing out from the green arches of Temple, I went up Elm street to College, and turning down thence, I entered the College buildings. I ascended to my rooms, and struck a light, and sitting down by my window, drew back the curtains, and gazing out into the moon-light, gave myself up to meditation. I had been spending the first of the evening at a party, and as usual, I had found something to vex and annoy me. The nonsense of this or that fop, the folly of this or that female, the conceit of such a student, or the arrogance of such and such a man of science—something or other like this threw me from my equipoise, and I went out vexed and sad, speculating on the follies of my fellow creatures. The pleasant moon and the evening air, the solitude and the stillness, helped to soothe me, but still I was not yet myself altogether, and I went into my rooms with a disappointed and aching heart.

The world—that is, the wisest of them—have wasted pen and paper enough on such feelings as mine were, without perhaps making either themselves or others the better for it. Nice discussions please but a few, for 'tis only a few who care to think—that is, think to any purpose. Truth that can be got at by handfulls, any body will get; but set them to work hard after it, make them read long, and sit up late, and you will find them averse to it. They had much rather swallow the whole,

* The writer of this, and the papers which may follow it, claims for himself no originality whatever, beyond their mere subject-matter. Papers bearing the same title, and on the same plan, appeared in the New York Mirror some years since, and were exceedingly popular. The plan is a good one, and suits the present writer, presenting as it does an opportunity to discuss anything. I have therefore chosen it, and here make the statement, that my readers and I may understand each other—they assured that I ask no credit for what is not mine, and myself unshackled by the supposition that in some minds I stand guilty of plagiarism. *My plan is borrowed—my matter I will answer for.*

and run the risk of being poisoned by it, than to spend time sufficient to sift the chaff from the wheat. Such readers as these are not for me, neither am I for them—whoever we are, we are not made for friends—there is no bond, no common sympathy between us. I am accustomed to *think*, to think closely, to speculate long and analyze, to draw nice distinctions. That I shall do this well, I do not say—that I mean well I *do* say—as for my success, judge others.

My feelings, as I sat there, were not those of anger—I hated not those who roused them. No, I would have done them a kindness, acknowledging, as I always do, myself a brother of the whole human family; but I could not go with them, mix with them, *sympathize*—because they did not, would not, *could* not sympathize with me. The way in which the heart sends out its tendrils of feeling—the why it so loves this or that one, and has so little love for a third, is not a thing to be brought down to rules easily, or have such a digest made of it as readily harmonizes with philosophy. There is a subtle something which draws kindred minds together, and *vice versa*, which separates the uncongenial. You cannot mate the hawk with the heron, or make the wolf lie down with the lamb—and for myself, though I did not hate, yet I could not say I loved much those who were the cause, no matter *how*, of my present unhappiness.

I had been seated some two hours perhaps, 'chewing the cud of bitter thought' after this fashion, when a light flashed suddenly behind me. Turning in my seat, I beheld in the centre of my room, a small pillar of vapor, standing on the floor, the outlines of it gently waving themselves and wreathing out into small folds, while a pleasant odor, diffused about the room, gave the whole system such an elastic feeling of life, and the brain such a whirl and dance of thought, as seemed to steal away 'in resolution's spite' every memory of sorrow. Presently the cloud opened; a light figure stepped from it, and stood gazing upon me. It was that of a graceful boy of middle height, clad in a simple tunic of a purity that shamed the new-heaped snow, his naked limbs slender and symmetrical, a face of girlish sweetness, round which, from the beautiful forehead, the flaxen ringlets fell gracefully, and reposed on the ivory of the neck and bosom. The eyes were blue, the brows arched as with a compass, the nose aquiline, the mouth softly curled into a smile of inexpressible benignity, while above the head, at a gentle distance, a single star shone, like the glimmer of the first lamp on the coronet of the evening.

I gazed on the vision with astonishment. Lifting its finger with an arch movement, and shaking it at me—

'So, Master Student,' it said, 'and what may be the wisdom of your meditations?'

'And who and what art thou, gentle visitant,' responded I, 'that thus, with the garb and aspect of a being of some other world, thou dost deign to visit this, and pay thy court to me, the most wretched of mortals?'

'I am thy better genius!' answered the visitant. 'I come from the region of the stars—my home is with the winds and clouds of heaven. There are myriads of us; we sail on the beams of both sun and moon, we people space and are everywhere. The glorious Giver of all good,

the Fountain of all benevolence, has placed us there. We are creatures of light and knowledge and benevolence, and live on ministrings and benefactions of mercy. Some of us choose one place and some another; I have the care of thee. I have long watched thee from my dwelling. I have seen thee in joy and sorrow. I have marked thee when with thy fellow-creatures, and seen thee force thyself to love them, when thy heart heaved to crush them in the force of its madness. Thou art *with* them, and yet not *of* them—thou would'st love them, but thine eye-sight is too keen, and thou seest their follies—thy heart is the fountain of all nobleness and hid treasures of happiness, but this uncongenial world makes that heart of thine thy curse. Is it not so, Master Student?

I was silent from amazement. He went on.

'I am thy better genius—I have come to thee—it is mine to bless thee—thou shalt be happy.'

'Tell me then,' said I, finding my speech at last, 'tell me then how to love my fellow-creatures.'

'By looking less at their follies,' answered he, with something like asperity.

'But thou understandest not,' said I. 'Thou dost but echo my thought, though dressed differently. I would know how I may escape looking at their follies.'

'By winning to thy embrace the goddess of true wisdom—in other words, by *universal knowledge*. By this I do not mean that wide grasp which belongs to infinitude, but I use the word relatively. I would have thee task thyself to some good purpose—I would have thy mind expand with *good* as well as *great* thoughts—I would have thee to know, that man is an active as well as contemplative being—and that that man but disgraces his nature, distorts his mind, and foils the plans of Deity concerning him, who shuts himself from the active purposes of benevolence, and frets out his life to no purpose, with searching out the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, and doing nothing by *example* to lead them in the way of true wisdom.'

The genius became excited—he went on.

'There have been numbers like you in the world—minds and souls of a rare and noble origin, with powers and capacities to sway others, with heads to devise and hearts to execute, who have nevertheless from some trifling habit, or superfluity of natural sensibility, been the greatest curses to society. You have powers to distinguish you; the world know it and their eyes are upon you, and they are waiting you to lead them. It has ever been the fact, that some minds must *follow*—all are not leaders—and such minds as yours are formed to pioneer in the great work of advancing the world. Shall such minds stop then, from some trifling circumstance, with this immense responsibility on them, and not be awfully culpable? Shall those who *can* do, and are *expected* to do—shall they turn back and be pardoned for it, and the lesser men be punished? You, and all such as you, whoever and wherever they are found, by the very act of complaint, exhibit a more deplorable and pitiable weakness, than do inferior minds with all their folly.'

The genius paused, and seemed waiting my reply.

'I dare not censure thy wisdom, fair spirit,' began I—'for thou

comest to me in such a shape, I may not question thy divinity. But if ever mortal may reply to immortal—if inferior may answer better beings than this world inhabit, and join issue on the great principles of moral truth, then may I hope, fair spirit, to come in for the meed of mercy, if my presumptuous thoughts dare avow some different convictions. Philosophy teaches, and the commonest observation *knows* it, that *differences sum up the whole world*. The stars differ in glory—matter differs from matter—and minds in their mastery over fellow minds differ also—*no* two things agree in one and every thing. Doth it not prove then, irrespective of revealed doctrine, (for this *sensible* difference in things was anterior to revealed truth;) I say, doth it not prove difference of character consonant with the wishes of Deity? and if so, where shall we draw the lines of these differences? and *ergo*, why may I not make these lines favor my argument, as well as you yours? make these boundaries as diverse as I choose? and assert that God designed, that some minds should be thus sensitive and shut from the world? and thus let all your code of morals tumble to the ground? I trow, Sir Genius, your wisdomship will never master this difficulty.'

'Thou short-sighted and silly mortal,' answered the monitor, 'silly and ungifted as thou art, I may yet hope for thee—for in thy very presumption, I see the germ of wisdom. That man alone can become great who *dares* great things, and seeing this in thee, I forgive thy folly. But listen to me, and while listening let shame cover thee for thy short-sightedness, and let thy folly, as explained to thee, be thy wisdom in future. Well hast thou said, that differences make up the world. But mark! thy argument is that of analogy—and thou would'st run it from *matter* to *mind*, a folly which the weakest of those whom thy silly planet has dignified with the title of philosophers, would hide their heads at. There is no reasoning from matter up to mind—as well might the singing bird of the forest span the everlasting harmony of the universe. The mind that is within thee is so formed, that the very contact with matter but degrades it—and wilt thou then by the laws of this *sensible* material, measure or chain down that which is *all-sentient* and immaterial? He who formed this mind of thine knew well its necessities; and knowing well too how lame is analogy on this subject, he has wisely given thee *revealed truths*, that thy way be not darkness. Mark the beautiful harmony here betwixt mind and truth—and see how this same truth, which thy argument would dispense with, becomes the proof of an ever-presiding Deity, and the preservation of a world.'

The genius paused, and I stood abashed at my own ignorance. I saw how foolish I had been—how wicked too, in letting the follies of my fellow-men distress me—and how convicted too he stands of equal weakness who is thus distressed. And I learned also this golden truth, that *to pass lightly over the follies of others is the secret of one's own happiness*.

'I shall be with you again, Master Student,' said my angelic visitant, and vanished. I looked, and lo! the night had nearly passed me, for as I threw myself on my weary bed, the struggling dawn had begun to purple the eastern horizon, and the matin birds were whistling beneath my windows.

* * B.

THE EARLY DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER.

EARLY one morning, a maiden went into the garden, to gather a wreath of beautiful roses. As yet they were all in the bud, shut up or half shut, fragrant cups of morning dew. 'I will not pluck you yet,' said the maiden. 'I will wait until the sun opens you: then will you shine in greater beauty, and breathe a sweeter fragrance.'

She came at mid-day, and saw the most beautiful roses gnawed by the worm, bowed down by the beams of the sun, withering and dying. The maiden wept over her folly, and the next morning she gathered her wreath early.

God calls his dearest children early from this life, before the sunbeam strikes them, before the worm touches them. The paradise of childhood is a high degree of glory; the most righteous man cannot attain to it, for his soul is not 'unspeckled from the world.'

THE BRIDE.

SHE stands amid her father's halls to-night,
Like some bright stranger, clad in shining robes,
Familiar eyes gazing in awe on her.
I could think now those worlds mysterious
The curtaining elements wrap from our sense,
For faithless eyes had opened once, at last.
—I'll keep my word. Oh, any hand might here
A romaunt weave, with genius-tints, for e'en
Like some soft pageant of a poet's dream,
Thou mov'st amidst us, and that calm brief rite
That's sealing now thy bright youth up for aye,
With all the mournful treasures of the Past,
The myriad lovely things of ages gone—
While the deep love, that in life's common scenes
Slumbered and slept, at last comes weeping forth—
It is all poesy already wrought,
And needeth but the copyer's penciling,—
One page of beauty, from the scattered leaves
Of life's great poem.—

'Tis in vain—in vain.

I cannot weave the wedding lay for thee.
Thoughts from love's silent depths have dimmed my eyes,
Not for the song, not for the festal hum.
Blessings upon thee, Beautiful, on thee,
Mine own sweet friend;—pleasant hath thy love

Been to me, oh, my sister, and our ways
 Are parting now.—My whole heart blesseth thee.
 Is its word vain? and doth a whole heart's wish
 Ne'er stir some dark chord in life's hidden work?—
 The voice of human blessing, idly e'er
 Within the dim halls of the future rings;
 Their stern array mocketh its earnest tone.
 God's blessing on thee, precious one;—the helpless wish
 Of human love, spoken to Him, in tears
 And meekness, doth not die, but gathered up
 And woven in with the deep plans of Heaven,
 The strength that singeth in the wild wind's breath
 Sleeps in its love. God bless thee, lovely bride,
 And make thy days on earth all beautiful
 As hope's young dream. God bless thee, lovely bride,
 And give to thee a loftier portion here
 Than the swift scenery of thy days, though light
 And gorgeous all, as dreams of Araby.
 The stately homes of thought, ancient and wide,
 The lovely, lovely worlds, where life's dim night
 And shower ne'er darken, and the trees are bright,
 And the rills murmur always. Ay, a better gift
 For thee—the goodness that doth link us here
 Safely and sweetly unto things unseen,
 That groweth up amid time's sun and rain,
 In the young beauty of the deathless life.
 So shall earth's mournfulness grow sweet to thee,
 And all thy way be but the warbling dawn,
 The long, clear breaking of a golden day,
 That shineth more and more. So shall that other hour
 Of weeping love, that waits thee yet, be all like this.

D—.

I see nothing worth living for, but the divine virtue which endures and surrenders all things for truth, duty, and mankind. I look on reproach, poverty, persecution, and death, as light evils compared with unfaithfulness to pure and generous principles, to the spirit of Christ, and to the will of God.—Christianity, as I regard it, is designed throughout to fortify us for this warfare. Its great lesson is self-sacrifice. Its distinguishing spirit is Divine Philanthropy suffering on the cross. The Cross, the Cross, this is the badge and standard of our religion. I honor all who bear it. I look with scorn on the selfish greatness of this world, and with pity on the most gifted and prosperous in the struggle for office and power; but I look with reverence on the obscurest man, who suffers for the right, who is true to a good but persecuted cause.

Dr. Channing.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

A DISPUTATION

Between Messrs. W. and X. and a stranger, on Pastor Alberti's 'Guide to Conversations on Religion,' and Pastor Goeze's 'Discourse on the Fifth Sunday after Epiphany,'—before the most noble President Lars.

DEDICATED TO THE HIGHLY-RENOUNDED COUNCIL OF SIXTY.

Gentlemen,—

THIS production is designed, as you will perceive, for the amusement of its readers. But if, besides answering this end, it shall perchance have one or another good effect, the result will be in accordance with the aim of its author. There are some writers who, by reason of the careless mien which they assume, do not get credit for the good intentions which they really have. The author entreats that none will class this composition with the pitiful lampoons that have appeared on the same subject. To conclude, by this dedication he seeks neither approval nor patronage; but merely takes occasion to give proof of the respect which he, an unknown philosopher, has for the highly-renowned council of sixty.

THE AUTHOR.

February, 1772.

W. They will all tell you so. Only ask impartial people.

X. What? There are no impartial people; malicious ones there are, in truth.

W. Malicious, do you say? Just consider, the book was written for the instruction of christian youth, and has such great defects, and such manifest falsifications. A conscientious teacher of orthodoxy must stand up against it.

THE PRESIDENT.

Yes, certainly! must stand up against it, and he were truly a dumb dog who should be silent. *Sutorem si furca expellas, tamen absque recori.*

X. It is a shame to wish to make one's own colleague odious to the public, but what shall we say? Has——

THE PRESIDENT.

Yes, to be sure! it is a shame; but indeed, what shall we say?

W. That the book deserves condemnation, and that there are men who have courage enough to set themselves against its dangerous errors—even if by so doing they injure themselves. That should you say.

X. And I tell you that the Discourse is a disgrace to the Lutheran clergy, and that the man who wrote it is a malevolent man, who is jealous of his colleagues, and wants to give them trouble; so I say, and you may tell whom you will that I have said it, and that——

A REVELATION.

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A

I

W. And I tell you that the book is a dangerous, damnable book, and is under a heretic and mischievous—

THE PRESIDENT.

Ho there! Violence . . . quod—si—illabatur—oleum—us Pavian
Ho there! Buten-Minsch, join in here a little,*
and separate these people. You certainly are not so stupid but that you
can help us some—and if you should come to a stand, I will help you
out myself.
Stranger. I know not of what the gentlemen are speaking.

THE PRESIDENT.

O what! That you must certainly hear. Mr. W., tell the stranger
what we are discussing.
W. The subject of discussion is Pastor Alberti's 'Guide to Conver-
sations on Religion,' and I maintain, against Mr. X., that the book is a
dangerous book—that is what we are disputing about.

THE PRESIDENT.

And I am President here, you see. I lead the regiment to combat, and stand in the gap to defend the truth. You understand what we are talking about, and the book is a dangerous book.

Stranger. Have you read the book, Mr. President?

THE PRESIDENT.

No, I have not read it, but I know very well that it is a dangerous book.

Stranger. You, gentlemen, have doubtless read the book.

X. But I wish that I had not read it.

W. To be sure it is no great cause for joy to have read it; but still I know not why you should wish that you had not read it.

X. To spare myself these angry and indignant feelings against the insolence and injustice of calumny: for this reason, and because I am vexed with myself for wasting a word with you on the subject.

Stranger. You speak with the warmth of a friend, Mr. X., and on this account deserve respect. Yet this warmth has led you beyond the suitable bounds of disputation. I should like to see you milder. We must meekly bear with the imperfections of our fellow men, if we really believe that we are to seek the good of others, rather than our own pleasure.

X. Ah, Sir, if you only knew this tribe—on their foreheads, the glory of God; under their cloaks, the dagger—

W. If he but knew them, he would pronounce you a liar, and despise you, as I despise you, for countenancing such bold, insolent attacks upon our most holy religion and the watchmen of Zion; he would—

Stranger. Break off, gentlemen; *this* kind of controversy will lead to nothing good. I presume you are both too good to wish to exasperate one another.

* A corruption of Bothen-mensch, messenger-man. Claudius styled himself the 'Messenger of Wandsbeck.'

Truth is the daughter of a peaceful sky ; she flies from the noise of passion and strife. She dwells with them who love her with the whole heart, and can deny themselves for her sake : she gives them quiet nights and joyful days. I trust she is dear to both of you ; to me also she is dear. Let us then put away the old quarrelsome Adam, if we would find her.

THE PRESIDENT.

To me also she is dear, and I will help you find her. But in Alberti's book we find her not. There's nothing in it but sheer heresy.

Stranger. An author is sometimes careless about his expressions : there are many ways of representing the same thing, so that we cannot always understand each other—and there are some who will not understand.

THE PRESIDENT.

What do you mean by that ?

Stranger. Merely this, that we can find heresy in any book, if we are disposed to seek for it.

THE PRESIDENT.

Well, then, find me heresy in the 'Discourse on the Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.' You take a great deal upon yourself, Buten-Minsch.

Stranger. What I say, I say not against you alone, Mr. President ; in saying it, I condemn myself and all of us. But think not that I spoke unadvisedly, when I said that heresy can be found in any book. You may tell me what heresy to find in the Discourse.

THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. W. ! What heresies are there ?

W. There are enough of them, alas !—Socinian, Valentinian, Manichean.

THE PRESIDENT.

Very well, *Manuchean* ! Now then, find me the *Manuchean* heresy in the Discourse.

Stranger. You know, I suppose, what the Manicheans maintained ?

THE PRESIDENT.

To be sure, how should I not know it ?

Stranger. They maintained that there were two first principles, two self-existent beings, a bad and a good. Manes, however, did not originate this doctrine, but drew it from the depths of the Persian philosophy.

THE PRESIDENT.

How should he have originated it ? Prince Heraclius held it, long before, and Tubal-cain also.

Stranger. Now we find in the Discourse : 'that it is impossible to explain the origin of sin, without the doctrine of Satan and his influences.' According to the Bible, God created Satan a good angel, but Satan sinned and fell. If now the origin of sin cannot be explained without the doctrine of Satan and his influences, we need a new Satan to explain the fall of the present, and so on, again and again a new

Satan—and must at last believe in a self-existent evil being. But this is the Manichean doctrine.

THE PRESIDENT.

That is true, very true! Mr. W., what do you say to it? The Discourse, according to my poor judgment, is *Manichean*.

Stranger. Do not misunderstand me. Pastor Goeze has, in the learned world, the reputation of an orthodox theologian, and he is certainly no Manichean. I only wished to show you, that even in the writings of a divine who holds so strictly to the faith, and abhors all heresy, it is easy to find something that we can interpret in a bad sense, if we wish to do so. But I tell you, in sober earnestness, that I have no such wish, and surely you cannot have.—And now, Mr. W., tell me why you consider Alberti's 'Guide to Conversations on Religion' so dangerous.

W. There are important doctrines omitted.

Stranger. What are the doctrines you allude to?

W. The doctrine of Satan and his influences.

THE PRESIDENT.

Yes, that's it exactly, the doctrine of Satan. You see, Alberti does n't believe in the evil one.

Stranger. That is only your conclusion, Mr. President. Mr. W. merely says that the doctrine is omitted.

THE PRESIDENT.

Ay, ay! that proves it. If he believed in the devil, then he would make mention of him. But he wants to cheat us out of Diabolus, you see, and we'll not let him. *O Zion pulvinar Diaboli!*

Stranger. I know not what the author believes. He may have had good reasons for omitting this doctrine.

THE PRESIDENT.

Yes, to be sure, he may have had good reasons; just mention some, that I may know whether he pipes on the right key.

Stranger. I will only point out one. You know that it is better to attract men to goodness by the beauty of holiness, than to drive them to it by the terrors of punishment.

THE PRESIDENT.

Granted, much better. *Bono vino non opus est suspensio kirco*, so far you are very right.

Stranger. The book, according to its title, was written especially for the instruction of youth. Now if the author wished to train the young hearts of children to a deep and grateful love, and childlike fear of their Father in heaven, might he not very naturally confine himself to a representation of the love of God and all his benefits to men? Would not this most effectually prevent a slavish fear, and best prepare the way for the reception of all other doctrines?

THE PRESIDENT.

There you are right, very right—but, for all that, Diabolus belongs to

religion, and, therefore, in conversations thereon he ought to make his appearance.

Stranger. Certainly, in a complete discussion of religion. But what if the author did not design, in these conversations, to embrace the whole subject?

THE PRESIDENT.

Then he should have said so. Yes, if he had said that, the case would have been altered; then you would have heard me speak in a very different way, *qui bovem bis ungit bovem docet*.

Stranger. If I remember rightly, the author does say so in his preface.

W. Yes, it stands on page 44 and 45, just before that torrent of words——

Stranger. Have you any thing else against the book, Mr. W.?

W. Only that the author speaks not the language of theologians, which so many great and worthy men have spoken, and still speak.

X. Shall the children of the same father contend as enemies? Theologians have made their systems, in order to wage successful warfare against systems which the enemies of religion have produced.

Stranger. But the spirit of religion dwells not in the shell of dogmas; it has its being, neither in the children of unbelief, nor in the degenerate sons and whited sepulchres of faith; it is not contained in the brilliant but idle vagaries of reason, nor yet in buckram orthodoxy and monkish ways. And, for children whose hearts we would make better by religion, the simplest and most forcible expressions are the best. If I stand by the well, why shall I not drink directly from the well? then I am safe from the mud in the bucket. To be strict and zealous in religion, is honorable to a man and to a nation; but it is right that their zeal should be according to knowledge.

THE PRESIDENT.

I resign my office; Buten-Minsch, we will have you for president.

Stranger. By no means, President Lars, you must retain your office.

X. And if Alberti continues bold in defence of his book, yet he himself acknowledges its imperfections; moreover, he is willing to receive counsel from his brethren,—nay, he asks their good advice.

W. That has already been given him.

X. Call you that good advice, since it manifestly had no other aim than—but, stranger, you seem lost in thought—what are you pondering?

Stranger. I am thinking, when we at last reach yonder world, and dwell with the glorious spirits of heaven, and are all of one mind and one heart, how blessed we shall be! and how it will grieve us then to think that here we were so contentious, and were perchance unjust to some of our brethren—and now let us all shake hands. Is it not a beautiful sight, to behold those reconciled who but now were bitterly opposed to each other?

THE PRESIDENT.

True, very true, the Buten-Minsch is right in many things; I will read the book myself; let us all be reconciled, and live as brethren.

From the Religious Magazine.

THE APPROPRIATE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

BY REV. HUBBARD WINSLOW.

THE dignity and virtue of the female character cannot be too highly estimated nor too sacredly protected. It is often and perhaps justly remarked, that as woman was first in transgression, so she is first in obedience; as she was first to introduce sin, so she is first to expel it. She is undoubtedly to sustain a most important part in reclaiming the world. Her influence upon society is great, peculiar, indispensable to its highest elevation. She is capable of exerting a benign and almost irresistible dominion over the affections and the conduct of the other sex; but she can do it only by observing her appropriate sphere, and putting forth her characteristic graces.

* * * *

Although moral goodness is essentially the same in all, consisting in love to God and man, manifested in action, yet nothing is clearer than that woman was to move in a different sphere from that of man, and her moral virtues are to be modified by and adapted to the sphere in which she was made to move. If modesty and delicacy are becoming in both sexes, they are eminently the ornament of the female sex; while all the moral virtues of either sex, though they bear the same name in each, are to assume the masculine or feminine character according to the sex in which they exist. The same act which would be modest and delicate in a man, would not always be so in a woman; while, on the other hand, what may be very bold and energetic in a woman, might be very tame in a man. It is on this principle that we are accustomed to say of the man, who partakes of the character appropriate to females, that he is *effeminate*; and also of the woman, who partakes of the character appropriate to males, that she is *masculine*. These terms, we all know, are intended to designate something out of place, something undesirable and unlovely. We tolerate here and there an anomaly of this kind; but we wish to see such cases 'few and far between.' We should wisely consider the end of all things not far distant, should they become universal.

It may be difficult to trace the precise line of demarcation where the masculine character ends and where the feminine begins; but the general distinctions between them, as well as the dangers to which females are exposed in this particular, are abundantly exhibited in the sacred scriptures. As I wish to be guided by the counsels of divine wisdom in this somewhat delicate yet highly important subject, I would proceed to call your attention 'to the law and to the testimony.' It is my simple aim to expound and apply the lessons of the Bible upon the subject before us.

* * * *

The apostle says, 'I suffer not a woman to teach,' &c. The term teach is the same as that employed by Christ, when he said, 'Go ye and teach,' or disciple, 'all nations,' &c. This commission was given exclusively to *men*. Christ had many excellent female disciples, but to

none of them did he extend this commission ; and the apostle reminds some of the primitive sisters of this fact, at a time when they seem to have been inclined to forget it. This remembrancer still speaks, and his message is as important and as binding as ever.

The physical constitution of the sexes plainly indicates that, as a general rule, the more severe manual labors, the toils of the field, the mechanic arts, the cares and burdens of mercantile business, the exposures and perils of absence from home, the duties of the learned professions, devolve upon man ; while the more delicate and retired cares and labors of the household devolve upon woman.

The intellectual and moral constitution of the sexes, as well as the Bible, instructs us that all the affairs of state, both civil and political, all the affairs of the church, as respects both government and public teaching, all the enterprises for evangelizing and reforming the world, all the more public literary and religious institutions, especially those embracing both sexes, should be headed and controlled by man ; while the more modest and retiring, though not less valuable and powerful influences of her personal character and conversation upon her domestic circle, her neighbors and associates, and through them upon the world, together with the fruits of her intellect, imparted not in public lectures, but by private instruction, or communicated to the world through the medium of the press, belong to woman.

The appropriate sphere and distinguishing duties of woman are then as follows. Having given herself up to God, her first duty is, *to take care of her own house*. Having severely rebuked the conduct of those who, leaving the domestic duties, wander about from house to house, idle, tattlers, busybodies, speaking things which they ought not, the apostle adds, 'I will, therefore, that the younger women marry, bear children, *guide the house* ; give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.' 1 Tim. v. 14. Nor let any woman pronounce this an invidious and menial sphere of duty. Let her but consider how much the happiness of society and the progress of the world in all that is good depend upon domestic causes ; let her also know in what admiration she is held by those whose respect is most to be valued, who, on entering her house, behold an abode of neatness, order, cheerfulness, and hospitality ; her children well clad and smiling, her table neatly spread with wholesome provisions, and every thing about her seeming to say, 'Here is my happiness ; my husband is my best companion, my children are my jewels ; my house is my home, and no earthly pleasure excels that of rendering it a domestic paradise—a centre of attraction to my family, so that they are nowhere else so happy ; a place, too, of welcome and grateful reception to the stranger'—and she will see that this is second to no other secular sphere for honor or importance ; that she has no occasion to covet the chairs of state or the noisy scenes of public action. She will be satisfied with the inspired description of woman in her true glory. Although the progress of art has somewhat changed her occupation, yet the general duty is still essentially the same—'She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff—She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy—She is not afraid of the snow for her household ; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh her-

self coverings of tapestry ; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.' Observe, the husband, not the wife, is seen in the gates, the places of concourse, and is known by his respectable appearance, imparted by the domestic virtues of his wife ; so that all who see him say, 'There is the man who has a good wife to take care of him.' 'She maketh fine linen, and selleth it ; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, *but thou excellest them all.*' Prov. xxxi.

While thus administering neatness, order, comfort, and happiness, to her household, her hands may also go forth to embrace the poor and the afflicted ; she may, as did the holy women who attended on the ministry of Christ and his apostles, make coats and garments for the destitute, and visit the houses of sorrow and of want with her tender sympathies and benevolent aid. Thus the same passage of scripture which describes the domestic virtues, says also, as we have seen, 'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor ; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.'

But let it not be supposed that her agency is to be restricted to mere temporal affairs. She ought not, like a sister of old, to be 'cumbered with much serving,' to the neglect of other and higher duties. To 'look well to the ways of her household, and eat not the bread of idleness,' to see that whatever her husband provides tells to advantage in the neat and tasteful apparel, the well spread table, the comfort and happiness of her family, is of course a duty never to be neglected ; but more, much more than this, remains for her to do. It is hers also to nourish and adorn the young and growing *minds* ; to cause her *instructions* to distil upon them as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as showers that water the earth ; to bend and direct the infant twig in the way it should grow, that it may shoot erect towards heaven ; to put forth a mother's restraining and elevating influence upon her sons, that they 'may be as plants grown up in their youth,' and to bestow a mother's peculiar guardianship and delicate care upon her daughters, that 'they may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace ;' to exert a holy influence upon her husband, and by her sweet and tender sympathies to calm his anxious mind, smooth his ruffled brow, and cheer him on in the path of self-denying duty and of high endeavor ; to diffuse all around her, as she mingles in society, the pure and mighty influences of female piety, always savoring of delicacy, modesty, good sense, intelligence, and transparent benevolence ; and all this, if you please, adorned with a finished culture, sparkling with chastened and refined wit, and attended with whatever may be most attractive and commanding in the peculiar graces and beauties of the female character—these are the noblest virtues of woman ; these are what render her what she was made to be, if we may credit the Bible, the help that is 'meet' or suitable for man—such a help as he needs. And who will say that they are not as important, as honorable, as elevated, and that they do not invite and give

ample scope to as high intellectual and moral cultivation, as the distinguishing duties of men ?

* * * *

It is unnecessary to attempt to define the exact line over which the graces of female character forbid woman to step, but from the scriptures which we have introduced we may easily trace its general direction. It respects both the things which she does and her manner of doing them.

To perform deeds of personal charity and kindness to the destitute and afflicted ; to converse modestly or to employ the pen upon subjects which engage her mind and interest her heart ; to assist in the circulation of approved religious tracts ; to act the part of a personal or private teacher, whether secular or religious ; to engage in small social circles of her own sex in the duties of devotion and of christian conversation ; to solicit charity for approved benevolent objects, by private application—deeds like these, if performed with the spirit and manner which become her, appear to be comprehended within the sphere which the scriptures assign to the female sex ; and I know of no female virtue on which they necessarily encroach.

But when females undertake to assume the place of public teachers, whether to both sexes or only to their own ; when they form societies for the purpose of sitting in judgment and acting upon the affairs of church and state ; when they travel about from place to place as lecturers, teachers and guides to public sentiment ; when they assemble in conventions to discuss questions, pass resolutions, make speeches, and vote upon civil, political, moral, and religious matters ; when they begin to send up their names to gentlemen holding official stations, gravely declaring their own judgment in regard to what they ought to do, and informing them, with solemn menace, what they have themselves determined to do, if they do not yield to their wishes—even to repeat the expression of their sentiments until they *do* yield ; when they attempt the reformation of morals by engaging in free conversation and discussion upon those things of which the apostle says, ' it is a shame even to speak ;' when they encourage meetings and measures like the above, either by their presence, countenance, or service ;—in short, when the distinguishing graces of modesty, deference, delicacy, and sweet charity are in any way displaced by the opposite qualities of boldness, arrogance, rudeness, indelicacy, and the spirit of denunciation of men and measures, so that they give any just occasion for being denominated, by way of distinction, ' the female brethren'—it is then no longer a question whether they have stretched themselves beyond their measure and violated the inspired injunction which saith, ' Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection, but I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.'

And why should any woman thus sacrifice herself ? Does duty demand it ? Must she do it for conscience sake ? However good the object, it cannot be duty to seek its promotion by such means as these. The end can never justify the means, in the estimation of any whose conscience is not perverted. Does she do it for the sake of the suffering or the oppressed, or to correct moral evils and exterminate vice ? There is ' a more excellent way,' to do this, and also at the same time to and elevate her own character ; a way clearly indicated, a

seen, in the word of God. It can never be the duty of any one to attempt to benefit others, at the sacrifice of her own character. Is her object personal distinction? Let her contemplate such characters as Hannah More and Isabella Graham, than which lovelier and brighter never shone upon earth, in contrast with those who have acquired an unenviable distinction in these unchristian ways—the Royals and the Darusmonts of our day—and she may see that the surest way to true glory is the one ordained for her by God. The world has had enough of Fanny Wrights; whether they appear in the name of avowed infidelity, or of civil and human rights, or of political economy, or of morals and religion, their tendency is ultimately the same—the alienation of the sexes, the subversion of the distinguished excellence and benign influence of woman in society, the destruction of the domestic constitution, the prostration of all decency and order, the reign of wild anarchy and shameless vice. Thomas Paine could not desire better disciples; nor would it much concern him in what name or cause they might profess to appear, since the ultimate effect is one and the same.

THE CHILD OF MERCY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

WHEN the Almighty was about to create man, he gathered around him the highest angels for consultation.

'Create him not!' said the angel of *Justice*; 'he will be unjust to his brethren, he will treat the weak and helpless with harshness and cruelty.'

'Create him not!' said the angel of *Peace*. 'He will cover the earth with human blood; the first-born of the race will murder his own brother.'

'Thy sanctuary he will profane with lies,' said the angel of *Truth*, 'even if thou dost imprint thine own image, the seal of truth, on his countenance.'

While they were yet speaking, *Mercy*, the youngest, dearest child of the Eternal Father, stepped before his throne, and fell at his feet. 'Create him,' said she, 'O father! after thine own image, the darling of thy goodness. When all thy servants forsake him, I will seek him out, and stand by him lovingly, and will make even his faults the occasion of good. The heart of the weak I will soften, and incline it to compassion for his weaker brethren. When he strays from peace, and turns away from truth; when he offends justice and equity, then will I cause even the consequences of his errors to lead him back, and gently restore him to the right way.'

The Eternal Father created man. A weak and erring creature; but, even in his wanderings, a favored pupil of the divine goodness; the child of mercy, the son of a love that never forsook him, that would always do him good.—

Remember thy origin, O man, when thy heart grows hard and unjust. 'Twas *Mercy* alone that called thee into existence; and, through life, thou dost find compassion and love only on her motherly breast.

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WORDSWORTH.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[From the papers of a clergyman of the nineteenth century.]

WHEN you request me to name to you the Poet whom I would have you make your familiar companion and friend, you turn my thoughts in a direction which they often take, and in which they readily flow. No subject is (for certain reasons) more interesting to me than the reading of a young lady, inasmuch as the books which engage her thoughts and feelings are an index of the tone of those thoughts and feelings, and exert a strong influence to strengthen and confirm any character which these have already assumed. When I am introduced to the library of one in whose welfare I feel concern, it is with an interested, if not with an anxious scrutiny, that I cast my eyes upon the volumes of which it is made up, reading in their titles, as I do, the general current of her thoughts, and the distinguishing features of her character.

If she has nothing in her possession except an assortment of annuals, old and new, faded and fresh,—together with a file of the New York Mirror, I shake my head and sigh, whether it be her taste, or her want of knowledge that there is something better to be had, which has led her to content herself with nourishment so meagre as this. If a few fashionable novels constitute her store, I mourn over the immortal spirit that is preparing itself for a vacant, if not for a discontented life,—a life marked by an unwilling and constrained performance of its most necessary duties, the introduction I fear to something far worse, when that spirit shall be ushered into its eternal habitation. If one or two works of approved excellence, and also a few of the most popular writers in literature or morality, are grouped together, without furnishing the appearance that their possessor feels a strong and decided preference for some above others, I draw the conclusion that she has collected her library because she supposed it would be against her to have no books at all, while yet she does not care for them, as sources of profit or pleasure for their own sake. If the Word of Life, and a few of those works of devotion which breathe most of its spirit, form her library, and bear marks of a frequent and attentive perusal, I honor her in my heart. I extend toward her my liveliest sympathies, as to my fellow-Christian, and re-

joice over the immortal spirit that is thus daily carried up to Heaven, and freed from the soil which is contracted from the earth.

When, in addition to these, I see the works of the Poets of my choice and the favorites of my heart, I bless her as one of the favored few, who, while they keep their hearts pure, and plume themselves for their flight to immortality, do also cherish that other heavenly gift, Imagination, which is second only to Faith—if indeed it be not the mysterious power to which God addresses himself, and which when applied to divine objects becomes Faith.

Viewing religion not merely as a possession necessary to be had, that the eternal weal of the soul may be secured, but as the appropriate service of its best powers, and the crown of every other education, I can not advise you to make any Poet your companion, much less your favorite, whose excellencies are not based upon Religion.

By this I do not mean that your favorite Poets should necessarily be devotional, and only such, though I would have you often rise upward to the sweet music of such hymns as Logan, as Doddridge, and as Cowper have composed; but I do mean that you should suffer no Poet to take possession of your affections, who does not in his writings heartily recognize Religion as requisite to the Perfection of man. This does not Byron as a Poet, whose ideal of human excellence, in all his works, was man displaying the energy and the weakness, the power and the pathos of Passion *governing*, and not of Passion *governed*;—nor Pope, whose moral measure of man rose but little higher than the point attained in the High Life of London in his time;—nor does Swift, whose own defective, if not corrupt taste, led him to degrade and pollute every thing which he touched;—nor does Young, although with a just understanding of what Religion is, and however much he is thought of by serious people as a Religious Poet, who represents the spirit of Religion as a spirit of enslaving and terrifying fear, instead of a spirit inspired by the ‘Power of Love and a sound mind,’—who depicts the feelings of man as trembling beneath impending judgments of his God, rather than as entranced by the love manifested in the face of his son Jesus Christ.

In one sense of the word, Shakspeare and Burns both recognize the Truth of Religion, and its Relation to man; and in this respect exert an influence far less injurious, than that of Byron, Swift, or Pope. Burns, in his letters, many of which are most instructive and admonitory, speaks out the heart of one, who felt that Eternal Realities are True, and his Poems are such as no one could have written, whose feelings had not received their training from the household Piety of Scotland. Shakspeare also, when he utters Moral and Religious Sentiments, utters them with the earnestness of one whose judgment responded to their importance; and much of the excellence in his characters, which is adorned by the attractive coloring of his imagination, is such as could have sprung only from True Religious Principle. All this I say, with the distinct and full recollection, that there is much in both these Poets, that is very questionable in its general tendency.

Having premised thus much, you will allow me to commend to you, as worthy to become one of your favorites—a living Poet, who has been slanderously condemned and depreciated, and also extolled with much

ignorant and indiscriminating praise. But let me say to you, I do not recommend to you to set him up as your only favorite, or to read him exclusively. Place him side by side with your Milton, your Cowper, your Shakspeare, and Burns—for I can trust *you* with the two last, while some can be trusted only with the two former.

But why, you may be ready to ask, why did you name Wordsworth particularly, and why do you give him so great prominence in your own mind? My answer is, because I wish to advise you so that you may read him with profit. His excellencies are peculiar, and they have not been made the theme of criticism often enough to command that unquestioning homage which, as a thing of course, Milton and Cowper receive from all.

His ideal of female excellence is peculiar to himself, and should be to you one of the strongest points of attraction. In Milton indeed you see woman elevated to her just rank, and clothed with the power and the weakness of her sex; and the Eve of our immortal Poet, will, in future, as she has in the past, challenge the admiration of his readers, and interest their feelings. But she is woman, the inhabitant of Paradise, not a dweller upon our earth, and above all woman exalted above the stature of humanity, and gifted with an almost angelic elevation, as she could not but be by the imagination of a Milton.

In her fall and her repentance, it is true, she descends more nearly to the level of humanity—she touches our hearts, and we weep with and for her, yet still she is not one of ourselves, not even one of ourselves exalted by the lawful influence of imagination. We contemplate her as we do Penelope and Lucretia, as clothed with the state of ancient and heroic days. We can by no effort of ours transport her to our fire-sides, or place her in our feelings upon the footing occupied by the loveliest and noblest females of our acquaintance.

The female characters which Cowper presents to us, are rendered sufficiently familiar, as they are drawn by his pencil; indeed, with the leave of the fond admirers of the Poet, we may say that we become almost *too* familiar with them to yield them the homage of our admiration, or to invest them with the beauty which imagination lends. As in all that comes from his pen, so in his delineations of the female character, the matter of fact too much predominates to realize all the high objects of Poetical composition. For, as says Lord Bacon, Poetry 'was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.'

But how shall I describe to you the female character as presented by Wordsworth, or show you what are its appropriate ornaments and excellencies? I cannot do it better than in his own words.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A Traveler betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

Shall I say of Wordsworth, that he delights to invest subjects taken from the plain and common life of man, with the beauty and grace which the imagination lends, and which the ends of Poetry require, and that while his exhibitions of excellence both in man and woman are characterized as remarkably *just*, they are ever clothed with the purest and most elevated associations? That, in consequence, his portraits of female character are portraits of living and real women, while yet their natural beauty is a little exalted, and the brightness and delicacy of coloring oversteps the exact severity of Nature—though not the *just* liberty allowed to Poetry.

You have not been so unfortunate, I trust, as not to have known within the circle of your acquaintance, women who combined the various excellencies which he delights to portray,—whose native dignity was both elevated and subdued by unfeigned Piety, and whose alacrity in the common offices of life was rendered doubly attractive by their fitness to adorn the most elegant society. Such are the female characters described by our Poet, whether personated under the humble form of the Highland lass, or in the high-born lady of Rylstone.

They are the women who cheer and sustain domestic life, who rise above its contracting and its subduing cares, and cause their own households to be glad in the cheerful light of their bright and beaming eyes. They are also beings who live serious and thoughtful lives, who reflect upon their duties to God and to man, and are mindful of their immortal destiny; who, while they shed on every side the most benignant and the gentlest influence, do also direct their thoughts upward to their higher home.

The only path in which they move with grace or in peace, is in the circle marked out by duty. This 'stern lawgiver' is ever acknowl-

edged by them as the only guide to be recognized, and the authority which she exercises as blessing most richly her willing servants. Their duties are their pleasures, made so by their cheerful acquiescence, while through the strength and purity of those affections which are their all, they rise toward the height where angels move.

If, therefore, you wish to see combined in an image of ideal excellence, the graceful dignity and the winning sweetness, the elevation and the lowliness, which in their harmonious blending make up the perfect woman, you may find it in the pages of Wordsworth. If you wish to form yourself to such excellence, then read his writings, and catch their spirit; and inasmuch as the soul of poetry is but the inspiration imparted by minds of the noblest order and the most finished culture, you may, from your poetical studies, derive nutriment and impulse in the training of your own immortal soul.

The views of human life and of what constitutes the excellence of man, which are the basis of his Poetry, commend him to your confidence. He opens no path for effort or for hope, except such as has been marked out by the sure finger of God, in his providence and in his word. Human happiness is represented by him as attained only as God intended that it should be enjoyed, by 'the spirit of self-sacrifice,' in the vale of self-subjection, and in an ardent love for every living thing. No outward circumstances produce it, no conjunction of auspicious planets, no sternness of resolute determination, and no easy and good-natured abandonment of one's self to the aspect of the passing hour, be it smiling or adverse—but confiding Faith in God, and the animating hope which springs from the love of God and of all good. At your period of life, there is great danger, lest you should refuse to believe that the conditions on which true happiness is imparted are thus rigidly and sternly exacted,—lest you should try the same varied round of methods through which so many have sought to secure it, to be disappointed with them. To save yourself from this course of restless seeking and never finding, study the counsels of this truly Moral Poet.

Do you wish to study and to love the works of Nature? You may learn so to do from one who has watched her varied face with a lover's steadfast and earnest gaze—and has copied its lineaments with more than the steadiness of a lover's hand; who has read the meaning of her varied aspects, with the docility of a child who finds the law of his actions in his mother's smile or his mother's anxious and dissuasive look.

Do you wish to be familiar with a style which is dignified and chaste, and which bears forward the thought as 'on eagles' wings,' with a strong and easy motion, without effort and without the loss of dignity,—a style which is generally condensed and precise, while yet it is often amplified into a becoming extension,—which, though somewhat abstract, as is to be expected of a philosophical poet, is always clothed with the beauty and interest which charms the reflecting reader? Open your Wordsworth, and hear the music which he draws forth from your native English tongue. Mark the style of performance which is so peculiar to him, and which his imitators can by no means transfer to their strains—if strains they may be called, in which there is but little music.

But if you would derive benefit from Wordsworth, or would even read

him with interest, you must *study* him. You cannot expect to appreciate or to enjoy him, unless you bring to his writings an active mind—unless by patient resolution, you penetrate to the very heart of his *mystery*, and open for yourself his stores of thought and feeling.

To love Wordsworth, you must be like him. You must think and feel with him. With him, you must be gentle, patient, upright, steadfast, humble,—in short, you must have subdued your own heart to the same sincere love of God, of his creatures, and his works, which animates our *sage and serious Poet*. *Being* such in character, you will love his works; nay, you will often carry your sympathies to his peaceful cottage home, and pray from the heart that peace may attend him in his downward *steps*, and the bright colors of Poesy gild his declining hours, till he reaches that Portal, through which as they pass, Imagination and Faith are transformed into glad Experience and triumphant Vision. N. P.

THE REPLY

TO A COMPLIMENTARY POETICAL LETTER, RECEIVED FROM A LADY IN THE COUNTRY,
IN RETURN FOR A VOLUME OF POEMS.

For thee the gift—a tribute meet !
But not for me the praise,
Although from yonder green retreat
It swells the sweetest lays.
Yet mortal man may not complain
Because 'tis half a syren strain,
If he but have the luck to be
The burden of the melody.

If his are truly ' thoughts that breathe,'
A gentle hand should twine
Around his brow the laurel wreath,
A gentle hand—like thine.
Nor need he ask if merit wove
The chaplet, or a partial love,
But turn analysis adrift,
And cling rejoicing to the gift.

And yet it is no laurel crown
Alone will cheer the bard;
For ' poesy may be its own
Exceeding great reward.'
To him the sky unfolds its hues,
And him the balmiest zephyr woos,
And silver fountains freshly play,
And birds are singing, round his way.

If he attune that cunning lyre
Of thousand strings, the heart,
And breathe along its chords of fire
A consecrated art,—
His song shall be a prelude here
To music in a holier sphere,
And every note his lip hath sung
Shall quiver on an angel's tongue.

M. P.

Aug. 22d, 1833.

EDUCATION AND LITERATURE IN OUR COUNTRY.

FROM BUSHNELL'S ORATION BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.

THERE is not a nobler office for a state, than the education of its youth, or one more congenial to a just ambition. Abandoning the mercenary and merely economical policy, and ascending to higher views, it will behold its richest mines in the capabilities of its sons and daughters. Upon the cultivation of these it will concentrate the main force of its polity, and will produce to itself a glorious revenue of judges, senators, and commanders, wives to adorn and strengthen the spheres of great men, citizens who will make every scene of life and every work of industry to smile. Oh! I blush, for once, to think of my country! It has gone abroad—we ourselves have declared—that we are an enlightened people. And doubtless a republican nation, one too that has filled the world with its name, must be a nation of special culture. Suppose a commissioner were sent out from some one of the venerable kingdoms of the old world, to examine and report upon our admirable systems of schools. First of all, he will say, when he returns, I found in America no system of schools at all, and scarcely a system in any one school. I ascertained, that in four States adjacent to each other, there were more children out of school than in all the kingdom of Prussia. Traveling through New England, which is noted for its schools, I observed that the school houses were the most comfortless and mean-looking class of buildings, placed in the worst situations, without shades or any attraction to mitigate their barbarity. Into these dirty shops of education, the sons and daughters are driven to be taught. I found, on inquiry, that a man, for example, who would give a cheap sort of lawyer from ten to twenty dollars for a few hours' service, is giving the professor of education from one to two dollars for a whole winter's work on the mind of his son. On the whole, I found that the Americans were very providently engaged in planting live oak timber for the service of their navy in future generations, but I did not discover that they had any particular concern, just now, about soldiers, commanders, and magistrates for the coming age. The picture is, alas! too just. Indeed, the public are not altogether insensible to these things. I hear them often complained of by those who do not seem to understand that they are only the legiti-

mate fruit of their own principles. What other result could possibly appear, in a country whose mind and honor are prostituted to the pursuit of riches, as their highest desire and object.

A national literature consummates and crowns the greatness of a people. The best actions, indeed, and the highest personal virtues, are scarcely possible, till the inspiring force of a literature is felt. There cannot even be a high tone of general education without a literature. A state must have its renowned orators and senators; the spirit of its laws and customs must be developed in a venerable body of judicial learning; its constitutions must have been clothed with gravity and authority by the admiration of philosophers and wise men; its beginnings, its great actions, its fields of honor, the names of its lakes, rivers, and mountains, must have been consecrated in song; then the nation becomes, as it were, conscious of itself, and one, because there is a spirit in it which the men of every class and opinion, nay, the earth and the air, participate. But, alas! there must be something of true manhood and spiritual generosity, to produce such a literature. A mercenary mind is incapable of true inspiration. The spirit of gain is not the spirit of song; and philosophers will not be heard discoursing in the groves of paper cities.

DESCRIPTION OF A PICTURE.

There is a picture in Madrid called *DESENGANO DE LA VIDA*. (*Life's Deception, exposed,—or The Cheat of Life, discovered.*)

THE name is strange—the picture's full of joy—
 Draw back the curtain—let the golden ray
 Pour all its glories on that beauteous boy,
 Who sleeps as if life were a summer day.

The graceful boon of beauty is no cheat;—
 Does it not touch affection's sweetest string?
 The artist felt it—where then the deceit?
 Ah! he would mystery o'er his painting fling.

See, on mosaic tables heaps of gold,
 Mirrors reflect the exquisite of skill—
 In these the splendid accident is told
 Which bid him rank and station proudly fill.

And there are flowers, and wine cups finely chas'd,
 And costly fragments on the festal board;
 And lutes and harps, around the banquet plac'd,
 Prove taste and talent sway'd the noble lord.

What means the picture ? sure, he only sleeps,
 And dreams of her who has his being's spell—
 Say, Life, art thou a cheat to him who steeps
 His soul in love, and seems to love so well ?

Amid the gems so glittering and so rare,
 Which strew the marble floor—one he retains—
Her image—and a tress of sunny hair—
 No cheat is here—Life—Life triumphant reigns.

An angel with a scroll leans o'er the boy—
 Together too, they smile—'tis passing strange !
 'Tis not, as I first thought, a dream of joy ;
 Perhaps the scroll has on it—*Death*—or *Change*.

But why the smile, if *Change* and *Death* are given
 To blight our hopes, and mock the aching soul ?
 I look again—the angel points to Heaven—
 On Earth we love a dream—I read the scroll.

Life's summer sunlight ne'er again can shine,
 When we have lost the lov'd, the true, the fond ;
 Then *here* we'll mark the false, the shadowy line,
 And win the bright reality *beyond*.

F.

New Haven, October, 1837.

SLEEP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

In that innumerable host of Genii, which Jupiter had created for his human family, to bless and cheer the brief period of their wretched existence upon earth, was the dusky *Sleep*. 'What shall I do ?' said he, as he looked upon his own form, 'what shall I do, among my brilliant and agreeable brethren ? What a sad appearance shall I make in the choir of sports and pleasures, or amid the merry grimaces of Cupid's train ! Granted, that I am longed for by the unhappy, from whom I take the burden of their cares, and drown them in soft forgetfulness. Granted, that I am welcome also to the weary, whom yet I only strengthen for renewed and painful labor. But those who are never weary, who know nothing of care or misery, such I should only disturb, in taking them from the circle of their joys !'—

'Thou errest,' said the Father of Genii and Men, 'in that dark form of thine, thou wilt yet become the favorite Genius of the whole world. For thinkest thou not that sports and pleasures weary ? Truly, they

fatigue sooner than care and sorrow: to the satiated child of fortune, they are soon transformed into the most wearisome dullness.

'But thou,' he continued, 'shalt not be without thy positive delights; ay, and in them thou shalt often surpass the whole host of thy brothers.' With these words, he presented to him the silver-gray horn of *Pleasant Dreams*. 'Out of this,' said he, 'scatter thy poppy-blossoms; and the happy, as well as the unfortunate, will desire and love thee above all thy brethren. The hopes, the mirth, the joys that in it lie, were gathered by thy sisters, the Graces, with magic hand, from our Elysian fields. The ethereal dew that glitters upon them, will refresh every one whom thou wouldst bless, with his dearest wish; and since the Goddess of Love has besprinkled them with our immortal nectar, they will have power to impart a higher and purer delight to mortals, than all the poor realities of earth can give. From the choir of merry sports and blooming joys, man will hasten to thy arms: Poets will celebrate thy praises, and in their songs will court the enchantments of thy skill: even the innocent maiden will long for thee, and thou wilt hang upon her eyes, a sweet, benignant Genius.'—

The mournful complaint of Sleep was changed to triumphant thanks,—and the most beautiful of the Graces, Pasithea, was given him in marriage.

SONNET.

THE mountains win a strange love from their child—
 Back, like the eagle to his eyry wild,
 His soul flies thither at the time of dreams,
 To loiter by the banks of those glad streams,
 Which have like him their birth-place on the hills.
 'Tis a pure lesson, taught him by the rills,
 Which mingling swell their power of blessing up,
 Till thousand happy things, from their full cup
 Drink life, and passing loveliness, and strength;
 Blessings attend their path, until at length
 Their course is ended in the mighty sea.
 So may my pathway mid my fellows be,
 Offering that fount which makes forever blest,
 Till in the earth's green bosom I am laid to rest.

G. P. T.

Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven.

Sir Thomas Browne.

THE TRUE VALUE OF BOOKS TO THE SCHOLAR.

FROM EMERSON'S ORATION BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.

[We hear of some intelligent men and profound scholars, who can find no meaning whatever in the Oration from which the following extracts are taken—and hence we may be considered very presumptuous for supposing that we have attained to any comprehension of its true meaning. It contains a page on nature, and one or two other passages, which we confess ourselves wholly unable to understand; but the greater part of it seems to us sufficiently clear—and we had thought there was a good deal in it of which the common sense and common feelings of mankind would instantly acknowledge the truth. Perhaps our understanding of it is only misunderstanding—but in one thing we are *very* sure that we are not mistaken, and that is the delight we have received from its repeated perusal.]

THE theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him—life; it went out from him—truth. It came to him—short-lived actions; it went out from him—immortal thoughts. It came to him—business; it went from him—poetry. It was—dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to cotemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation,—the act of thought,—is instantly transferred to the record. The poet chanting, was felt to be a divine man. Henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit. Henceforward it is settled, the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly, the book becomes noxious. The guide is a tyrant. We sought a brother, and lo, a governor. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, always slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry, if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views

which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the book-worm. Hence, the book-learned class, who value books, as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence, the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees.

This is bad; this is worse than it seems. Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value, is, the active soul,—the soul, free, sovereign, active. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth; and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence, it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius always looks forward. The eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead. Man hopes. Genius creates. To create,—to create,—is the proof of a divine presence. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his:—cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive always from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest and self-recovery, and a fatal disservice is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence. The literature of every nation bear me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakspearized now for two hundred years.

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading,—so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the soul seeth not, when the sun is hid, and the stars withdraw their shining,—we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. We hear that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, 'A fig tree looking on a fig tree, becometh fruitful.'

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us ever with the conviction that one nature

wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets, of Chaucer, of Marvell, of Dryden, with the most modern joy,—with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all *time* from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had well nigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some pre-established harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know, that as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed, who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say, that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, 'He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies.' There is then creative reading, as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read in his Plato or Shakspeare, only that least part,—only the authentic utterances of the oracle,—and all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakspeare's.

Of course, there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us, when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and, by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns, and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance whilst they grow richer every year.

'It is indeed a just maxim, that honesty is the best policy; but he who is governed by that maxim, is not an honest man.'

MY BIRD.

A EUGLE on the Hudson, sent
 Its mountain music far and free,
 O'er hill, and stream, and monument,
 In wild and startling melody ;
 My wind-harp in the window sings
 In shine or shower its fairy lay,
 Like quiverings of angel-wings,
 Or airs of Paradise at play ;
 Yet not in either have I heard
 The rival of my singing bird.

But Emma sung her song ; the sound
 I breathed in, as in charmed air,
 As in some perfume, floating round
 From holy censer, rich and rare ;
 I drank in every silvery note,
 While breathlessly I bent to hear,
 And her I loved, from whose 'sweet throat'
 The cadence fell upon mine ear ;
 And then I caged her, when I heard
 This rival of my singing bird !

Autumn, 1831.

O.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NUMBER TWO.

THE MISERIES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

FROM some cause or other, I have never been able, in traveling thus far through the world, to get much of what the world calls happiness. It has never been my luck—others about me are more fortunate ; but for myself, with a heart as ardent and a mind as energetic as most of them, I have never failed to lose the fruit, at the very moment it seemed within my grasp. I remember, in my boyhood, I thought happiness consisted in the quantity of coppers I could gather together ; so, denying myself the little pleasures of my years, I hoarded all the pennies my father gave me, until I had so many it was difficult to carry them. I got the nurse to make a bag for me, into which I put them, and by a long string I fastened it to my neck, and took it with me wherever I went ; but the string made my neck sore, and the coppers knocked against my knees so much when I ran, that I concluded there was no happiness in money, and so I threw the bag and the pennies with it into the river. I was told that happiness was to be found in loving somebody, so I selected

the finest fellow of my class, and told him I wanted to love him. He consented, and for the privilege, he cracked two-thirds or more of all the nuts I bought, and eat the biggest piece of gingerbread my mother sent me, leaving me to go hungry all the afternoon in consequence. I heard one of the large boys say, it was a pleasant thing to be able to swear bravely, but when I tried that, my father got wind of it and whipped the ability out of me so completely, that I had no more happiness for a fortnight. I heard the deacon of the church say, it was a good thing to pray well, so getting all the scholars together one noon, we had a prayer-meeting, at which I presided; but in the very midst of one of my most sonorous vociferations, the master came in, and I was turned out of the school for an unrighteous little hypocrite. My search after happiness was thus found to be a fruitless employment, and at a very early period of my life, I came to the knowledge that happiness is an exotic, and will not flourish below.

By these somewhat whimsical remarks, my meaning may be misinterpreted—a thought of my insincerity may start up in some minds. But I honestly declare I was never more in earnest, and never impressed with deeper convictions of the truth of a sentiment, than I am in this case. There are some men in this world who never say or do things as others say and do them; men whose thoughts, altogether despising the track in which others run, mark out a track of their own; men of the best heads and rarest hearts, and if properly appreciated, the brightest ornaments of society. Some men of this class are found in every place; they stand out from the common rank, they bear upon their brows a different impress from the rest of men. If circumstances have been favorable to such, if they have by some trick of fortune been shielded from those untoward influences that sour the best dispositions, and turn the mild and pleasant companion into a distrustful and moody misanthropist, then they have been honors to their age and name, and enjoyed with the world a good reputation. His countrymen could honor Dante when dead, though, living, they drove him into exile. Success, we all know, turns a traitor into a patriot. A man must *force* his way by some means or other, or his differing from others will be set down to his disadvantage. The world sees in such, something above other men, though it so hates to acknowledge it, and indeed *will not* acknowledge it, but stigmatizes it by calling it eccentricity, or oddity, or some such thing, until, by its own omnipotent energy, it forcibly wrenches from mankind the high meed of their approbation. This explains, and most perfectly too, the sombre character of the history of Genius. Why is it that this history is but a record of mortifications and miseries? Why is it that the noblest and most gifted spirits that have ever breathed, have, one after another, risen on the world and set again, very much like bright stars that steal out from the heavens a moment, and then fade away again, in the shadow of some passing cloud? Why was it that Homer begged, that Otway was starved, and Savage died in a jail? It was because the world would not smile on the genius they were enjoying, and because these spirits had not enough hardness and insensibility in them, to battle with the waves of their adversity.

This differing from the commonality of men, I do not by any means

assert, is a proof always of that merit which should be rewarded. When rewards are proffered, regard of course should always be had in some degree, to the *moral* qualities of the claimant. But here also there is liability to err; there is danger lest in our admiration for *moral* excellence, we overlook that which, though less amiable in itself, is certainly not less salutary in its influence on the well-being of the world. We should never forget, that no amount of moral principle whatever, can alone make up a great man. But the eccentricity in question, though from relative circumstances not always meritorious, may nevertheless be regarded as always indicative of some sort of superiority. It is not your common men who are your odd men. That man has something to distinguish him whom the world talks about. He was not born to die *with* the multitude who is not *of* the multitude. You may set it down for a fact in all cases, that the most distinguished villain had received a high measure of that, which, if circumstances had favored him, would have made him the bulwark of virtue.* The world therefore judges harshly of those, whom it calls *useless* because they move not in the same orbit with themselves. It may be that in the charmed circles in which such move there is as much harmony, though our dulled ears cannot hear it.

There was a rustling of something like wings at my elbow, and the LITTLE GENIUS was before me—his appearance very much the same as on his former visit, though I noticed now a pair of pinions appended to his shoulders, and in his hand he bore a something like a mirror.

‘So, Master Student! still at thy dull occupation I see, and thy heart no doubt as ill at ease as ever.’

‘Ay!’ responded I to the salutation of the Genius, ‘and as madly driving to deeper unhappiness.’

‘And what may be the measure of thy thoughts?’ said he.

‘I am thinking of the miseries of men of Genius,’ answered I.

‘And pray what miseries dost thou wot of?’

‘Of being spit at by those beneath you—of being obliged to smile on those you loathe—of putting up with misinterpretations and insults—in short, of being the sensitive sport of the veriest clown, and having the big world look approvingly on, when you feel within you a something which *will* be heard, and which *will* assert its splendid birth-right. These I call the miseries of men of Genius.’

‘Thou art a boy!’ sternly answered the visitant. ‘Did I not urge thee, on a former occasion, to *universal knowledge*? It is this half-way view of things, this looking at the corners and angles of truth, rather than round and comprehending it, which fills the world with so much error. It is the want of that wise and just apprehension of things, which results from a knowledge of their position and relations to each other, from knowing all causes and all principles of action; as well, of those impulses which fill up the common routine of society, as of those greater and all-embracing truths that harmonize with the general movements of

* We can not help expressing our entire disapprobation of the sentiment contained in the above sentence, for we believe in the perfect moral freedom of man. There are some other things in the same paragraph, which are not exactly in accordance with our taste or our principles.—*Ed.*

the universe ; in short, it is nothing less than *universal knowledge* which brings down great difficulties to small ones, shows regularity where seemed nothing but irregularity, presents a wide world, (busy and mad, as it appears to the superficial eye, a heterogeneous mass of mixed confusion, seemingly without order and without arrangement,) in its wonderful variety of characters, and manifold points of interest, all working on one grand plan, and all tending towards one great consummation, the eternal praise of the One Eternal and Almighty Benefactor !'

'And where,' answered I, amazed, 'and how am I to attain to this universal knowledge ?'

'Behold this mirror !' I looked, and lo ! the mirror in the hand of the Genius seemed to dilate, and expand into a large prospect, wherein I saw a city, and a street in it, a house in that street, and within a chamber of that house, a man sitting by a table, with his elbows on it, his hands clasped before him, and in his face the strong convulsions of mental agony.

The face I thought was that of the great Italian poet, Tasso. He seemed struggling with the greatness of some suffering too mighty for endurance. His fine eye dilated and then maddened—his lip quivered—his broad chest heaved as if he was trying to cast a mountain from it—and then he rose and paced the room like a lion lashing himself into fury. The look of *neglect* sat upon him—he seemed wounded—as if the curse of the world's scorn was gnawing into his bosom. He thought of other days, days when kings loved and princes did him honor, and the robe of glory fell over him like the mighty mantle of the prophet.

'What seest thou ?' said the Genius.

'I see greatness,' answered I, 'and struggling with infirmity.'

'And thinkest thou he is more miserable than others ?'

'He seems a god,' said I, 'yet a god manifested in the dull dwelling of humanity.'

'And he is a god still,' answered the Genius.

'And with such a measure of misery as that !' answered I, bitterly.

'Thou art a boy ! look there—'

I looked, and beheld the same majestic figure, yet what a change ! Age had shrunken him somewhat, wrinkles were on his cheek, the snows of a century lay on his forehead, and the fire had partly faded from the eye, yet on him and around him sat a proud benignity, the reflection of the soul within. He thought now no more of his wrongs, of the proud Alphonso, of the dungeons of the Inquisition—his heart was far away from all these things, or rather *the bright glory within* had shut them from him, and they pained him no more. The rich stores which genius gives its possessor, the world of thought spread out before him like a mighty range of new existences, the realms of beauty breaking upon him from every side with their thousand fascinations, and the deep founts of emotion welling up in his soul to bless him,—all these were his, and while he drew from them the rich inheritance they proffer the heart, the world and the world's sorrows passed away, and he felt how the happiness of a moment cancels the miseries of years.

'Farewell, Master Student'—and the Genius vanished.

Yet he left me this lesson—that those who talk the most of the mis-

ries of genius, know the least about them—that the man of genius has within himself sources of happiness, and ‘the stranger doth not inter-meddle with his joy.’

*** B.

MUSINGS.

How many scenes of joy and woe
My wandering steps have led me thro',
Since last I saw thy waters flow,
My native stream.

Thy waters to the ocean wide
In glittering whirls and billows hied;—
I too have had my day of pride,
My summer dream.

And now thy leaping wave is bowed
Beneath a cold, a chilly shroud,—
No light breaks on thee from the cloud
Above thee seen.

My heart that would have gushed in love
For all below—for all above—
Was doomed a winter hour to prove,
With no light-gleam.

Thy waters glided toward the sea,
A joy to flower, and brake, and tree,—
The birds sang o'er thee lovingly,
In summer sheen.

And my life's stream flowed softly too,
And flowers of feeling round me grew—
And one that sweeter music knew—
A sweeter theme.

Those bright things died along thy shore,
Their requiem is thy own dull roar—
Of my glad hours, I know no more
Than—they '*have been.*'

G. P. T.

It was well that the sordid god of gold and of misers was placed under ground; but I know not by what strange mistake he is now to be brought up and installed king of nations.

Rev. H. Bushnell.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Microcosm.

I MAKE bold to send you this letter, mainly to please my good woman, who complains that she cannot understand all that is in the *Microcosm*. She says you never write for a farmer's wife, who sits down of an evening to patch the children's clothes, or knit her husband's stockings. To speak plain, there are some things in your book that we cannot make head or tail to—they are as hard to understand as our minister when he gets on the doctrine of election.

There was a piece in one of the numbers, about a year back, that my wife and I both thought must be really sinful—and she tore out the whole page, for fear it would put bad notions into the children's heads. It was called 'Revelations of character in a ball-room;' now, there is a time for every thing, and instead of going to a dance, one had much better read Revelations at home with Scott's Notes.

And now I only hope I give no offence, and then I have a few favors to ask.—First, my wife begs that now and then you would just put in a little receipt from the Frugal Housewife—she says you may depend on it that your book would have a greater run if it was more *useful*, and not so much flummery in it about *feelings*, and *Mrs. Henmans poetry*, and *young love's dream*, and all such things.

Next, Betsey wants to know if the poor man what wrote the love-letter and was rejected, has ever killed himself;—and Nancy wishes you'd have prints of the *Ladies customs*, so that she could know if leg of mutton sleeves are really out of fashion.

My son Jacob too, would thank you to tell him how they harpoon a whale, and if the instrument looks any thing like our pitchfork. Jacob is a great reader, and as likely a child as we have—my wife thinks one day he will be able to preach, and write in the *Christian Spectator*.

The other children would like to say something, but I am afraid of pestering you any more—especially as I have a favor to ask for myself—which is that in your next you'd be kind enough to mention the price of mess-pork—and oblige

Your humble servant,

OBADIAH PLOUGHSHARE.

New London County, October.

WE are disgusted with that kind of dignity which the possessor is himself obliged to guard; but venerate that which, having its origin in the actual character of the man, can receive no increase from the countenance of power, and suffer no diminution from the approach of weakness—that dignity in which the individual appears to live rather in the consciousness of the light which shines from above, than in that of his own shadow beneath.

Sampson Reed.

LINES,

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

[These lines form the opening page of a Valedictory Poem, pronounced before the Senior Class of Yale College, July 5, 1837—and published by request of the Class. This Poem contains many beautiful passages. We think it is, on the whole, Mr Bacon's happiest effort.]

Or Nature, and the influence she hath
 Upon the human spirit, and with what
 A pleasing sympathy she steals the heart
 Away from all its sorrows, and so fits us
 To run life's rounds rejoicing—would I sing !
 And if the sounding verse shall make truth sweeter,
 Then is the poet paid for all his toils,
 And sweet shall be his food for after thought,
 And sweet shall be the thoughts of after years
 When they come back to dwell upon this scene—
 This scene of solemn beauty ! where young hearts,
 Burning to join the world, stand hand in hand,
 To drop a few sad tears, and say 'farewell !'
 —And as I stand the teacher of the hour,
 And with a gift Heaven-lent, if lent at all,
 I lead your minds off into faëry land,
 I pray you welcome me ; and should the muse
 Grow daring as she skims o'er the green earth,
 Or dives into the caverns of the sea,
 Or revels on the golden pave of heaven,
 Still yield ye to her gentle ministry—
 Nor deem that she did ever leave the heart
 Less holy, or less fitted for the world.
 —There have been those who did not deem it well
 To yield the warm heart thus, and there have been
 Who did not deem her work a work of love ;
 But O, it is an angel ministry !
 And when the heart is wearied with its cares,
 And the dull plodding of this duller world,
 'Tis sweet to turn away from common things,
 To lose the sense of our dependencies,
 To all forget what mortal things we are,
 To all forget what earth and man have made us,
 To all forget how we are linked and fettered
 As eagles with clipt pinions in the dust,
 And, borne upon the reach of thought sublime,
 Gather the lessons of a better world !

 THE END OF THE MICROCOSM.





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